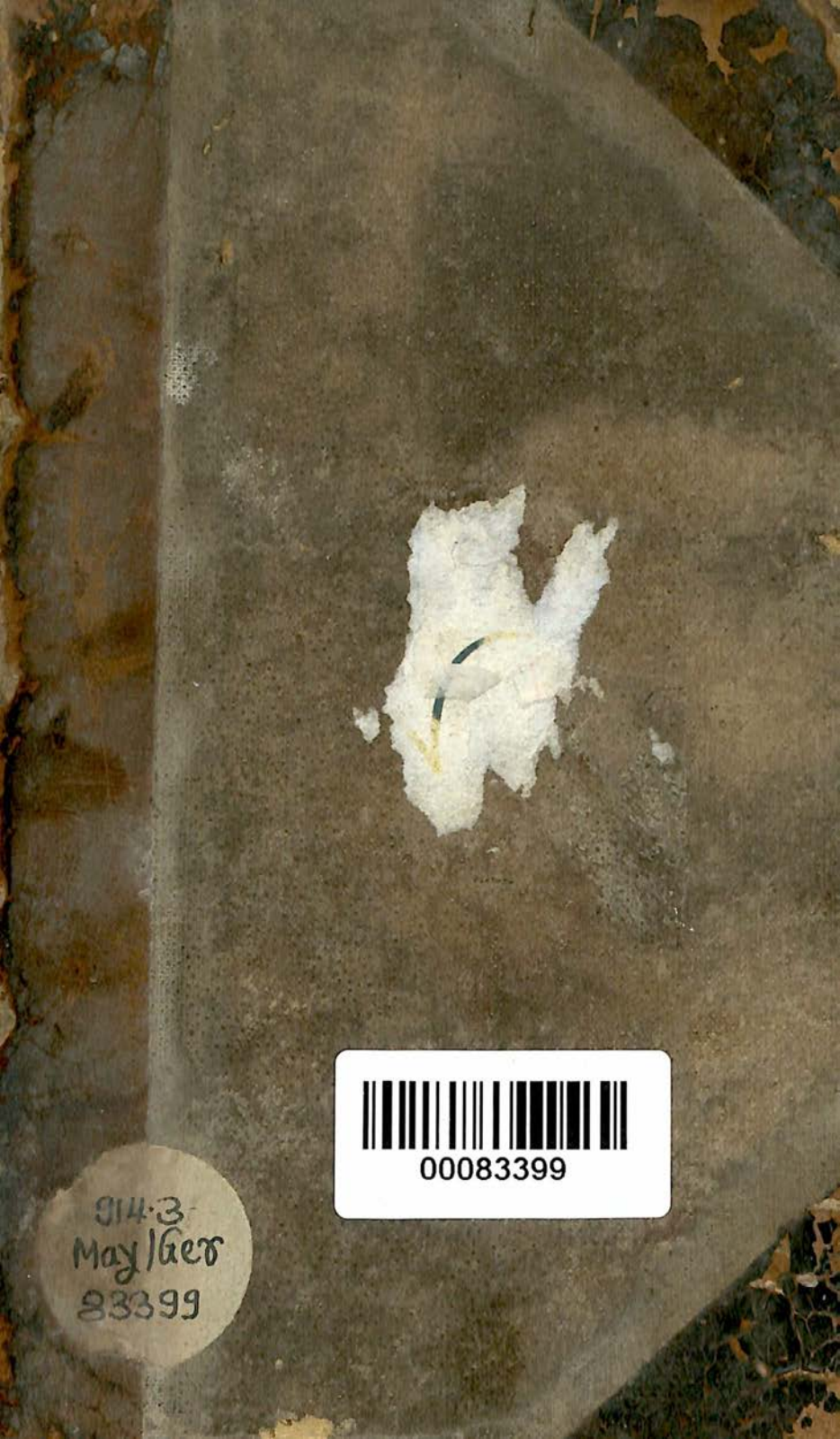
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GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS

AS SEEN IN

SAXONY AT THE PRESENT DAY:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

VILLAGE LIFE—TOWN LIFE—FASHIONABLE LIFE—DOMESTIC LIFE—
MARRIED LIFE—SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY LIFE, &c.,
OF GERMANY AT THE PRESENT TIME:

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Illustrated

WITH SONGS AND PICTURES OF THE STUDENT CUSTOMS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

BY

HENRY MAYHEW,

AUTHOR OF

"LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR," "GREAT WORLD OF LONDON," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

W a 24

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TO MRS. HENRY MAYHEW.

My dear Wife,—

No man—you know better than anyone—hates the public parade of private affections more than myself. It is as "easy as lying" for the tetchiest Smell-fungus to be amiable upon paper; and even a Howard may pet thieves in the face of the world, and yet show not the least indulgence, in the seclusion of his fireside, for the failings of his own son. So facile is it for anyone, with a pennyworth of oil in the palm, to play the "Good Samaritan."

Nevertheless, there are occasions which call for some outward acknowledgment of services rendered at home; of family debts due, which it would be dishonesty to ignore in public. Were it not for this, you and I would have lived the same quiet unostentatious life of mutual assistance and befriendment as thousands of others live in our own country, where (despite the revelations of the Divorce Court) marriage is still something more congenial than feline and canine co-existence.

For many years you have been to me—what the daughters of Milton were to the blind poet—literally my *right hand*, scribbling to my dictation often night

and day, ay and aiding me, as often, with your counsel and happy thoughts. Many a time, too, when, on the completion of one of our books, you have played over the drawing-out of the title-page, and laughingly wished to know whether "our *joint* names" were to be inscribed thereon, I have felt at once the justice and the impudence of the joke; and would willingly have acknowledged the partnership had I not so long traded on a different footing—without the public having a suspicion that there was so much as a "sleeping member" in the firm.

However, let me now put an end to the cheatery, and no longer consent to obtain my little modicum of fame under false pretences. Let me acknowledge you as having been my literary "backer," kept in the shade for many a year; and those who know how much of the genius of your father you have inherited, will readily believe that you brought no little wit into the business as capital (and let me add, parenthetically, *capital!* it was); nor will they fail to credit me when I say that it is to this fund of fanciful wealth and sterling ideal humour, that I have long been, in a great part, indebted for the "market-value," which publishers are pleased to attach to the name of

Your affectionate husband,

HENRY MAYHEW.

EISENACH, *Aug.* 21, 1863.

PREFACE.

THIS book sprang out of certain inquiries into the early life of Martin Luther, which the author was desirous of instituting, and for the due prosecution of which it was necessary to visit the principal Lutheran localities — those romantic scenes in the stirring drama of the Reformation. A few of these will be found described in the following pages: such as the Luther-village of Möhra, on the border of the Thuringian forest (the home of the Luthers, from time out of mind, even down to the present day); as well as the Luther-city of Eisenach, the capital of Thuringia, where the Reformer was twice rescued from destruction: first, from perishing by hunger, when he was a little mendicant choir-boy, singing in the streets there for "bread for the love of God;" and, secondly, from immolation at the stake, when he was a "heretic monk," pursued by the sacrificial priests of Rome. For the same asylum as Martin found in the Cotta-House at Eisenach, in the obscurity of his youth, the castle of the Wartburg there, afforded him in the perilous pride of his after life; and the same guardian angel as Ursula Cotta was to

the sweet-voiced beggar-boy famishing for a crust, Frederick the Wise became to "Junker Georg," when, like St. George, the patron saint of Thuringia, he was wrestling with the dragon of Antichrist.

The tools of a literary man, who objects to manufacture his original works out of the matter-of-fact stores of his bookshelves, do not require a very large carpet-bag for exportation. So, with a pint bottle of Stephens' Writing Fluid, and a gross of Gillott's broad-nibbed pens, we were off and ready for work in the forest-land of Thuringia.

Protracted residence in the country, however, afforded us an opportunity of studying the manners and social condition of the people among whom we had pitched our tent; and, as we had paid some little attention to the state of the poorer classes in our own land, we could not help contrasting the misery and squalor which we found to prevail on every side in Saxony, with the comparative comfort and decency of folk in the same grade of life in England. Accordingly, on setting about our task, we discovered that the book which we had originally designed was assuming, literally and involuntarily, a *pre-posterous* form; for the Luther matter which we, at the outset, had intended should be the first, was becoming the last, subject—or rather one of minor importance—in our consideration. Our desire, indeed, to let our countrymen know how much better housed, better fed, better paid, better cared-for, and better treated, were English work-people than the labouring population abroad, was giving such wings to our jaded

old Pegasus that the steed was positively running away with us, and overthrowing all our long-arranged plans by the way.

Hence, our scheme had to be entirely remodelled; a new ground-plan was required for the different kind of structure we were about to rear; and fresh *stories* designed, instead of the tales we had originally intended to tell. We discovered, in fact, that we could avail ourselves only of the foundation of the old building, and *that* merely as the underground portion of the new one. The "columns," therefore, which we had already finished were treated as rubbish, and "shot" into that limbo for the still-born babes of the brain—the waste-paper basket; while the design was changed from that "rococo" mixture of the old and the new, into which the *style* had unwittingly passed, to the pure and severe Saxon; or, in other words, our Luther tour-book ultimately merged into one mainly descriptive of the wretchedness of the life of the people in Saxony at the present time.

Now, to those who are in the habit of hurrying through Germany at the same rate as queen's messengers—and whose knowledge of the natives is consequently limited to such as are seen in Anglicized hotels—the view here given of the national character, we have elsewhere said, may appear somewhat harsh and prejudiced; whilst bookworms (who, in their estimate of the German mind, reflect over the whole people the light of such bright stars as Jean Paul Richter, Goethe, and Schiller—Kant, Hegel, and Fichte—as well as Humboldt, Schlegel, and Niebuhr—Liebig,

Wöhler, Argelander, and Bessel—the Brothers Grimm and Bopp; and who, accordingly, believe every German to be a small philosopher and great sceptic) will doubtlessly find cause to quarrel with us about the low mental and moral average we have struck for the entire nation. It should be borne in mind, however, that the great body of the English people are neither Shakespeares nor Bacons—that these are simply abnormal varieties, by which it is almost impossible to judge of the type of the ordinary species. Moreover, we should add, that, in order to avoid the error of drawing conclusions from extreme cases, our opinions, as to the social, moral, and intellectual status of the German folk, have been derived, chiefly, from the more enlightened and refined portion of the middle classes: such as professors, government officials, and professional men in general.

It has long appeared to the author, who has passed several years of his life abroad, that travelling southward from England is like going backward in time—every ten degrees of latitude corresponding to about a hundred years in our own history; for, as in France we see society in the same corrupt and comfortless state as prevailed in our nation at the beginning of the present century, so in Germany we find the people, at the very least, a century behind us in all the refinements of civilization and the social and domestic improvements of progress; whilst in Spain the denizen lives a positive mediæval life, among the same dirt and intellectual darkness, the same beggary and bigotry as preceded the Reformation in our own

land. In Russia, too, we observe the state of villeinage and serfdom existing almost at this day, as it did with us in the feudal time of the Conquest; whilst, in Central Africa, we reach the primitive condition of nature—the very zero of the civilized scale—absolute barbarism itself.

It is impossible to make foreigners understand that from our little island-country the principles of enlightened humanity and government radiate, like beams from a star. As a rule, even our Gallic neighbours are supremely ignorant of English institutions and English habits. Indeed, we have but to take up a French novel, or witness a French drama, of which the scene is laid in England, either to find some English nobleman selling his wife at Smithfield; or, else, as in Dumas' play entitled "Kean," to see the English tragedian ordered *by the police* (!) to leave the country immediately for America, merely because he had insulted the Duke of Devonshire at the theatre. Or, maybe, if we read the German Journals, we shall be told by some dunderhead Deutscher, who evidently knows as much about the climate of London as he does about the proper use of forks at table, that "Heaven has given the English women their '*gold-blonde*' hair to recompense the land of fog for its *want of sunshine!* and numberless gas-companies, therefore exert themselves to supply *an abundance of artificial lighting to the populace, as the daylight grows more scarce!!!*"* Indeed the educated

* The above is the commencement of a pretentious article in one of the numbers of the "*Illustrirte Zeitung*," published at the end of last year.

classes on the other side of the Channel have about as much knowledge as the Esquimaux of our manners and customs.

Nor is it possible to make continental people comprehend the social and moral enormities that offend English families directly they set foot on foreign soil. We smile when we read in the diary of Mr. Pepys, the courtier in the reign of King Charles II., how on such a day the astute old lawyer "did get his maid Betty to comb him," which, he naïvely tells us, "she had not done for many a week before; whereby," he adds, "I did become mightily uneasy of late, so that oftentimes, to my great vexation, I would fain have scratched myself before company." And the reason of our smiling at such quaint confessions is on account of the utter incongruity between the past and present forms of polite life. How odd, too, it sounds, to English ears now-a-days, to hear that the urbane old courtier, at such and such a date, "did set himself up," as he says, "a new spyttinge-sheet." In Paris, however, to this day, we see ladies in the dress-circle of the principal theatres hold their handkerchiefs up before them, for the same disgusting practice as old Pepys so ostentatiously describes; and in Germany not only do we find spittoons in every room of every German *palace*, but a Professor at the principal school in Coblenz assured us that he could always tell a true-born German gentleman "by the way in which he spat in society." The more refined sense of decency, however, which makes English folk regard the habits of foreigners in such cases as little

better than bestial, they look upon as mere affectation and squeamishness on our part; for as scavengers and dustmen are never found with flowers at their button-hole, or in their rooms, even so those who are accustomed to physical and moral filth become utterly insensible to the modest graces of life.

There is an inner life pervading the heart of England, graced with home feelings and affections, which makes our national character, in a measure, a sealed book to foreigners. On the Continent, however, all is external existence and outward display; people live out of doors, and wear their hearts on their sleeves, as Hamlet says; whilst they are for ever throwing back their coats and tapping at their bosoms—like vintners do at half-empty wine-casks—to give you a notion of how much there is in them. There are no internal springs of action with them, for, like mechanical figures, they are wound up and set moving from without. You require hardly "six lessons" to study an ordinary foreigner; so vainglorious is he, you can read him "all through" in a few quiet half-hours. There is no hard nut to crack in *his* case, in order to discover the "maggot" within—for, in true butterfly fashion, it comes out of its own accord.

Now if the social condition of our own country at the present time is contrasted with what it was at the end of the last century, when drunken clergymen, prize-fighting noblemen, corrupt ministers, and dishonest judges were the rule rather than the exception; and the question then be asked, "What new

institution has sprung up among us since that period, to which so marked a change can be ascribed?"—there is, so far as we know, *but one* answer to be given. Assuredly the moral and social improvement of our people cannot be referred to increased energy or zeal on the part of the clergy, nor to a more enlightened government of late years; since these signs of the times are themselves the consequences, rather than the causes, of the reform. In a word, a new power has been developed among us: a means of diffusing knowledge among every class of the people as vast as the very invention of the alphabet, or even of movable types—a moral court of judicature, where the public acts of our leading men are daily tried; ay, and let us add, in all conscience (though we ourselves belong to the fraternity), tried, too, by judges as honourable, fair, and upright, as those men of iron integrity, our legal barons themselves.

Consequently, where no such social and political machinery exists as a free and enlightened press, it is but natural that we should find society in the same corrupt state as it was with us a hundred years ago; and such we honestly believe is the condition of Germany at the present time—of Germany, the inventor not only of printing, but of the steam press too; and yet whose journals remain no bigger, and hardly better-informed, or better printed, than "last dying speeches and confessions" in our country.

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GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS,

AS SEEN IN SAXONY AT THE PRESENT DAY.

SECTION I.—VILLAGE LIFE;

AND MORE PARTICULARLY THAT OF THE LITTLE SAXON VILLAGE OF MÖHRA, FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE OLD LUTHER FAMILY.

GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LUTHER VILLAGE ON THE SAXON MOORS.

"THANK the powers and the 'extra-post,'" we said to ourselves, as the postilion cracked his whip and blew his bugle on entering the queer mud-built little place, "at last we are in Möhra—Möhra, the native place of Hans Luther, the great German Reformer's father, and from time immemorial the home of the ancient Luther family."

In Möhra! a little village on the outskirts of the Thuringian forest, a good thousand miles away from London, and at least an hour's journey from any town in which there is either a post-office, a money-changer's, or even a butcher's or a baker's shop.

Linen-drapers and apothecaries,—those twin children of luxury, begotten by the astute love of having one's daughters, as well as one's dinners, richly-dressed,—have long since disappeared from the thoroughfares during our journey; and now (for we write this description in Möhra itself), the principal

hotel in the place has no greater delicacy in its larder than black puddings—or "red sausages" as the Germans style them—and black bread, with a chopin or two of "*einfaches*," (or literally, infinitesimally-small) beer, for the regalement of the traveller.

But whereabouts is this Möhra?—this primeval home, whither crinolines and dinner-pills have not yet made their way—this land of ox-wagons, rather than locomotives, where the ladies wear truncated black-silk extinguishers, in the place of "sailors' hats" and the gentlemen incase their feet in *Holzpantoffeln* (wooden slippers), instead of "patent leathers." Where on the earth is this little Arcadian colony to be found?

Search the best map of Germany, and even with the strongest magnifying glass you will not discover the name of the locality; Murray, too, is "reticent" (to adopt the pet phrase of modern *litterateurs*) on the subject; and even the guide-books, specially descriptive of the topography of Thuringia, tell you only that, as you walk over from Eisenach to "*Bad Liebenstein*," you can just see, when a little way beyond Etterwinden, the church-steeple to the right bristling above the horizon.

What may be the precise latitude and longitude of the "*Dörfchen*" (literally Thorpkin) bearing the name of Möhra, Heaven and Sir John Herschel only know. Suffice it to learn that it lies on the borders of Saxe-Meiningen, close to Saxe-Weimar, not above an hour or two from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and, indeed, in the immediate vicinity of Saxe-Everything. For, in these

parts, kingdoms are as closely packed as parishes in the city of London, and princes swarm as thickly as beadles about St. Paul's on the Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy. Accordingly, when midway between Marksuhl and Salzungen (as the railway whisks us through the Thuringian forest from Eisenach to Meiningen), the watchful eye may "sight" the little village, consisting of about as many houses as there are in a child's box of toys, with the cottages huddled together under the lee of the hills,—like a flock of sheep in a storm—and lying far away on the moors (*der Moorgrund*) from which the townikin, or city-cule, or boroughlet, or wick-ling, (whichever you please, dear reader) is said to derive its name.*

The village itself is about the same size and shape

* There are three ways of reaching Möhra from Eisenach:—1. By rail from Eisenach to Marksuhl or Salzungen, from either of which towns Möhra is but an hour's walk. To stop at Marksuhl, however, shortens the journey by rail and lessens the expense; but, on the other hand, the road thence to Möhra is not so good; neither, if one wish to ride, can conveyances be so readily obtained as at Salzungen. The railway fare to Marksuhl is about 10½*d.* (second-class), that to Salzungen about 1*s.* 9*d.* (also second-class), and the time occupied by the journey is twenty minutes to the one place, and forty minutes to the other. 2. By "extra-post" from Eisenach *viâ* the Hohe Sonne, Wilhelmsthal, Etterwinden, and Waldfisch. This journey takes about three hours, and the cost of the "post-wagon" is three thalers (9*s.*), besides some fifteen groschens (1*s.* 6*d.*) for drink-money to the driver. 3. *On foot*, by Unkerode, Wolfsburg, Eckhardtshausen and Kupfersuhl. The distance is about nine or ten English miles, but the road is good enough in fine weather, and the journey somewhat interesting to those of a geological turn, as affording the traveller an insight into the character of the old copper-slate mines at the last-named place.

as the tongue-like block of buildings dividing the Strand from Holywell Street, and consists of some seventy or eighty detached houses (mostly with large farmyards adjoining them) arranged in two long parallel lines, called respectively the Upper and Under Lanes. It contains about as many distinct families as there are houses, and numbers altogether just upon six times as many inhabitants as families, or not quite 500 men, women, and children; so that the whole population might be comfortably stowed away in a middling-sized garrison, a factory, an emigrant ship, or even the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. Indeed, the little church, whose nave is hardly bigger than one of our large furniture vans, affords ample accommodation for all the church-goers, even though none but the very little children stay away.

The people here are mostly *Acker-bauern* (literally acre-peasants) and day-labourers (*Tage-löhner*), and possess altogether, among them, some 4000 acres of land; for such is the extent of the "*Gemeinde*," *i. e.* of the entire landed property belonging to the little community. Now this would give an average of about half a hundred acres to each of the four-score families located in the village. Some, however, have as many as 150 and even 200 acres, and many, on the other hand, only one;* while, owing to the law of "*Gavelkind*"

* The rent of the land about Möhra is from twelve to thirteen gulden (24*s.* to 26*s.*) per acre yearly. To buy the acre outright, however, costs between 200 and 300 gulden (£20 and £30). Hence a *Bauer* possessing some 200 such acres would have somewhere about £5000 in landed property alone—a large sum of money in a country where the judges of the principal courts get

which prevails here, and gives to each member of the family an equal share of the land, on the decease of the former proprietor, the soil has come to be so divided and subdivided, that even they who are lucky enough to hold more than a hundred acres, are the owners of as many different strips of land, situate in as many different places. Hence the large farms in Möhra are merely an aggregation of petty ones, made up of an infinite variety of small patches, like a beggar's coat; and what would go far to constitute a comparatively wealthy yeoman in other parts, serves merely to establish a magnified form of Irish cottier in these. It is superfluous, therefore, to add that all the appliances of "high-farming" are entirely unknown in Möhra; indeed, the best idea we can give the reader as to the utter absence of all such implements as reaping machines or threshing machines, even in the largest "economies" (as the farms are called) in the village, is to cite the fact that, during our stay at the schoolmaster's house there, the daughter of the burgomaster (for even Möhra has its mayor) came over to dance one evening, and after waltzing for an hour or so begged to retire, though it was barely eight, saying she was sorry she was obliged to leave so soon, but

barely £150 a-year. The crops generally grown are wheat and oats, with sufficient flax and vegetables for the wants of the family. The yield of wheat averages twenty-four maas (of 32 lbs. to 34 lbs. each, or about 7 cwt.) of corn to the acre—which is at the rate of not quite 12½ Winchester bushels to the acre! This fetches, upon an average, two gulden (or 4*s.*) the maas; so that altogether an acre of good land yields very nearly £5 worth of wheat and £1 worth of straw, or just upon £6 in all.

she had to be up at one in the morning to go threshing in her father's barn.

In a town consisting mainly of peasants, of course handicraftsmen and mechanics cannot be expected to flourish. There is only one carpenter among the Möhra population, and even he, from dearth of work at his own trade, has been forced to take to the more lucrative occupation of swineherd. One shoemaker, too, is there in the village; but, said the pastor of the place to us, "Neither does *he* thrive, poor man!" Nor are there any builders, for the houses are all of the "wattle and dab" style of structure, so that neither masons nor bricklayers are required, where the walls consist only of mud and wicker-work, rather than bricks or stones. On the other hand, not less than eight, or just a tithe of the four-score householders in the little colony, are woodcutters—a fact which is not only suggestive of the sylvan character of the country round about, but recalls the story of Hans Luther having followed the same occupation in these parts, as well as of Martin's mother having often carried home the bundles on her back, with her little ones, each laden with a faggot on his head, trotting by her side.

As we walked out towards Lauterbach early the other morning, we met several of these Möhra woodmen trudging along to the woods, some with their huge saws slung quiver-like at their back (the shark-like teeth stuck in a narrow wooden groove, or "sheath," as it is called, by way of protection) and with their hatchets over their shoulder; and others with a long bill-hook, that seemed like an attenuated

note of interrogation, borne, as if it were a halberd, high in the air.

As we beheld the images of these men painted in "the Smiths' pond" on their way to the neighbouring heights, and watched their legs in the pool go twinkling along, clad in their coarse sackcloth gaiters and leathern breeches, with the knees as puffy as boxing-gloves from long-continued stooping, we thought how often must old Hans Luther have trodden that same path, with his *Haupt-lappen* (head-kerchief) tied over his cap and ears, like them, as a protection against the nipping morning air. How often, too, must *his* axe have flashed, as we saw theirs, amidst the dusk of the tree-stems, and seemed to deal silent strokes, till, after an interval, the woods were heard to ring with each succeeding blow. How many the time, again, must Hans (long before little Martin had thrust his obtrusive nose into the world) have eaten his black bread and "red sausage" upon some newly-severed stump like that old Holzhauer we lately noted in No. 24 Wood;* or amid the

* The woods in the neighbourhood of Lauterbach are generally called after some number. Not that the different parts of the forest hereabouts have any ciphers affixed to them, but, on the contrary, the meadows adjoining them are so distinguished; the peasants, therefore, instead of speaking of the wood by No. 24 meadow, adopt that stenöepical principle of language which abbreviates omnibus into "bus," and cabriolet into "cab," and talk of the wood itself as being thus numbered. The reason of the meadows in this part being distinguished by different numbers rather than names is, because they form part of the *Gemeinde*, *i. e.* of the property which belongs in common to the whole of the parish, and which is equally divided every year among the house-

solemn stillness of the forest, thanking God for the meal, and yet may be (for Hans was by no means deficient in worldly ambition) chafing under the lot which doomed him to be one of the hewers of wood, if not one of the drawers of water, in the world;

holders resident in the village. The community land of Möhra consists of three portions:—1. Of a certain tract on the road to Salzungen. 2. Of the *Moorgrund* (moors) leading to the *Röhrigshof*. 3. Of the valley near Kupfersuhl, called Lauterbach. The whole of this is parcelled out into a hundred equal portions, and every spring-time the villagers meet at the burgomaster's house to draw lots for the several parts; it being so arranged that those who have held one of the fields by Salzungen this year shall have one of the moors by the Röhrigshof the next, and one of the meadows by Lauterbach the year afterwards. Some of the villagers are entitled to a double share of the common land, in consideration of their house consisting of two tenements thrown into one, so that the hundred parts are thus duly apportioned among the eighty odd householders constituting the entire community. The woods themselves, on the other hand, belong to the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, and at the beginning of the fall of the year the forest-man comes round and marks such of the trees as are fit for felling, making a long slit in the bark of those that are to be used for firewood, and stamping those which are adapted for building with the initials S. M. The bauers requiring wood then have to make known how many cart-loads they desire, and receive respectively in return a ticket bearing a certain number; and when as many cart-loads of timber have been felled as the number marked upon the ticket, and it consequently comes to the turn of the bauer holding such ticket to be supplied, he has to send a wagon to the wood and fetch the load away. The wood-cutters are all employed by the Government and paid by the forest-man. The cost of a cart-load, six feet long by six feet broad, and four feet deep, and consequently containing 144 cubic feet in all, is nine gulden, or 18*s*. English, when cut into logs for burning. The smaller branches and twigs, however, are sold by the "*Schock*" of sixty bundles and cost about six gulden, or 12*s*. English.

but still little dreaming, as he sat there with the logs and branches littered about him, as though a hurricane had swept over the land, that he, like Joseph, the wood-worker of old, was to have a son raised up to him, who was to drive the money-grubbers from the temple, and to become the founder of a new faith —the corner-stone of a more enlightened and righteous creed. What was then the opaque future to poor old Hans, the woodcutter, has now, in the course of years, become the transparent past to us; and how short and easy the journey seems, when we know every point of the path, and the sunshine brightens the way; but on the other hand, how longsome and dreary the same road, when we travel it for the first time, in all the darkness of night.

But "let us return to our muttons"—the little flock gathered in the Möhra fold. Well: even the few handicraftsmen numbered among the village population can hardly be said to be handicraftsmen proper, being rather a kind of mongrel type—half-boor, half-artizan; for the smiths and the tailors are, many of them, small farmers; while the weavers, like the woodcutters, ply their trade only in the winter, and in the summer abandon the shuttle, as the others lay aside the axe, for the sickle and the scythe, the spade and the hoe. Indeed, the two watchmen, whose duty it is alternately to guard the tiny colony by night, and to sound every hour on a horn under the windows of the sleeping peasants, from bedtime till day-break; and who are allowed a pair of strong shoes every year, in consideration of their continually parading

the streets from night till morning—even these are the cowherd and swineherd of the little community by day; one half of their time taking care of the villagers themselves, and the other half minding their cattle and their pigs.

Nor are the officials—the temporal and spiritual authorities of the hamlet—of a less agrarian character; for the Herr Pastor has his flock, not only in a figurative, but in a literal sense of the term, and finer sheep cannot be seen for miles around. The schoolmaster, on the other hand, is renowned for breeding the biggest calves in the parish, and cultivates early peas and young potatoes as well as youthful intellects; while the burgomaster, or *Schultheiss*, as he was called till a few years back, is simply the greatest boor in the parish; and being a kind of petty magistrate as well as a small farmer, dispenses a rude form of agrarian justice, and cuts his chaff with equal alacrity.

The one policeman, indeed, who constitutes the entire "executive" portion of the village Government, is the only official who seems to have a pure and unmixed vocation; though we doubt much whether *he* is not occasionally pressed into the rural service, and set to scare the crows off the land at sowing-time, as well as to drive away the beggars at other seasons.*

* The wages of a day-labourer in Möhra are about 7*d.* per day, with his keep! Ploughmen are paid 4*s* the acre, and the average work done is about an acre a-day. Wood-cutters get 1*s.* 3*d.* the cart-load (*Klafter*, containing 144 cubic feet), and a man, working from morning till evening, can do from half a klafter to a

But if there are few pure mechanics and artizans, there are still fewer tradesmen in Möhra: if the

klafter, according as the days are long or short. Carpenters, when employed, have 1*s.* 4*d.* a-day without their food; and weavers (of whom there are five in the village, though the most of them work as farm-labourers in the summer) are paid from 1*d.* to 2*d.* the ell, according as the work is coarse or fine. They can do from six to eight ells a-day, and consequently earn, upon an average, about 7*s.* a-week. The swineherd (for there is only one) gets every year fifty-two maas of rye—each maas being worth about 2*s.* 7*d.* English. This amount is made up among the bauers in general, each contributing in proportion to the number of pigs he has to be tended. There are about 400 swine altogether in the village, of whom some forty or fifty are driven out daily into the fields. Some of the bauers have as many as twelve pigs, but the greater number have only six, while the day-labourers have generally one or two. The cowherd has a little more than the swineherd—indeed, he gets sixty-eight maas of rye a-year instead of fifty-two, but then he has to keep a boy out of his wage. The number of horned cattle in the village is, in round numbers, 400, for some of the richer bauers have as many as twenty kine and oxen, the majority three or four, and even the day-labourers mostly possess a cow and a calf. Besides the cowherd and the swineherd, the village maintains two shepherds. These are also paid in kind, and, like the cowherd, have each to keep a boy to help them out of what they receive. For every four sheep that the shepherds have to tend, they get yearly one half-maas of rye, one quarter-maas of barley, one eighth-maas of wheat, and one-sixteenth of a maas of oats; so that, as there are no less than 940 sheep throughout the village, the two shepherds receive between them every year 235 maas of rye (which, at 2*s.* 6*d.* the maas, is worth about £29 7*s.* 6*d.*), 117½ maas of barley (worth about £13 13*s.* 4*d.* at 2*s.* 4*d.* the maas), 58¾ maas of wheat (worth £11 15*s.* 0*d.* at 4*s.* the maas), and 29⅜ maas of oats (worth £1 14*s.* 4*d.* at 1*s.* 2*d.* the maas). Hence the gross money-value of the shepherds' yearly income amounts to rather more than £56 10*s.* 0*d.*; and this sum, equally divided, makes each shepherd's gains come to £28 5*s.* 0*d.* a-year. But, over and above this, the shepherds are each entitled to have fodder for

manufactures do not flourish there, at least one might expect to find some faint indication of commerce—were it only as much as a chandler's store—in the neighbourhood. But no! you might as well look for a shop in Belgrave Square as in the *Ober-* and *Unter-gasse* of the Thuringian village! Not a goldsmith's, nor a *magazin des modes*, nor a hairdresser's, nor a bookseller's, nor a *maison de deuil*, nor a pastrycook's, nor a doctor's, nor a banker's—no! nor a pawnbroker's establishment exists in the place. Neither is there a club-house, a casino, a theatre, a *café chantant*, a billiard-room, a mechanics' institute, a *salon de lecture*—nor even a prison—to be found from one end of the village to the other.

The *Gasthaus*, or hostelry, indeed, is the only *Magazin* in the place—the *Wilde Mohr* (or "Savage Blackamoor," as the inn is called) doing the solitary bit of trade carried on in the parish; for there, and there only, are coffee, sugar, candles, tobacco, and salt

forty sheep found them by the bauers; so that as the swineherd and the cowherd get but from £7 to £9 a-year, a shepherd's berth in Möhra is, comparatively, an enviable position. Some of the richer bauers have as many as forty or fifty sheep; many, however, have only from a dozen to twenty ewes and wethers, while the day-labourers even have mostly one or two. A sheep is worth from five to six thalers (15*s.* to 18*s.*), and a lamb about half the money. Swine, on the other hand, fetch from sixteen to seventeen thalers the hundredweight, and weigh, when in good condition, generally about 170 lbs., so that a good fat pig is worth, usually, from £3 12*s.* to £3 15*s.* The value of a cow is from sixty to eighty thalers, or from £9 to £12 sterling. Such a cow gives, when in milk, from five to six English quarts daily, and this quantity of milk, if sold, would fetch about 1*s.* 3*d.* or 1*s.* 6*d.*, at 3*d.* the quart.

retailed, together with the most watery beer and the most fiery "*Schnapps*," to the villagers.

Once during the fortnight which we passed in the neighbourhood, we saw an enterprising pedlar go up the *Röhrigs-gasse* with a string of felt over-shoes and slippers dangling from his hand. But beyond this bold venture on the hawker's part, and the sight of an occasional horse being shod outside one of the smiths' doors, there was not a sign of trade or commerce visible in the whole parish. So that one went along wondering what on earth the boors did with their money, or whether they really had any at all of the current tissue-paper of the realm in their possession; for, as they generally pay their wages in kind, and grow, not only their own food, but also the shirts and chemises, coats and petticoats of the entire family, it was not at all improbable that even the richest bauers, though they might be worth some thousands in pigs, cows, sheep, and land, had hardly a paper thaler, or a plated groschen to bless themselves with.

What the amusements of such a people may be, beyond the annual excitement of the *Kirmes* (the harvest festival), the occasional jollification of a *Feier-tag* (a general holiday), the mild delight of a glass of *einfaches Bier* at the tavern on the Sunday evening, or the spasmodic pleasure of seeing a pig killed once every half-year, we cannot presume to say. But certainly, so far as we saw, there was not a pack of cards, nor a chess-board, nor a newspaper, and hardly a book, in the place. The grown-up folk

seemed to be in the barn and out in the fields, and the young ones in the school, from daybreak till nightfall; so that, by the time they had given the pigs their supper and finished their own, and the cattle had been bedded up for the night, they were too ready for rest themselves to believe that there was any better enjoyment of an evening than sleep.

Nor have the women and girls any more time for pleasure than the men. A German "who has seen the world" is generally horrified at what he calls the *laziness* of English and American wives and daughters; and assuredly in Deutschland the female portion of the population work as hard as the cows. Möhra, too, makes no exception to the national rule; for, Heaven knows, there is not much embroidery-work done by the ladies there. On the contrary, the daughters, even of the richest bauers in the village, rise *usually at one in the morning* throughout the "fore-winter" (as it is called) to go threshing in the barn, and continue working away with the flail till break-fast-time; after which the barn-floor is swept, and the girls proceed to break and swingle flax, till four in the evening, when they have to give the pigs their supper, and bed up the cattle for the night. Then the family *Abend-mahl* (evening meal) is got ready, and by the time this is finished, it is generally six or seven o'clock, which, at that season of the year, is the usual hour for bed. In the "after-winter," *i. e.* from Christmas till the spring-time, the invariable occupation is spinning—spinning from six in the morning till ten at night—the flax that before

Christmas they had been engaged in dressing. At this employment the men take part, even as the girls take their share of the more masculine work with the flail. In the spring, on the other hand, the *Mädchen* are busy in the meadows, bleaching the linen after the yarn has been made into cloth by the webster; they have also then to be out in the fields, scattering the manure over the land, or else planting the potatoes, or hoeing the "Swedes," or picking the stones off the earth. Next, as the summer comes round, they must dig up the "earth-apples," as the Dutch style them, help to make the hay, reap the corn, bind up the shocks, and gather the fruit. Nor is the labour-list ended here: at every season of the year the girls must do all the washing of the household, as well as bake all the bread, chop all the sausage-meat, milk all the cows, besides fetching from the well all the water that is required for the cattle or the family, and carrying each time some ten gallons (100 lbs. weight) of fluid upon their backs in long conical tubs called *Butten*, that are strapped on to the shoulders. Indeed, it was while the burgomaster's daughter was engaged in this not-particularly-lady-like occupation, that we first had the pleasure of meeting that young lady.

Such heavy work as this is, of course, to English minds, more fit for sturdy men than weak women; and it forms by no means a pleasing picture to a person of the least refinement, to see a young girl with her body bent almost double, staggering along under the burden of nearly a hundredweight of fluid.

Nevertheless, in Germany, a brother would rather have his sister drop with such a load than offer to carry it for her. The people tell you it is thought a disgrace for a man to be seen bearing burdens; but they do not, on the other hand, consider it in any way unmanly to allow a woman to do so. Accordingly, it is by no means an unusual sight to meet a market-woman, on the road to one of the large towns on a Saturday, with the *Korb* on her back, laden to the nape of her neck, while the husband at her side calmly trudges along, with nothing but a stick in one hand and a pipe in the other; the poor *Frau* labouring and panting away to keep up with her hulking and callous spouse.

But if the villagers are primitive and unpolished, assuredly the village itself is of the same character. It is, indeed, a kind of mud Switzerland—a little colony of clay "chalies," with their huge gables and broad eaves turned towards the road; their doors, with porches as capacious as those of a country church, set at the side rather than the front of the houses; and their bread and prune ovens, like enormous mud-heaps under a rude canopy of tiles, jutting out into the roadway. The walls of most of the houses are of a bright gingerbread colour, with the framework of iron-grey timbers showing, like a large trellis, through the "wattle and dab" work. Others are coloured a light pea-green, or a pale cream, and upon these the huge check pattern of the dark unpainted beams stands out, with all the force of black and white, like a gigantic shepherd's plaid.

Some of the square compartments of plaster between the wooden framework, are ornamented with the most unartistic attempts at pictures of roses, tulips, and prancing horses; roses like kidneys, tulips like monster brandy-balls, and horses like rampant weasels. At the side of each house too, stands the farmyard, with its enormous barn, as big as a Lambeth Music Hall (for all the corn here is garnered, rather than stacked), stretching right across one side of the mucky quadrangle; whilst, at frequent intervals, along each, or rather either, of the streets, there are wells of all forms and dimensions, from the double bucket dangling over a pulley the size of a railway wheel, down to the old Roman apparatus of a gigantic fishing rod, with a chain and pail at the upper end of it, instead of a hook and line. The thoroughfares, moreover, are littered on either side with one long broken line of ploughs and empty carts, which are left outside of nearly every door, with an utter disregard of both weather and thieves; and these, with the exception of a procession or two of geese, filing along, and cackling away, out in the middle of the road, are all that is to be seen in the streets of Möhra.*

* House-rent in Möhra is at a merely nominal value, for all the bauers, and even the day-labourers, are the proprietors of the houses in which they reside; so that, as there are no immigrants to the village, an empty house can hardly find a tenant. The policeman, we were assured, was the only yearly tenant in the place, and he had a good-sized house let to him for twelve gulden (24*s.*) per annum. Barns and outhouses, such as cow-sheds, sheep-stalls, piggeries, and the like, however, are often

But the main feature of the little village is the spot where the *Wirthshaus*—the principal (because the only) tavern—thrusts its little tin flag of a sign, no bigger than a child's pocket-handkerchief, out into the roadway. The sage, who stood godfather to the hostelry, and gave it its name of *zum Wilden Mohren*, evidently imagined that the *wild moors*, spoken of as having surrounded the village in former times, were a horde of barbarian black men, rather than part of a vast uncultivated bog; and hearing that the village itself derived its title from these same moors of old, believed he could not do better than set up the portrait of some pot-valiant blackamoor for the *insignia* of the first hotel in the place. Accordingly, the tavern sign consists of a rude painting of the ideal black bandit, on

required, and these fetch as much as fifty gulden (£5) the year. Facing the schoolmaster's house, in which we lodged, there was a large *Hof* unoccupied, the proprietor having another house elsewhere; and this, we were told, might be had, without the outbuildings, for thirteen or fourteen gulden (26*s.* or 28*s.*) per annum. To build such a house and outhouses would cost from 1000 to 2000 gulden (£100 to £200), according to the price of timber; and we heard of many large *Hofs* (farmhouses) in the village, which, on the death of the proprietor, had been sold by the members of the family to the eldest son for £100; though, in such cases, said our informant, the property usually goes for less than its real value. The burgomaster's house was valued at about 3000 gulden (£300), barns, cowhouses, and piggeries included; and yet, if let, we were told, it would fetch hardly more than fifty gulden per annum (the outhouses being small), and this is not two per cent. upon the capital. A day-labourer's house, on the other hand, costs from 500 to 600 gulden (£50 to £60) to build, and lets occasionally from eight to nine gulden (16*s.* to 18*s.*) the year.

his prancing Arab steed, with a sabre in one hand, and a pot of *einfaches Bier* in the other; as if he were bidding the customers (like Queen Eleanor did Fair Rosamond in the good old times of Harry the Second) choose between the steel and the poison.

And now for a word or two about the costume of the people in this primitive little Saxon Arcadia.

What the Italian Opera is to a large capital like London or Paris, the market-place is generally to a small country-town like Möhra—the best quarter for studying the fashions, not only as to the character of the head-dresses and cloaks worn by the ladies, but even as to the style of coats and continuations considered the mode by the gentlemen.

But Möhra unfortunately has neither a weekly market nor a yearly one. Formerly there used to be a fair, once a twelvemonth, held in the small triangular space, called *Löbers*, or more properly the *Lohgerbers Ecke;* but now the only trace of such a gathering is to be found in the name of the spot, recording as it does that, once upon a time, the tanners were wont to assemble there. But why, of all places on the earth, tanners should have come to a village where wood is the prevailing material out of which the shoes are made, and which cannot support even *one* shoemaker, is somewhat puzzling to conceive. Perhaps, however, the enterprising Lohgerbers came to buy hides, rather than to attempt to sell them to a people who have ropes even for the harness of their ox-wagons, and where the only leather used consists of the small straps which the ladies wear—(you cannot

help discovering the secret whenever they stoop,—for garters.

As there is no market-place then to focus the peasants into a picturesque group for us, we must betake ourselves to the church-porch and observe the women there, when the service is over, come streaming out of the nave, one after another, and the men come pouring down the stairs from the gallery; for the gentlemen and ladies here, as at the Quakers' meetings with us, are not allowed to occupy the same seats during divine worship.

Well: the sermon is ended, and we can hear the pastor within, intoning the "*Kollecte*" at the communion table. Presently the walls of the little edifice tremble again with the booming of the organ-peal, as the schoolmaster plays the voluntary called the "*Ausgang;*" and then what a clatter of shoes is heard overhead! and what a peculiar and motley throng, the minute afterwards, comes filing across the little churchyard, that is half-orchard, half cemetery.

The young women, mark, have all tall black silk head-dresses, in shape like truncated sugar-loaves, stuck right on the crown of the head, and with the back embroidered with spangles and beads, and with long broad streamers of black ribbon reaching down to the waist. The front of this *Deckel-mütze*, as it is termed, is arched over either eyebrow, and has a long, narrow tongue, called the *Schnauze* (literally, the snout), dividing the forehead into two semi-circular compartments, and reaching almost to the bridge of the nose.

The fashion, it must be confessed, is more peculiar than pretty, and is too strongly suggestive of the long pendulous excrescence dangling over a turkey-cock's beak to be in the least pleasing. The rest of the peasant-girl's costume consists of a small short-waisted cloth jacket, with high-shouldered leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat, with plaits as thick as the folds of a fan all round the waist, and the skirts cut very short, so as to afford an ample view of the blue-grey stockings, with their showy "clocks," and the neat embroidered shoes that finish the "full-length."

Some of the *Mädchen* in the neighbourhood are of enormous height. The burgomaster's daughter, though not sixteen years old, stood nearly five feet ten in her shoes; and we saw one young woman who was only in her seventeenth year, and yet might have looked over the head of some of our Life-Guardsmen. Their features, too, are more regular than those of the German women generally, the cheek-bones being a little less sharp and angular, the nose somewhat less broad and flat, the nostrils less like an inverted "*accent. circomflexe*," and the mouth not merely a long straight gash in the face.

The more elderly among the peasant-women wear nearly the same dress as the younger ones, except that the *Mütze* with them is somewhat dumpier, the peak or "snout" of it somewhat longer, and the back of it a shade less elaborately embroidered and bespangled than those of the girls.

Indeed, so marked a characteristic is the high cap

and short petticoats of the female portion of the peasantry in these parts, that amidst the 500 souls making up the entire population of the village, there were only two dames astute enough to wear bonnets; and these were, in the words of our informant, the *Frau Wirthin* and the *Frau Pastorin*—or, in plain English, the one was the wife of the innkeeper and the other the wife of the minister of the village; the last-mentioned lady having been represented to us as being especially *vornehm* (stylish), from the fact that she not only carried a *Hut* (bonnet), but had her dresses made down to her heels also.

The fashions for the gentlemen are somewhat of the same ungainly character. Such of the boors as are attached to the more ancient institutions of their country wear for full-dress, on the Sundays and holidays, a kind of postilion's jacket, leather breeches, and high Wellington boots, the latter being made in the same style as those worn by the coachmen at a London funeral.

Others, however, who delight to appear in the newest mode, lay aside the ancient postilion's jacket, and sport a kind of green duffle dressing-gown, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, which the village "bloods" have got to consider more stylish as full-dress within the last fifty years. The same continuations, however, are invariably worn on high-days and holidays —unless, indeed, the undertaker-boots be exchanged for a pair of old-French-Guard-like gaiters; and these, with either a huge funnel-shaped hat, as rough as a Shetland pony, or else a woolly fez-cap of sheep-

skin, constitute the approved Sunday toilet among the better class of peasant proprietors.

A peculiar social custom among these simple village-folk is the mode in which the girls select what they call their "*Cameraden*" (female companions) and "keep company" with the boys whom they have accepted as sweethearts.

In the house in which we lodged there were two young women — Augusta and Amelia, the well-behaved and hard-working daughters of the village schoolmaster—the one sixteen years of age, and the other, perhaps, some couple of years her senior. Each of these girls had a different set of "comrades;" nor did the companions of the one sister associate with those of the other. Amelia's comrades, for instance, consisted of the younger girls, who had just left school; and those of Augusta (the elder sister) of the grown young women of the village; and when either sister had to receive her comrades and their sweethearts at home, the other was obliged to go out to one of her own comrades' house, and pass the evening there; for she was never allowed to remain in the society of her sister's companions.

During the threshing season, it is usual for each of the maiden's comrades to take it in turn to give a "reception" to the others and their *Schatz* (sweethearts) every Sunday evening; but in the after-winter, immediately the spinning season begins, the company meet at one or other of the girls' houses every evening, instead of once every week, each bringing her lover and her spinning-wheel with her; and there

they all sit round the room, spinning (boys and girls alike), singing and courting, without anything to eat or drink, till bed-time.

But not only is this separation of society into two classes of companions, according to age, limited to the girls and young women of the village, but the same division holds good among the boys and young men likewise; for Amelia's comrades would not have allowed one of their *Gesellschaft* to bring a lover among them who was above the approved age for their society; any more than Augusta's comrades would have admitted into their company a *Schatz* who was considered too youthful for them to associate with. Indeed, the burgomaster's daughter, who happened to be one of Amelia's comrades, had the misfortune to be engaged to a young boor, the bristly condition of whose whiskers rendered him admissible only to the *Gesellschaft* of the elder sister Augusta; and, consequently, the wretched Heinrich had to console himself, all through the spinning-season, with the tantalizing pleasure of taking his beloved "Lisschen" to her comrade's house, and leaving her and her wheel at the door, and then calling for both again when all the fun was finished.

Verily, they are a curious set, these same bäuers and baüerins in Möhra!

Nevertheless, so far as we could judge, if they lacked the polish of town manners, they were, at the same time, utterly innocent of town vices: the men roughly frank, rather than amiably deceitful; the

girls naturally good-looking, rather than cosmetically beautiful; the women ambitious of being good wives, rather than fine ladies; one and all frugal and sober, striving and thriving, and each household a little community of the best friends, having but one interest, one ambition, among them—the genēral good of kith and kin. Indeed, there can be but little misgiving and deceit, and must be much affection and loving-kindness, among a people where it is the common custom for the parent, when he feels the load of years growing burdensome on his back, to share his acres among his children long before his death, merely reserving a certain portion of the produce as "alimentation" for himself. Nor can there, on the other hand, be many ingrate natures in a place where the parent's trust is seldom found to be misplaced, and the children never fail to pay cheerfully the proportion agreed upon—repining only, indeed, when the great law of nature ordains that the impost shall cease.

CHAPTER II.

HOW WE FARED AT THE LITTLE LUTHER VILLAGE.

It needs but little stretch of the imagination to conceive the commotion which the arrival of a post-chaise (containing four strange gentlemen, and two of the number unmistakable Englishmen) at the before-mentioned *Barbarian Blackamoor* must have caused, in a village so thoroughly Arcadian as that recently described.

The flourish of the postilion's bugle seemed to have a startling effect on the inhabitants, as he went along blowing a "*tantara*" through throughfares where no sound is ever heard, even in the flush of day, beyond the pit-a-pat of the farm-girl's flail, the clatter of the *Holzpantoffeln* (wooden slippers) of the boys just loose from school, the cackle of vagrant geese, the lowing of returning cattle, the chopping of sausage-meat, or the squealing of dying swine.

The blast, indeed, was as stirring as that of a war-trumpet to the peaceful little Agrarian colony; and the folk began to swarm about the carriage, like bees at the sound of a gong.

Had it been night-time, the villagers would, doubtlessly, have fancied that their watchful cowherd or swineherd had taken an overdose of *Schnapps*, and was

indulging, under the excitement of the *Korn-brantwein*, in a fantasia on his cow-horn, rather than contenting himself with sounding merely the hours on that same melodious instrument; and then having vented their astonishment in a *Donner-wetter!* or *Saperlot!* would, most probably, have snuggled quietly down again under their superincumbent feather-bed.

But a fanfaronade on the post-horn in the broad daylight set the whole parish agog: and every old woman's head in the village was thrust out of every "practicable" window-pane, and every bauer rushed to every porch. The girls in the barns stopped breaking or swingling the flax, and hastened to the granary door; others left their long back-pails, or *Butten*, at the well; the smith ceased wielding his hammer, the weaver quitted his loom, and the jobbing butcher the scalded pig; as they one and all ran forth to see whether a cavalry regiment, or a travelling circus, were passing through the village.

"What goes loose?" each inquired of the other, as the vehicle jogged along, and the mob of boys with straw-coloured hair and butcher-blue smocks, and peasants in jackets and grubby leather breeches, flocking beside the panels and staring in at the carriage-windows, increased with each fresh twang of the postilion's trumpet, and crackle of his whip.

By the time the extra-post wagon had reached the *Wilde Mohr*, and the steps of the vehicle had been let down, the crowd of gaping peasantry had arranged itself on either side of the hostelry door; and through this wondering, if not admiring, throng, we had to

bow our way in answer to the running fire of "*Guten Tag*" which saluted us, as we passed.

"Who are they? Where do they come from? What do they want here?" we could hear the people ask the coachman directly our backs were turned.

But the driver knew as little of us as they, and therefore was unable to take even the edge off the appetite of their boorish curiosity. The only crumb of comfort he could afford them, indeed, was that he had brought us from Eisenach; so that when they had seen all our luggage taken down from the vehicle, and had kicked over and smashed, in their scramble to get a peep at the articles we had brought with us, a large jar of distilled water, with which our son had come provided for photographic purposes, they began to disperse, one by one, eager to gossip over the wonder of our visit, and to tell of the queer-looking apparatus which formed part of our luggage, as well of the queer-looking men we ourselves were—in the barns by day, and over their potatoes by night.

Now, no one, howsoever prudent, would have dreamt of sending on a month in advance, to bespeak beds at the inn of a little village like Möhra; and yet it would seem that the smaller the place, the more necessary the precaution, simply because the accommodation there is naturally more limited.

The consequence was, that on entering the *Wirthshaus* (tavern) we found, first, that the number of spare beds in that establishment did not exceed two, and secondly, that these very two were already engaged. Indeed, directly we threw open the door of the little

cabin which did duty for the *Speise-saal* (dining-room) of the tavern, we discovered it to be, not merely occupied, but literally filled, by two gentlemen, the implements of whose business lay scattered all over the little apartment.

On top of the puny table stretched a long roll, as big as the show-cloth to a caravan; and here and there were littered glue-pots and sundry other articles, such as rules and T-squares, which gave one at first the notion that the occupants of the chamber were travelling bookbinders.

These worthies politely informed us *that* was the only private room in the house, and that *it*, as well as the *only two* beds in the establishment, had been hired by them till their business in the neighbourhood was completed. We were, however, they added, free to avail ourselves of the apartment for a few hours during our stay.

We thanked them, of course, but said that as *our* business in the neighbourhood was calculated to occupy us several days, rather than hours, it would be useless to intrude upon their privacy. "Perhaps *they* would be leaving in a day or two?"

"Leaving in a day or two!" the elder of the two repeated, with a faint smile and a violent shrug of the shoulders; "well, they couldn't say *exactly* when they should have finished, but certainly not for many months; indeed, they expected they should be there for a couple of years at least."

In fine, they were neither more nor less than the land-surveyors who had been engaged by the *Ge-*

meinde (the community) to make plans of all the different estates in the parish; and seeing that there were altogether some four thousand pieces of land in the neighbourhood to be measured and mapped down, there was every probability of their stay being thus protracted.

Good God! how we hated those acre-measurers—that white-headed old man and red-headed young one (they were father-in-law and son-in-law we afterwards discovered) at that particular moment. They seemed to have despoiled us of our property; for it is curious how each new comer always fancies that he, and he alone, has a right to the public room in every public hostelry.

What was to be done? Were there any apartments to be obtained in the neighbourhood?

The polite old land-surveyor,—whose mustachios, by the bye, were so white that you couldn't look at him without being under the impression that you had surprised him in the act of shaving,—shrugged his shoulders again, till his head seemed to go down like a ship in a trough of the sea, and answered with an equally disheartening shrug of the eyebrows, "It was difficult to say. The villagers were a strange people, a *very* strange people, and had a strong prejudice against receiving strangers into their houses."

The barbarians!—and we had dismissed the post-wagon.

"The *Pfarrer*" (minister of the parish), suggested the young man with the carmine locks and complexion to match (and he looked almost handsome as he threw

out the idea), "*might* perhaps accommodate us with one or two beds. He was a very nice amiable man, the Herr Pfarrer was," added the fox.

"And the Herr Schoolmaster might make up the remainder for us," chimed in the silver-haired father-in-law" (there is nothing like silver hair after all, thought we; it gives a man such a benevolent, bankerlike look); "the Lehrer, he knew, had made up a few beds for the visitors at the last *Kirmes*."

With what different eyes did we now look upon that blanched old land-surveyor and that florid young one! they seemed to us like the red and white roses of Thuringia. At least they were *gentlemen*, and it was lucky for us we had met with men who knew something about the amenities of life, as well as trigonometry.

The Herr Pfarrer lived but a few doors from the inn. He had the prettiest house in the village. It wanted but the Alps for a background, and a broad lake in the foreground, to have given a person the idea of being in one of the Cantons of Helvetia. The pigeons roosting under the gable eaves seemed like so many doves resting on the ark. The storm was over, then, thought we; there was a break in the clouds, and we felt assured of an olive branch, and, most likely, a bed and a good supper for the night.

The *Pfarrer*, when he made his appearance before us, we found to be a tall gaunt man, in a long and ragged plaid dressing-gown, and with a forehead and forelock somewhat like the figure of "Old Time."

He came to us carrying a kind of wand with a goose's wing at the end of it, for he had been helping his people sweep the chaff from the corn in the barn. He was as unlike a London pet parson as one of the Apostles of old; simple and bashful even as a child; unpretentious and kindly-looking as the ancient Samaritan; and the very opposite, indeed, of your modern trumpet-blowing Pharisee, who is everlastingly "praying in public places" that he may be "seen of men."

We communicated to the *Pfarrer* (in as pathetic a manner as possible) how very awkwardly and unpleasantly we were situate—without even a bed or a roof for our head that night.

He was evidently touched by our narrative, simple soul! "But what could he do more than sympathize with us?" he asked in reply. "Your habits are so different from our own. We are unused to your ways, and you to ours." He had read a good deal about London, he told us—about the great big place it was; and about "Rotten Row," and the ladies in men's hats on horseback there; and about Smithfield, too, where the wives were sold with a halter round their neck. Oh yes! he knew a deal about it, and was afraid he should only make us as uncomfortable as we should make him.

Alas! had we mistaken our man? we inwardly inquired. Was the simple shepherd about to turn the stray sheep from his fold—to thrust us from his door with a paltry excuse—the mere diplomacy of politesse?

We looked him straight in the face, staring so hard

at him, indeed, that the bashful old boy cast his eyes on the ground like a girl, and stammered out, "However, he had two beds that he could manage to spare, and, such as they were, they were quite at our service."

Thank Heaven! we were right in our estimate of the man, after all. It was *not* for the trumpery bed we cared, nor for the paltry supper either (though we were as hungry as hunters certainly), but we were delighted—for the mere sake of human nature—that our ideal Good Samaritan had not proved a mere fashionable quack-salver. "Yes! he *was* the fine simple-minded, plain-dealing, kindly and hospitable, dear old boy we had felt satisfied at the moment we set eyes upon him. (It's astonishing what a high opinion you always have of a man directly you are going to get anything out of him.) We trust we are not particularly selfish; but, tired as we were, and with our stomach yearning for a meal, we could have thrown oursélves into the good man's arms, as soon as we heard him speak the blessed words.

"A hundred thousand thanks!" we breathed. Only a moment ago we were bedless, on the borders of the great Thuringian forest (how terrible it sounds!); and now, Hallelujah! we were certain of a good night's rest; for we don't know how it happens, but there is always something overpoweringly somnolent in your true clerical atmosphere; and, to do our good friend justice, he was amiable rather than lively. Indeed (we trust the worthy soul may never see the words) to speak the truth, the man was about as slow as an old "fly-waggon"; so that we felt assured

there would be no necessity of a hop-pillow in *that* house.

But our party consisted of four, and as yet we had the promise of only two beds—of two *German* beds, be it remembered; and people who have lived on the Rhine, and heard your true-born British wife, who has never (since she was married may-be) been once separated from her dear husband, ask indignantly, on her first insight into the economy of a Dutch "*Schlaf-zimmer*," "However she and her good man were to be expected to sleep in a baby's crib like *that*," will readily understand the impossibility of stowing away double the number of bodies in half the proper number of beds, in a land where the natives sleep in "cribs" but little bigger than orange-boxes, where sheets and blankets are unknown, and where each individual slumberer has to roll himself up in the superincumbent feather-bed, to prevent being left in a state of Adamhood during the night.

But it's strange how selfish misery makes even the best of us. A couple of philanthropists on a raft would not be many days before they tossed up which should eat the other. "Now," said the lady, as she threw herself on the sofa after a hearty meal, "a child might play with me"; and even a pawnbroker may pat an orphan on the head after his bottle of port at a charity dinner. In sooth, it is no slight drawback to human virtue to think that it is only when we ourselves are easy and comfortable, we can afford to give heed to the comforts of our fellows. True! poverty has its heroes as well as its martyrs;

but martyrdom, in such a state, is the rule, and heroism the exception. Moreover, Rothschild need not take a glass of Johannisberger the less, even though he stuff his pockets with tickets for soup for the poor pariahs.

In the natural selfishness of our hearts, then, we had utterly forgotten our friends and fellow-travellers; the Herr von California and young Roese —the latter, the son of the burgomaster of Eisenach; and as we saw the poor bedless boys yawning at our elbow, we felt as if we were the wicked uncle who had deserted the two innocent babes in the great wood of Thuringia.

However, not to bore the reader with a mass of uninteresting detail, suffice it to say that we found, on inquiry at the school-house, that the entire team of us could be accommodated there. Indeed, the *Schlafzimmer*" (sleeping apartments) at the *Seminar* were as full of beds as a low lodging-house, and as full of musical instruments, too, as the London hostelry for Italian boys; for the schoolmaster was, as is usual in Germany, the "*Cantor*" (the manager of the music) at the church also, and the parish supplied him with *Claviers* gratis. In our bed-room stood a grand piano, in lieu of a wash-stand; in the passage was an "upright" without any keys, instead of a wardrobe; and below, in the *Stube*, was a "cottage," in lieu of a cheffonier. Nevertheless, despite the daily snoring of the morning and evening hymn below, by the united day scholars at this establishment; and an occasional *Probestunde* (hour's practising) of the whole

of the wind-instruments in the parish band, growling away beneath; and a ball being held on the "*Feiertage*" (holidays) in the school-room directly under our bed, and at which the entire body of bauers and baüerins seemed to be dancing in wooden slippers, —despite these *little* drawbacks, we say, we managed to make ourselves pretty comfortable as long as we stayed in Möhra.

A wise man can live anywhere. It is no longer the fashion for philosophers to prefer a tub to a cottage *orné*; still he is but a poor man-of-the-world, who cannot be content with a bare floor and a straw-bed, in a land where Brussels carpets and spring mattrasses are unheard-of luxuries. Again: it is only your human gastropod—a creature whose stomach is his sole moving principle,—who, having eaten his *mayonnaise* at Vachet's in Paris, or sipped his *water zoetje** at "The Ship" at Greenwich, sighs for a *filet de bœuf au Chateaubriand* in the Scotch Highlands; and deranges his spleen, because he can get nothing but Savoyard sausages and sauer-kraut in a German village. It is one thing to eat as if one had a brain at the back of the palate, to be nicely critical as to the sapid "fitnesses of things;" and another to feed as though we had never a heart in our body, and to growl over the few hard crusts that fall to our share. "For what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful.—Amen!" said the licorish-toothed parson, and then, lifting the

* Vulgarly called "Water Soochy"—the last word, however, is the Dutch *zoetje* (sweet), so that the literal meaning is merely sweet water.

cover of the dish before him, cried "Faugh, only filthy hashed mutton, by Jove!"

"What can you let us have for the evening-eating, *Frau-Schulmeisterin?*" we inquired, as soon as we had despatched a messenger to invite the Herr Pfarrer to sup with us.

"Here gives liver-sausage, and red-sausage, and Savoyard-sausage, and hard-sausage——" and Heaven knows how many other kinds of sausages the dame would have treated us to, had we not cut the catalogue short by suggesting that a rasher of ham would be more acceptable.

"Here gives no ham at present," was the reply; "but the *Herr Lehrer* (teacher) was going to kill a pig in a day or two, and *then* we could have some swine-flesh."

"Couldn't you get us a chicken, now, somewhere in the village?" urged we; for, to tell the truth, had we been christened Moses Aaron, and born in "Simmery Axe," we couldn't have been less partial to sausage-meat.

The *Frau Lehrerin* was sorry to say the land-surveyors had eaten up the burgomaster's last capon only the day before.

"Hang the land-surveyors!" was the mode in which we gave vent to our indignation. "But surely there's an egg or two to be had in a country place like this," we expostulated.

The good-wife, however, merely shook her head till the long ribbons to her *Deckel-mütze* (over-cap) fluttered like a ship's pen'ant in the air, and said, laughingly,

that "the land-surveyors were as bad as weasels in the neighbourhood; they had eaten up every egg a week after they first came to the inn. But here gives not many fowls," she added; "however, when the *Wirth* (landlord of the *Wilde Mohr*) went over to Salzungen next market-day, he could bring us a few eggs; if we wished it."

"Gibbet the land-surveyors!" was the mild imprecation we now breathed; "they're as bad as a plague of locusts. Stay a minute, though, neighbour," we cried, as a brilliant idea flashed across our brain. "Maybe you can manage a rabbit for us; and, smothered in onions, *that*'ll make a supper for a king." (We couldn't help smacking our lips, hungry as we were, at the mere thoughts of the dish.) "I've heard you've some fine warrens in the woods about here."

"Pfui devil!" shuddered the dame—all over, as you see a hackney-coach horse shudder at the flies sometimes. "We never eat *Caninchens*" (rabbits, but literally little dogs) "here. Why, they've got white flesh!"

We were too sharp-set to be argumentative, or else we should have rejoined, "And so have chickens, and turkeys, and calves, and dairy-fed pigs." As it was, however, we merely asked, "Well, then, what *can* you let us have?"

The last answer was the same as the first:—"Here gives liver-sausage, and red-sausage, and Savoyard-sausage, and hard-sausage, and roast-sausage," and again she would have run on, for an hour, perhaps,

but we interjected that a few "roast sausages" (though they are merely fried, after all), with a little *Kraut*, would do very well—especially as there was nothing better to be had—and then, with a potato-salad (the dame shook her cap-ribbons once more), or say a cabbage-salad, instead, if you will, we continued, and a few pickled plums, by way of *compôte*, together with a little *Harzer-käse* (cream cheese with carraway seeds in it), we should be able to get along somehow till morning.

"But wait," we suddenly exclaimed; we had forgotten one thing. We could *not* eat, though we had been some time in Germany, that mud-coloured, sour, and heavy cold-dumpling, which the Deutschers call *bread*, and which is generally of about the same consistence and inviting appearance as *papier-mâché*, and of about the same specific gravity, too—ay! and as easy of digestion as argillaceous ironstone besides.

"Were there any *Semmels*, or *Milch-brödchen*, or indeed any kind or form of white bread to be got in the neighbourhood?"

Again the good-tempered dame chuckled till her fat sides wabbled like a lump of "size," while she assured us that the land-surveyors had devoured all the "little breads" that had been sent over to the *Wirths-haus* from Salzungen that morning.

"The cormorants!" we couldn't help shouting; and then in our despair we wished there were only a London workhouse in the neighbourhood, where we might apply for a little out-door relief in our destitution.

"Oh, for a British pauper loaf of 'Best Seconds!'" we sighed. Such bread is looked upon in Germany as cake; and no wonder, for the ordinary "staff of life" in your Great-Grand-Fatherland seems to be made out of heart of oak—being as light and toothsome as the unleavened mass of rye, eaten by our forefathers some couple of centuries ago.

However, we didn't sup so very badly, after all. (Wives always want to know what their husbands had for dinner when they "eat their mutton" with a friend; so, we suppose, there must be something naturally interesting in a bill of fare.) The *Herr Pfarrer* came, and he ate liver-sausage and *Sauer-kraut* till we could hear his waistcoat buttons burst forcibly from the cloth; the Herr von California fastened on to the blood-puddings like a leech; and we paid our attentions to the roast sausages and cranberries (a curious compound to English palates, but far better than boiled beef and cherries, or roast pork and prunes, to which one is occasionally treated in Germany); whilst our son laid into the pickled plums and apple-cake, as though he thought such things "food for the gods." What was the young burgomaster's special weakness, we know not; though, we suspect, he was too much taken up with the schoolmaster's pretty daughters to be able to put his lips to the other dainties. Amelia was evidently spicier than the warm beer to his taste; and Augusta as fat as butter at least—if not "quite the cheese."

No: we didn't fare so very badly that night in Möhra, we repeat; for we had, from the tavern, the

only two bottles of St. Estèphe that the cellar of the "Barbarian Blackamoor" contained; and though the wine had been sadly doctored—(so sadly indeed that, as is usual under the doctor's hands, *the spirit had utterly fled*)—nevertheless this was enough, with a chopin or two of *einfaches*, or the simplest of simple beer, to give an air of theatrical festivity to the evening's entertainment.

Then, after a while, the supper-table was got out of the way, and a dance extemporized. The best-looking and most *vornehme* of the young *Baüerins* were sent for out of the village; the *Herr Cantor* struck up on the jarring *clavier* a waltz that was about as lively as the "Old Hundredth," and the Herr von California and the young Burgomaster Roese, together with Master Mayhew, proceeded to twirl the *Fraulein* Amelia, Augusta, and Lisschen among the trunks and bedsteads of our little sleeping apartments, with the same dexterity as Hansom cabmen work their way between the 'busses, carts, and vans blocking up Cheapside on a week-day.

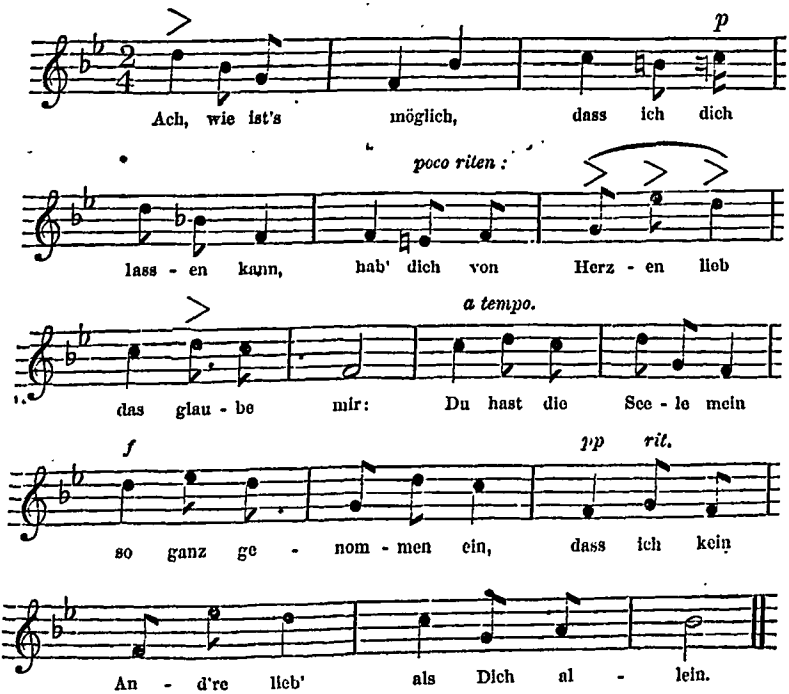
Our dancing days, alas! are over; and accordingly, while the young ones kept spinning round and round the chamber, like so many teetotums, we sat in one corner and played "sixty-six" with the *Herr Pfarrer* and the land-surveyors, who had also come to join us.

"Let's sing the national song of Thuringia," suggested Heinrich, as the waltzers halted to cool themselves.

Heinrich was the schoolmaster's eldest son—a strapping good-looking young fellow—and he sat on

one side, with a tambour-frame before him, working a pair of embroidered slippers.

As the Parson dealt the cards, the boys and girls struck up all together as follows—singing admirably in unison.


p
Ach, wie ist's möglich, dass ich dich
poco riten :
lass - en kann, hab' dich von Herz - en lieb
a tempo.
das glau - be mir: Du hast die See - le mein
f
pp rit.
so ganz ge - nom - men ein, dass ich kein
An - d're lieb' als Dich al - lein.

"There's the ten of 'balloons' for trumps," cried the *Herr Pfarrer* as he turned up the suit which in Germany does duty for our "diamonds."

"I wish I had brought my *Schlag-zitter*," (a kind of lute and guitar combined) chimed in young Roese.

"Blau ist ein Blümlein
Das heisst 'Vergiss-nicht-mein;'"

(Blue is the flowerlet
That's call'd "Forget-me-not"),

went on the *Thuringer Volkslied.*

"Have you fed the pigs, Ameliachen?" screamed the *Frau-Schulmeisterin* to her daughter across the room.

The young lady nodded "*Ja*"; Heinrich cried "Hst" to enforce silence for the song, and then waving his embroidery-needle, as if it were a conductor's *bâton*, led on the singers with—

"Das Blümlein leg ans Herz
Und denk an mich."

(To your breast be it press'd,
And think of me!)

"Twenty in greens" shouted the white-headed land-surveyor, as soon as he had looked at his cards, meaning thereby that he held the king and queen of "leaves"—a suit which corresponds with our spades.

"Stirbt Blum und Hoffnung gleich
Wir sind an Liebe reich,"

(Though Hope and Flower die,
Rich in love are you and I),

continued the village choir.

"*Da ist ein Schneider!* (There's a tailor for you)" roared the Parson as he threw down his last card with a loud smack upon the bare table—his party having scored sixty-six before the other had made thirty-three.

"Denn die stirbt nie bei mir."

(By me 'twould ever blow),

sang the young folk.

"I'd got nothing but acorns in my hand" (acorns

are equivalent to our clubs), observed one of the elder ones at the card-table.

"If you had played your red ten (ten of hearts) instead of the ace of balloons, we should have won the game," said the red-headed land-surveyor to the white-headed one; while the choristers wound up with

"Das glaube mir."

(Don't you think so?)

"I must go when this is over," whispered Elizabeth to Lisschen between the verses; "for, do you know, our geese hadn't come home when I left, and I can't tell what's got to them:" and then the two young ladies proceeded to sing with the rest:—

"Wär ich ein Vöglein
Bald wollt ich bei dir seyn."

(If I a bird could be,
I'd quickly come to thee.)

And so it went on: now a snatch of lackadaisical poetry, and then a bit of boorish literality, till the end of the play.

No sooner was the song finished, than Richard, the youngest son of the teacher, shouted "*Ca-put!* Rebecca has broken her thread," alluding to a young *Baüerin* who sat spinning away, beside one of the beds, at the little wheel she had brought with her; and instantly there was a rush of all the young men in the room to kiss the pretty young *spinster*—such being the forfeit customary in that neighbourhood. (Whisper, reader—our better-half had not yet arrived.)

It was now time for another dance. Away went Amelia with young Roese, flying round and round, like the governor to a steam engine; away went Heinrich and Rebecca too, with Master Mayhew and Miss Lisschen following close at their heels; while Augusta was standing with California's arm round her waist, preparing to start after the others; when the *Frau-Schulmeisterin* burst into the room and told the girl to be off and get a tubful of water at the well, before she did that Tyrolienne, for she knew they'd got to wash in the morning, and there wasn't a single thing in soak yet.

The waltz finished, Lisschen, the skittish daughter of the Möhra mayor, proposed a game at *Wie gefällt dir dein Nachbar?* (How do you like your neighbour?) Whereupon the *Mädchen* arranged themselves in a row along one side of the room, and sufficiently wide apart for a *Bursch* (young man) to seat himself next to each of them—which the said *Burschen* proceeded to do with the greatest alacrity, two or three occasionally squabbling for the same chair. Then a Master of the Ceremonies was chosen, and when he had armed himself with a hank of thread from one of the spinning-wheels, he went up to the girls, one after another, and demanded to know "How they liked their neighbour?" If the answer was "Not at all," he called upon the one objecting to her partner to name the young man whose society she would prefer; which done, the disagreeable youth was commanded to change seats with the more agreeable one. The question was then repeated, *Wie gefällt dir dein*

Nachbar? "Good," the answer mostly ran in such cases; whereupon the girl was ordered to give the said neighbour a kiss, as a proof that his company was not unpleasant to her. If she hesitated (and even a booress *will* play the coquette occasionally) she was beaten with the skein of yarn till she obeyed, and kissed her partner in downright good clownish earnest. (N.B. There was no necessity for much ill-treatment of the ladies on the occasion above referred to.)

After this came another waltz, another song, and another game; the upshot of the latter being kissing as per last—indeed, this seemed to be the sole aim and end of all the Möhra pastimes. One of the girls dealt the cards all round to the boys, and then had to say which card should salute her.

"Whom will you have to kiss you, Rebecca?" asked California. "The Red King, eh? He's a trump and understands the business," and he showed her on the sly that such was the card he held.

"Glaubst Du allein kannst küssen—
Das Niemand küsst so gut wie Du?"

sang the *baüerin*, with a certain kind of clumsy archness. "No!" she cried: "none but the knave of balloons shall touch my lips": and immediately the lucky Heinrich sprang forward and hugged the girl amid the cheers of the assembly, and a general cry of "*Noch einmal*" (encore.)

It was now time for the peasants to retire. The clock had struck eight, and the *Mädchen* had mostly

to be at work soon after midnight. Lisschen had to be threshing in the barn at one in the morning; Rebecca was going to bake; it was washing-day with Amelia and Augusta; and Elizabeth had to get the hot water ready for the scalding of their moribund pig early on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAST OF THE LUTHERS.

Mr. Burke—not he of the "Sublime and Beautiful," but he of the Ridiculous, celebrity—tells us in his "Romance of the Peerage," some very affecting stories as to how a lady descendant of some one of the thousand and odd Irish kings came to sell cabbage-nets in the streets; and how the last of the Tudors is now actually crying "last dying speeches and confessions" through the highways and byeways of London. We forget the precise pathetic particulars; but if our memory serves us, one of the three blind bagpipe-players that have, for years, affrighted the metropolis with their music, can trace his pedigree as far back as the Pretender; while a worthy who lives in a cellar in Monmouth Street and deals in "horses' heads" (as the refuse boots sold in that neighbourhood are termed) is none other than the grandson of the Dauphine of France, who was given over to the tender mercies of a *cordonnier* at the time of the first revolution.

How much reality, and how much romance, there may be in such tales, it is beyond our genealogical acumen to discover. The coat-of-arms belonging to many a London outcast, we have no doubt, is a very

venerable old coat—indeed, as far as our experience goes, many of such coats are so ancient as to have lost their arms altogether.

In Germany, too, we hear the same narratives of extinct nobility. One gentleman, who boasted a Saxon name that was as anti-patrician as Higginbottom with us, assured us that his family had dropped their "*von*" many years ago. "Ay," whispered a sly one present, "I remember they dropped it—in the streets, and no one thought it worth picking up." Nevertheless, in the town of Eisenach, itself, we were measured for our "Wellingtons" by an ex-noble who rejoiced in the title of VON HOF; the dancing-master was VON SOMEBODY or other; our servant bought the pennyworth of matutinal milk at the donkey-cart which another "*von*" was wont to send round the streets of the town every morning; and, in the villages round about, the day-labourers who could boast of having the noble prefix to their name, were as thick as Irishmen who have a big O to their patronymic round about St. Giles'.

The decadence of the Luther family in Möhra, which was their original native place, is another instance of how readily the noble can merge into the ignoble—as readily, indeed, as the golden pippin returns to its poor parent crab—and how the families of men of genius can in a few generations lapse into a mere race of clowns; even as the high-mettled racer will, sometimes, sink to be the drawer of a sand-cart in his later days.

The founder of the Luther family in Möhra was

no poor commoner, but one WIGAN VON LUTHER, who lived from 1308–40 on the estate called "Luter," or "Luttera," which now bears the name of Lauterbach, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the village. Of this Wigan von Luther, however, little is known—the true historical root of the family tree being his grandson, one Fabian von Luther, who was the great-great-grandfather of Martin Luther himself, and was ennobled in the fifteenth century by the Emperor Sigismund. This Fabian von Luther was allowed to bear the title of *Von der Heede*, and had assigned to him at the time of his ennoblement a special coat-of-arms (or *Wappen*), which consisted of a rose and half-crossbow, which device came to be blazoned ever afterwards on the escutcheon of the Luther family, and was, indeed, borne by the Great Reformer himself.

Such was the dignity of the first of the great Luther family in Möhra; the fate of the last is not a whit less romantic than that of the end of the Stuarts in our own country. The Alpha of the Luther house was the Baron Von der Heede—the Omega is the Möhra swineherd by day, and the village watchman by night!

On arriving at the "Barbarian Blackamoor" in the Lutheran village, we needed somebody to carry our portmanteaus and carpet-bags from the tavern to the schoolmaster's; and on enquiry of the landlord, we were introduced to a clown in a light indigo-blue smock and a drab slouch hat, who had been brought

to us from the neighbouring tap-room, and whom we soon found to be no less a person than "the Last of the Luthers" himself. For the man had scarcely said "good day" to us, before he apprized us of the fact—a piece of ostentation which might have been pardonable, had it proceeded from any sense of his great ancestor's qualities; but which was far from admirable, seeing that it arose merely from an idea of the worth of the name in the matter of "drink-money." The swineherd, indeed, had found there was a certain market-value set upon the name of Luther by visitors to the town; and, therefore, was particularly alert in communicating the information to strangers, as to his being the ultimate member of the tribe in that village; in the hope of extracting an extra groschen or two from the reverence of the tourists, and transmuting the coins into corn-brandy-wine—for the fellow assuredly had a greater love of *Schnapps* than martyrdom.

"So you are the Last of the Luthers," said we, eyeing the man with all the veneration of association, and endeavouring to pick out, if possible, some faint trace of a resemblance in the boorish features of the clown, to the sturdy, and yet tender expression of the great German Reformer. But the most bigoted physiognomist could hardly have fooled himself into any such belief; for the fellow's head had so marked a sheepish character about it, in the receding forehead and long projecting nose, that he certainly had more of the lamb than the lion visible in his countenance.

"So you are the Last of the Luthers," we repeated,

in a more melancholy tone, as we thought "How are the mighty fallen!"

"Ya!" grinned the Lutheran descendant; and his mouth stretched under the pleasurable emotion, either of his pride, or some bright pecuniary prospect, so wide across his face, that it looked like that of one of the compressible gutta-percha heads when the forehead and chin are brought into close proximity. "Ya! and I be the swineherd here, too, my gentlemen," added the clown, chuckling again, as if the latter idea was quite as consoling to his vanity as the first.

"But to which of the branches of the Luther family do you belong, my good man?" we enquired; "are you connected with the Barchfeld, the Langensalz, or the Salzungen trees?"

"I've nothing to do with trees at all," was the simple answer, "that's the woodcutter's business; for I tell you I be only the swineherd here."

We could not help casting a smile of pity at the man's pastoral innocence concerning all genealogical technicalities, while we continued, "But how do you claim kindred with the great Reformer? Do you spring from his family directly? or do you belong to any of the collateral branches?"

"I tell you I'm the Last of the Luthers here—that's all I know," returned the boor, half-angrily, "and everybody in the village will say the same; for I'm always shown as such to everyone as likes to give a small drink-money to see me," and here he bowed his head by way of hint to us. "Why, at the time they set up the monument by the Luther's Beech over by

Altenstein, I was fetched away from here by the parson, and taken over there to stand out in the middle of the crowd with my mother, who was alive then, and the other Last of the Luthers. There were three or four of us there at the time; and when the pillar was uncovered they sent the hat round for us, and a pretty lot of groschens we got by it." Whereupon the swineherd chuckled once more complacently with the sweet recollection of the *pfennigs*.

It was now unmistakably manifest that the clown cared for his lineage, not on account of the honour of the family, but solely for the petty beggar's estate, that the reverence of others had connected with it. So fooling the boor to the top of his bent, we went on saying, "I suppose, Luther, you expect to make a decent penny when the statue of your great ancestor, Martin, is set up in this village next year?—eh?"

"Ya! indeed I should think I do too," he returned indignantly, "Where's the use of having come from such a stock, if you ain't to get anything by it? There's no pride about me," he added, with a grin, "for I always takes whatever gentlefolk pleases to give;" and here the beggar gave us another suggestive nod—a nod that we reckoned up at five groschens at least. "All I mean to say is this: it's a disgrace to the land, and to the great nation of Germany, that I'm left in the state I am; when it's written down in the church books here, under the record of Johann George Luther's death, that he was a descendant of Dr. Martin Luther's, and leaves behind him only one son Johann Nicolaus Luther, neighbour

and master-joiner, and that's myself. It's a crying shame, it is, I ain't comfortably provided for. Why don't they build me a good house, and get up a good subscription for me which would allow me enough to live upon without any more work for the rest of my life? Ya, that would be something like an honour to the name of Luther; but, as it is, his children ask for bread, and they give them nothing but stones."

The swineherd, we found, upon cross-examination, was so utterly ignorant as to his relationship with the Reformer's family that, at first, we could hardly help looking upon the fellow as an impostor. But the landlord assured us that there was no doubt of his Lutheran descent; so, having learned that his Christian name was Johann Nicolaus, we after a while made out, by aid of the genealogical works we had brought with us, that he was a descendant of Hans Luther, "the Little," as he was called, who was one of Martin's two uncles; and that Martin Luther's father was, consequently, the great-grand-uncle of this same Johann Nicolaus, some eight generations back.

On pointing out the fact to the swineherd himself, he exclaimed, as he scratched his head in wonderment at the pedigree we set before his eyes, "Yea, well! That be I, Johann Nicolaus the joiner—*ganz gewiss*—I was brought up to that trade. I was the grandson of Johann Nicolaus Luther, the Hussar, too, sure enough. But how it can be as you say, that I come from Hans the Little, and not from Martin Luther's own father, is more than I can tell. All I know is,

I've been the last of the Luthers here for some years. But I don't care for your books, for the minister of the village knows that I'm the real Last of the Luthers too. Why, you'd be taking the bread out of a poor fellow's mouth by such rigmaroles. I *am* the Last of the Luthers though, and the Last of the Luthers I mean to be, till I'm laid in the churchyard a-top of the church-hill yonder, please God!" and so the boor raved on until a glass of carraway-schnapps stopped his mouth.

We had some little difficulty in making the swineherd understand that we had no wish to deprive him of his birthright, or the groschens he got by it either; but he, poor fellow, was so utterly unskilled in following genealogical intricacies that it was impossible to impress upon him the difference of having sprung from one branch of the family and another. To him there was but one Luther tree, and of that one he persisted in being the last shoot left of all the branches that had once flourished in Möhra.

However, it was no time to stop splitting hairs about heirs, direct and collateral, with the pig-driver; so, returning our books to the carpet-bag whence we had taken them, we bade the "Last of the Luthers" bring them, and the rest of the luggage with us up to the schoolmaster's, where we were to lodge during our stay in the village.

Nor could we help smiling to ourselves at the strange tricks that Fortune plays in the world, as we heard the directions given to this same Last of the

Luthers, concerning the care of the luggage on his way from the one place to the other.

"Now, I say, Luther, what in heaven are you up to?" our son would cry. "You're a pretty fellow to carry boxes! you'll be smashing all my photographic chemicals, if you don't take care"—for either the schnapps he had taken, or the boxes he had on his shoulder, seemed more than he could carry.

The next minute, as the swineherd lagged behind under the weight of the load, the cry would be, "Here! Luther! Luther! Come along, old slow-coach. There's not much progress about you now, whatever there might have been about your ancestor in the Middle Ages."

And so it went on, now "Luther this," and then "Luther that;" until the commands seemed like the incongruities of some strange travestie penned by the finger of Old Time himself. Luther! who, in the olden time, had cast off the heavy burdens of his day, now willing to bear as many as he could hobble along under, for a few groschens. Luther! who had braved the burning of his body at the stake, now craving only to have his throat burnt with brandy-wine, every quarter of an hour through the day. Luther! who had destroyed the bull of his Holiness the Pope at Wittenburg, now sitting down quietly to attend the boors' swine at Möhra. Could there be a drop of the same blood in two such utterly dissimilar natures? Or is it circumstances that make men, after all, rather than heritage or organism?

And yet as we walked along, pondering over the

mighty change that had come over the spirit of the Luther dream, and with the last of the great Reformer's family bearing our trunks at our heels, the conceit forced itself on our minds that the vocations of the great Martin and this same wretched Johann Nicolaus were not so utterly opposed after all: Martin had also played the part of watchman in the darkness; he had blown *his* horn, as loud as Johann Nicolaus, to wake the slumberers up as the light drew near. Nor had Martin been less expert at driving the swine of Rome than Johann Nicolaus was in managing the Möhra pigs. How skilfully he had taken Tetzel along the road he had wanted, when he had got the animal fast by the leg! How the Catholic swine tugged and squeaked under his tether, and how cleverly too he made the papal old boars fly before him!

Yes: under this fanciful view we could see some little kindredship between even the mighty Martin and the crestfallen Johann Nicolaus himself!

"A plague o' both your houses!" cries Mercutio, when worried to petulance with the eternal feuds of the Montagues and the Capulets; and, assuredly, the Wars of the Roses hardly made more dissension in England than the rival Luther houses—the York and the Lancaster of Möhra—have done in the hamlet on the outskirts of Thuringia.

The Luther houses (for there are two, each pretending to be the only genuine one) are the sole "lions" to be seen in the village. Both alike claim to

have been the real identical residence of Hans Luther, the miner, and father of the Reformer, previous to the family having gone to reside at Mansfeld, at the foot of the Harz mountains.

"DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S ANCESTRAL HOUSE" is the sign painted up outside one of the homesteads.

"THE REAL RESIDENCE OF THE OLD LUTHER FAMILY," runs the inscription which is nailed upon the walls of the other.

"Don't believe a word they say, sir. The real Luther family never slept a night under that roof," said the proprietress of the one establishment, as she tossed her "snout-cap" contemptuously in the direction of the rival tenement; "why, the very old table as stood in this chamber for hundreds of years is now up at the Wartburg, and there shown as the one that Martin Luther wrote his translation of the blessed Bible upon; that it be, my gentleman!"

"But I thought," we mildly insinuated, "that Martin was born at Eisleben, rather than here, and that he never visited Möhra until long after his translation of the Bible had been finished, and he had become known throughout the world as the great German reformer."

"That is God's truth, my gentleman," the woman repeated, "and that there is the very linden under which he preached to his grandmother on his first visit to the home of his ancestors," continued the good dame, pointing to an exceedingly young lime-tree which stood in the centre of the little "platz" facing her house.

"*That!*" we exclaimed, as we eyed the mere sapling; "why, it seems to be hardly fifty years old!"

"That is God's truth, my gentleman," she repeated, "but you see the old tree was cut down, and this here planted in its place. But I will ask the gentleman," she went on, "whether he thinks, that if this here wasn't the real Luther house that such a fine person as the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar would have taken a table from it, and have put it in the Luther Chamber at the Wartburg as the very one at which Martin wrote his translation of the blessed Bible? Would he now, sir? Is it likely, sir, if this here wasn't the real genuine old Luther house?"

"But, according to your own account, my good woman," we gently expostulated, "Martin Luther never had his feet under the legs of the old table you lay such weight upon."

"That is only God's truth, my gentleman," the dame chattered away; "but I ask you again, sir, if it hadn't been a real Luther table, would a gentleman like the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar have ever given his allowance to such a thing?—and he *is* a real gentleman, I can tell you, sir, for he gave me a very fair price for the tumble-down old thing as was nothing but lumber here. Why, the last time I was over at Eisenach, my gentleman, I saw it with my own eyes at the Wartburg, polished up so grand you can't tell," she ran on, "and when I heard the mumbly old guide there, who has lost all his teeth (the gentleman knows him, I dare say), and who always speaks as though he had got his mouth full of scalding hot potato-dump-

lings,—when I heard him tell the folks up at the Wartburg that it was while sitting at that there table of mine that Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the head of the devil; and when I saw him show the people the very spots that the ink had made on the walls (they black the place every year, I'm told), I was obliged to stuff a whole wind-bag* into my mouth to keep myself from laughing; for I knew right well that, though I had often eaten my soup off it, the great Reformer had never had his shoe under it in his life. Still, I ask you, my gentleman, if that table weren't a *real* Lutheran table, whether the guides would ever have the face to tell the strangers such stories about it as they do?"

This was a Gordian knot that we prudently declined to untie; so determining more philosophically to "*cut it*," we wended our way to the opposition real-old-original establishment.

This we found to be inhabited by the burgomaster of the town—a tall, simple, good-looking peasant, with long straight hair, hanging like a fringe over his forehead, and habited in a great-coat that reached to his ankles, with his legs encased in a pair of jack-boots which extended high above his knees.

We told him that the object of our visit was to see the different Lutheran curiosities in the village, and informed him that we had previously visited the rival Lutheran establishment, and wished to learn

* A puffy round cake so called, and sold to the visitors at the Castle.

from him, as mayor of the place, which was really the old Luther house of Möhra.

The burgomaster was far too quiet and retiring a man to give vent to his emotions on the subject—if, indeed, he felt any. All he knew was, that, time out of mind, the house which he lived in had been called the old Luther house—that Luther after Luther had lived there before him—that he had the title-deeds in his possession to prove as much—and that he, indeed, had bought the *Hof* from Johann George Luther, who, as printed in the books, was the last Luther who owned the place.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Finding, therefore, that we could obtain no reliable information from the proprietors of the rival houses, we retired to our lodgings and our books, and there discovered, on consulting the work of the Pfarrer Ortmann, the historian of Möhra, that the house now in the possession of Herr Burgomaster Schmeer was the one formerly inhabited by "Hans the Little," Martin Luther's *uncle;* and that the other house, opposite the linden, now belonging to one Ernst Heinrich Ihling, is indubitably the tenement that was occupied by Hans Luther, the miner—or, in other words, by Martin Luther's father; this being proved beyond question by the old registries of property, kept in the neighbouring town of Salzungen.

Accurate knowledge on this part of the subject was necessary, in order to prevent one falling into the awkward mistake of going into raptures of reverent

association over the wrong homestead; and had we trusted to the more convincing, because less obtrusive, manner of the burgomaster, we might have framed any number of pretty fancies, as to how Hans the miner and his children had stacked their faggots, after their day's labour in the woods by Lauterbach, in that same burgomaster's Hof; and how Gretha Luther, Martin's mother, had rocked her little ones off to sleep in the big oaken box of a cradle, while she sat spinning by their side—even as we saw the burgomaster's wife doing in the bare old chamber at the time of our visit.

Such misconceptions are sadly distressing to an author's conceit, and therefore we took care, before we trusted ourselves to be carried off into any high-flown reveries at the sight of the old Luther roofs, to be satisfied as to which of the tiles were likely to have covered the head of the old miner and his family.

Now the reason of our being so anxious to set eyes upon the veritable old Luther house in Möhra, was not from any fatuous sense of Luther-worship (even though we are not above enjoying the delight begotten by the lively associations of reverend places), but to satisfy ourselves as to how much truth there was in the tales about the early poverty of the Reformer's family. Martin, who had still sufficient of the monk left in his nature to be infatuated with having led a beggar's life at the commencement of his career, was not a little proud of parading, on every possible occasion, the squalor of his early days, and contrasting

them with the high position he had obtained at the latter period of his life.

In his "Table-talk" he tells us continually, "I am the son of a boor—my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father, were regular boors" (*rechte Bauern*). See *Tisch-Reden*, p. 240, Frankfort Edit.

So far, however, from this having been the fact, his great-grandfather is now well-known to have been the son of Fabian von Luther, the Baron von der Heede, who was ennobled by the Emperor Sigismund, and who dwelt on the estate which was then called Luter or Luttera, and is now styled Lauterbach, and which is situate about a quarter of an hour's walk from the village of Möhra itself.

There is no doubt, again, that the son of this Fabian von Luther, who was the great-grandfather of Martin himself, instead of being a "regular boor," as the Reformer was pleased to style him, adopted the title of "von Luther," as did also Martin's grand-uncle, Heinz von Luther, as he was called, who was the commandant at Ziegenhain.

These facts are now placed beyond question by the genealogies of Richter and Keil, both of whom had married into the Reformer's family; as well as by the more recent and elaborate Luther pedigree edited by Herr Robbe, of Leipzig. So that when Martin, in the flush of his worldly pride, heated, no doubt, with the glory of the great battle he had but lately won, over the strongest and sternest of earthly foes, wrote exultingly about the miseries of his early life, and the indigence of the Luthers for many generations

before him, it would seem as if it was done merely to give greater antithetical glory to the victory; for he adds, with no slight alloy of worldly vanity, "And now, by means of my pen, I have risen so high, that I would not change lots with the Grand Turk himself. Nay, more, should all the riches of the earth be heaped one upon another, I would not take them in exchange for what I possess."

But if it be untrue that Martin's great-grandfather was a "regular boor," and was, on the contrary, the immediate descendant of a newly-created baron, might there not still be a faint glimmer of veracity in the speech, that "his grandfather as well as his father were no better than boors, as regards their rank in life"? A glance at the Luther houses in Möhra is sufficient to assure us that this part of the story also is simple romance—the romance, not of the peerage, but of that monkish age which delighted to make beggary the noblest vocation in the world.

Hans Luther, the father of Martin, had two brothers, one called Heinz Luther and the other "Hans the Little." Now Hans the Little (who was the youngest of the three brothers) was the original possessor of one of the largest and best-built farm-houses in the whole village of Möhra—that which is now occupied (as we before said) by the present mayor of the place; so that though the word "boor" in Germany strictly implies a small peasant-proprietor, it is evident that the owner of such an establishment would be more justly entitled to the name of "*Gutsbesitzer*"—a term which is the equivalent of the

English word "yeoman." On the other hand, Heinz Luther, who was the eldest of the three brothers, is shown by the Rev. Mr. Ortmann, the historian of the little village of which we are speaking, to have been the possessor of a large smelting-oven at Langers, in the neighbourhood of the copper-mines of Kupfersuhl, and that at a time when those mines were in their most flourishing condition.

We were at the trouble (in order that we might avoid erring on the opposite side of the matter) of walking over to this same Langers, so as to make ourselves practically acquainted with the extent of the old smelter's possessions; and assuredly, from the wide range of the ruins, the huge mound of black slag still left on the ground (though the greater portion of it has recently been carried off for the construction of the neighbouring railway) and moreover from the circumstance of this being the remains of the only smelting-oven known to have existed in the neighbourhood at the time when the mines were in full work, it would be absurd to suppose that the owner of such a place did not belong to the better-to-do portion of the community.

This old Luther smelting-oven is situate at the end of an extensive valley, which bears the name of Lauterbach, and which, as we have before said, was formerly called Luter, or Lutera, and gave the family name to the nobles originally located there—nobles who were assuredly the ancestors of the great Reformer, for Fabian *von* Luther, or Luter, was merely the titular equivalent of Rudolph *of* Hapsburg or

William *of* Normandy on a small scale. At the upper end of the valley, which is some hundreds of acres in extent, and flanked on either side by the most luxuriant woods in the neighbourhood, are still to be made out the ruins of the old "*Ritter-hof*" (knight's mansion); and one has but to set eyes upon the extent of the possessions to become instantly convinced that a family owning such an estate must have taken a high rank among the agrarian community of that neighbourhood in the Middle Ages.

The second best house in Möhra is that which the old property-registries of Salzungen prove to have been occupied by Hans Luther, the father of Martin himself. True, that to English eyes, it has now the appearance of an enormous mud-hovel, and would seem to have been possessed by some old Irish cottier, rather than a well-to-do farmer in a large way of business. The walls are composed of nothing but mud, with the rude wattle-work showing through in patches, where the brown plaster has fallen off between the thick lattice of timber. The windows are as small as those to a hackney-carriage, and made up of as many little bits of different-coloured glass as the patterns in a kaleidoscope, the chambers being more like caves than ordinary living apartments of the present day. Nevertheless, the "*Hof*," or farm-yard, is extensive enough, and the granaries and outhouses sufficiently capacious, to assure the beholder, that he who possessed such a homestead, at the end of the fifteenth century, must have been far beyond the reach of want—especially when we come

to learn that many of the Möhra farmers, though holding much smaller "economies" than the old Luther house, can count their gulden by thousands, and their heads of sheep, cattle, and swine by the score.

Away, then, with the romantic rhodomontade that Martin Luther's ancestors were regular boors. This is, indeed, the mere pride of humility, which the quondam monkish beggar-boy delighted to trumpet about himself.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the early days of the great Reformer were days of the severest squalor and bitterest wretchedness; and the question consequently becomes: How did it happen that a man, like Martin's father—striving, prudent, honest, and independent old fellow, as he assuredly was, and but two generations removed from one who had been newly ennobled by the Emperor Sigismund, and one, moreover, who had been dignified with a special coat-of-arms for his honourable services in the field, could lapse from his high estate, and pass from the rank of yeoman in Möhra to that of a comparative beggar; such as was certainly the lot of Hans Luther and his young family during their first year's residence in Mansfeld?

The Pfarrer Ortmann, the historian of Möhra, whose brother is still a well-to-do peasant living in the village, shall put the case for us. "The Luther family," he says at page 100 of his work,* "were

* Möhra der Stammort Dr. Martin Luthers, *von* Johann Conrad Ortmann, *Pfarrer in Steinbach bei Bad Liebenstein.*

originally well-to-do; the next of kin, the youngest brother on the one hand ('Hans the Little' as he was called) had property (*Güter*) in Möhra; and the eldest brother on the other hand (Heinz Luther) had still, in the year 1527, a farm-house (*Hof*) of his own; and the Möhra family besides were, even down to 1521, in such good circumstances that Dr. Martin Luther could be lodged and entertained by them, when in after-life he visited his father's relatives in his father's native village. How can it naturally have come to pass, then, that Hans Luther (Martin's father) got to be so poor?

"Hans Luther," the Pfarrer proceeds, "also had some fortune (*Vermögen*) at the commencement of his life. He was a *Bauer* (literally, a peasant-proprietor) in Möhra, as Dr. Martin Luther himself says; and consequently must have had *some* estate (*Besitzung*). Indeed, it has been before shown, that he was entitled to one-third part of the property of Heine (or Heinz) Luther, Martin's grandfather; whilst, according to the registry of hereditary estates made out in 1676, it is manifest that Hans Luther really *did* become possessed of such property.

"Hans Luther, however," the Pastor tells us, "suddenly quits Möhra, where he is comparatively well-to-do, in the year 1483, and goes to live at Eisleben (where he is utterly unknown), and which is from 70 to 75 English miles away from his native place and friends.

"What could have been the cause then," Herr Ortmann inquires, "which induced Hans Luther to

take such a step?—to suddenly decamp with his wife and children—with his wife too, be it remembered, far advanced in a state of pregnancy—to quit and utterly abandon Möhra, the place of his birth, the home of his childhood, and the site of all his property?

"Some say," continues the writer, "it was to find out a better means of livelihood for himself and family; others allege that the mines in Möhra, at which Hans had already worked as a slate-hewer (*Schieferhauer*), had come to a stand-still, and failed to yield any longer a sufficient subsistence. But according to other information, it was just in the fifteenth century that the mines in the neighbourhood of Möhra were in the greatest activity."

The Pastor then cites several old mining records, such as *Heim's Henneberger Chronicles* and *Brückner's Kirchen- und Schulenstaat*, to substantiate this important fact—showing, among other things, that in the years 1456–1494 several church-bells were cast out of the ore obtained from the Kupfersuhl mines, at which Hans Luther is said to have worked ("probably in connection with his brother Heinz' smelting-oven") before quitting Möhra.

"From this information then," he adds, "it may be plainly perceived that the mines in the neighbourhood of Möhra were in a state of activity, not only in the fifteenth century, but even up to the middle of the sixteenth: so that it is impossible to discover why Hans Luther should have retired from Möhra and gone over to Eisleben to work as a miner, when he had already followed the same occupation in Kup-

fersuhl (half-an-hour's walk from his native village), and could have maintained himself by mining-work as readily in his own neighbourhood as in Mansfeld.

"There must, therefore, have been some other cause," he says, "to have forced Hans Luther to quit the vicinity of his native place."

The usual explanation given in the jog-trot biographies of the German Reformer is that founded on the authority of Nicolas Rebhahn, who was the superintendent of Eisenach some two centuries after Luther's time, and according to which Hans Luther and his wife, who at the time was on the eve of her confinement with Martin, are made to visit Eisleben solely for the purpose of being present at the "year-market" there. "Though assuredly," as Herr Ortmann urges, "no one but a dealer or merchant ever dreams of going to a year-market in a town which is from twenty-eight to thirty hours' journey on foot away from his own residence; and such is the distance of Eisleben from Möhra."

But Herr Krumhaar, who is the Luther historian of Mansfeld, and the Pfarrer of Helbra, in that district, gives the most conclusive proof as to the falsity of the latter explanation of the mystery. "False is it," he says in his little work entitled *Dr. Martin Luther's Vaterhaus in Mansfeld*, while summing up the several tarradiddles that have been told concerning the early life of the Luther family, "that Luther's parents quitted Möhra in order to be present at the 'year-market' in Eisleben.

This story is given out by Nicolas Rebhahn, who was the Eisenach superintendent at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and afterwards repeated by Seckendorf. This may be soon refuted by the fact *that Eisleben at that time had no 'year-market' that fell in the month of November.* Up to the year 1515 (which was thirty-two years after the birth of Martin Luther) the Eisleben year-markets were held (only) on the Monday after 'Cantate' in April, and on 'Lambertus-day' in September." —*Luther's Vaterhaus in Mansfeld*, p. 76.

Again: the same authority tells us, in his *History of the County of Mansfeld at the Time of the Reformation*, while giving an account of the political circumstances of the country at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that, "in 1522 the times of the two Eisleben 'year-markets' were changed, so that the market held at '*Cantate*' was to fall on the Sunday after '*Viti*, and that of '*Lamperti*' on the Sunday after '*Gallen*;' and were henceforth to be held at those periods only. This notice," the author adds, in a parenthesis, "is important: it teaches us that the popular story concerning Luther's mother having travelled to Eisleben, in order to be present at a 'year-market' in November, 1483, is a mere fable. Eisleben had no market falling in November at that time;" and in proof of this the author cites the old chronicles from which the information as to the first change of the year-markets is derived.

It is manifest therefore that, in the words of the

Pfarrer Ortmann, "there must have been some *other* cause, than such as is ordinarily assigned, to force Hans Luther to quit the vicinity of Möhra—the home of his fathers, the dwelling of all his kindred and friends, where he was possessed of house and land—and to quit it, too, at a time when his wife was most ill-fitted for so long a journey."

"What, then, was this other cause?" asks the historian of Möhra.

Another chapter must solve the riddle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AFFRAY WITH MARTIN LUTHER'S FATHER AND THE HERDSMAN IN THE "GREAT MEADOW" AT MÖHRA.

CERTAIN it is that, whatever may have been the cause of Hans Luther's sudden departure from Möhra, the circumstances must have been of the most pressing nature to compel the miner to leave with such unseemly haste, and to take his wife with him, too—even though she was so near her confinement at the time that she—poor woman!—was brought to bed with young Martin the day after her arrival in Eisleben.

That a mere longing to make purchases at a year-market could have been the motive is absurd—not only because there were no "year-markets" at Eisleben at that time, but because there were such commercial gatherings much nearer home, as, for instance, at Salzungen and Eisenach; at both of which towns the year-markets were quite as large, and not a tithe of the distance from their home.

Moreover, if Hans, on the other hand, had been stimulated by the desire to better his condition by getting work at the mines of Mansfeld, as the second story runs, surely there was no necessity to flit in such a hurry that the husband was unable to wait

till his wife was more fit to accompany him on so long and trying a journey?

All things considered, then, it must be admitted, at least by every unprejudiced reader, that the hastiness of Hans' departure from Möhra was equivalent to that of flight; and men do not fly from their homes except on occasions of greatest urgency.

The simple fact, then, would appear to be that Hans Luther (as Martin Michaelis tells us, in his description of the mines and smelting-houses of Kupfersuhl—a work which was first published in the year 1702) Martin's father, had, in a dispute, stricken a herdsman dead to the earth, by means of a horse-bridle, which he happened to have in his hand at the time; and was thereupon forced to abscond from the officers of justice as hurriedly as he could.

True, the Pfarrer of Helbra attempts to combat this story; "false is it," he says again in his summary of the many untruths that have been put forward concerning the family of the Reformer, "that Luther's father had killed a peasant in a quarrel, and on that account had to fly to Mansfeld. Surely the Reformer's Catholic opponents," adds Herr Krumhaar, "would not have remained silent had such been the case. The entire sixteenth century had no knowledge of the fable. Martin Michaelis, the historian of the mines of Kupfersuhl, is the first to tell the tale, and it was not until his work was published, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the world ever heard a word about the matter."—*Luther's Vaterhaus in Mansfeld*, p. 76.

But surely it must strike the simplest logician, that if the story was never made known till the year 1702, the Catholic enemies of the Reformer could not *possibly* have said a word about it—being in utter ignorance as to the particulars at the time when the Catholic zeal was at its height, and such enemies having comparatively died out when the narrative was first given to the public.

Moreover, Herr Krumhaar's contradiction of the tale is merely a rhetorical denunciation, not a disproof. Let us, however, hear what the historian of Möhra has to say upon the matter, for that gentleman being the Lutheran minister at Steinbach assuredly cannot be accused of Catholic enmity against the great author of the Reformation in Germany; and, moreover, being intimately acquainted with all the traditions of the village of Möhra, he may be cited as the man likely to be the best informed on the subject.

"What cause," says Herr Ortmann, "could there possibly have been sufficient to account for the sudden departure of Hans Luther and his family from the vicinity of Möhra? What but the sad misfortune which befell him in that village? A misfortune of which the tradition is preserved among the peasants there, even up to the present time." Whereupon the Pfarrer proceeds to repeat the oldest written account of the affray.

"Johann Martin Michaelis," he says, "tells the tale in his '*Description of the Mining and Smelting*

Works in Kupfersuhl, in the Year 1702,' and we read the same story repeated," adds the Rev. Mr. Ortmann, "in Thom's '*Description of the Castle of the Wartburg*,' § 154. Michaelis writes as follows, § 83 :—'I cannot pass over in silence the fact that the reverend and renowned Dr. Luther's father originally dwelt in the neighbourhood of Möhra, and worked in the pit as a miner, an occupation which generally prevailed at that period among the people in the vicinity. But he was afterwards very unfortunate, for with his own horse-bridle he accidentally (*ohngefähr*) struck down a herdsman dead upon the grass; whereupon he was forced to retire from the neighbourhood. So, in order to get the same work as he had previously been doing, he betook himself with his wife (though she was on the eve of being confined with Dr. Martin Luther at the time) to Eisleben, in which neighbourhood the couple remained ever afterwards.' (Vide *Thom's Wartburg*, § 154; *Schwabe, Monumente Dr. Luther's*, § 3.) "This misfortune of Hans Luther's," adds the Pfarrer Ortmann, "lives still in the minds of the Möhra peasantry. The villagers there tell you not only the same tale, but they show you the very spot—the field in which the tragedy occurred. Should any travelling admirer of Martin Luther pay a visit to Möhra, he may see the meadow which was the scene of the catastrophe; if he will but go along the lower part of the village, by the road called the Röhrigsgasse, and pursue the way towards the Röhrigshof. For at about 400 or 500 paces from the village,

on the right-hand side of the way—just where the road going from Möhra out to the Röhrigshof makes a bend—there the field lies."

Now, one of the special objects of our trip to the little Luther-village was to sift out for ourselves the truth or falsity of the above story. Heaven knows *we* had no sectarian purposes to serve. Catholics and Protestants may throw their bigot mud one at the other as they please; that is no reason why we should dirty our hands by taking part in the same wretched squabble. To our mind the one party believes that two and two make four; while the other is of opinion that three and one amount to the same figure. The great day of reckoning may, perhaps, show which is the better arithmetic; though we fancy that so long as the sum of a man's life has been duly cast up, and one's account duly balanced before quitting this world, the difference between the two-and-two creed and the three-and-one belief will be found to be literally *nought* in the eyes of the All-Wise.

A literary man's vocation, be it remembered, is merely that of a "humanist," as the Scotch phrase it. In its higher qualities, either of historian or dramatist, it deals specially with the characters of men, and strives to unknit the tangled yarn of human motives, with a view of weaving the several threads of a man's fretful life into one perfect and comprehensive web. Here the author seeks to find a clue, there to pick up an end, so as to be able to unwind the ravelled skein of his hero's actions; and it was prin-

cipally to get a right hold of this "yarn," about Hans Luther and the herdsman, that led us to go upon our *teazing* expedition to Möhra.

Nor were we many hours in the little village before we found that the Pfarrer Ortmann's account was strictly correct, and that every boor in the place, not only had heard of the tradition, but had something to avouch in connection with it.

Heinrich, the grown-up son of the schoolmaster, was the first to inform us that he had been told there was an old book in the *Gemeinde-schrank* (a closet or chest in which the parish papers are kept) wherein it was written that Hans Luther had killed a peasant with an ox-chain in one of the fields about Möhra; and that the miner had been obliged to fly from the neighbourhood for his life, and leave his property to be confiscated to the State.

"Where had he heard this? Had he himself ever set eyes on the volume? Who had made the discovery?" such were the questions we discharged in a volley at the head of the young man.

Herr Kirchner, the *Bauer*, who was the *Rechnungs-Führer* (the accountant) of the *Gemeinde-Vorstand* (heads of the parish), had told him he had found the papers some few years ago, while searching for some other parish document.

Accordingly, we made the best of our way to the house of the parish accountant. The homestead he inhabited was so like the rest of the farm tenements in the village, that there was every mark of the boor, and not a sign of the parish authority about it. At

the door geese cackled and hissed at your approach; and inside, women with their heads covered with cloths, and their eyebrows and clothes all fluffy with tow, were swingling and combing long hanks of flax that looked like the yellow-black hair of some German peasant-girl. In one corner of the room stood the usual narrow slanting bed, arranged on the same sharp incline as the planks down which the luggage is slid on board a steamer; and covered with so puffy a squab that the resting-place seemed to be made up after the pattern of the mounds arranged for one's last sleep in the church-yard. Against the walls were rudely-coloured pictures of Frederick the Great and Napoleon I., together with an assortment of crockery that was so shiny and yellow that the vessels seemed to have been carved out of the commonest hard soap.

The agrarian accountant himself we found to be a fine-built specimen of the *genus* boor, standing upwards of six feet in his wooden shoes, and habited in a postillion's jacket and leather breeches; while his hair was dressed in the approved Möhra fashion, being arranged like that of a Skye terrier, and allowed to hang in a thick dishevelled fringe right down to the eyebrows.

The good-humoured clown told us that in the *Gemeinde-schrank* were kept all the papers belonging to the parish for hundreds of years ago; and it was quite true that when he had to go over them some five or six years since, he found what they called an *Actum*, that is to say, a loose document of very old date (he could not tell the precise period),

in which it was stated that one Luther had some one or other "*mause-tod geschlagen*" (killed as dead as a mouse)—that was a phrase they had in those parts. He could not make out any more of the paper at the time, for he was busy getting up potatoes just then, and wanted to get through the job. Besides, the writing was so old, that it took him a long time to read even as much as he did. He could not say what the act was about, nor did he know what was the fine attached to it; "for you see, sir," he went on, "the parish work comes very awkward sometimes, in the midst of our farm business. Maybe, now, a man has killed a pig on the very day when some plaguy paper is wanted; and at such times when one's got all the sausage-meat on one's mind, and thinking of nothing but getting the whole chopped and out of the way before dark, it isn't to be expected that a *Rechnungs-führer* can give much time to the spelling out of old papers that want a pair of very strong spectacles, and a good scholar as well, to read."

"But had he ever heard before of the story of Hans Luther having killed a man in those parts?" we inquired.

"Ach the thousand!" exclaimed the man; "why, everyone in the village had heard of it, and knew it was true. All the Möhra folk had had the tale told them by their grandfathers, and *they* had had it from *their* grandfathers before them."

Bauer Kirchner, the "*Herr Rechnungs-Führer*" (as the villagers delighted to style him), was fifty-six years old he informed us, and his father had been

eighty-three when he died; his grandfather, too, had lived to be upwards of eighty also, and they *all* knew the story well.

"There were about six sacks full of old papers in the parish chest," he added, "and if we wished to look at them, he dare say their new *Schulz* (the ancient term for burgomaster) would give us permission to go over them, and in that case he himself would be happy to help us at the work. That is, he would do so," he observed with a grin—"if we would fix any other than a Salzungen market-day for the job; for he had a wagon-load of cabbages he wanted to sell there, and *Kohl* was fetching good prices just then, he heard, for it was about the time for making *Sauer-kraut*. But hunting among those old papers," said he, "is uncommon dusty work, I can tell you, sir; for you see the stuff gets down your throat and tickles it so, you don't know."

We understood, by the twinkle in the man's eye, what was meant, and promised him that his throat should be tickled with something that was more agreeable to his taste.

"But I'll tell the gentleman what may save him a deal of trouble," suddenly jerked out the boor, as a bright idea came across him. "Our old *Schulz*—the one that filled the office before the present one—has been over the papers as often as a ploughman over the same field; and *he* could tell you, perhaps, all about the old *Actum* I have mentioned. He lives down in the 'Upper Lane,' just by the Tanner's Corner, on the road to Waldfisch. He is one of the most learned men in the whole community," he added, "and could

cure cattle, and tell the weather, and read a letter better and quicker than any man in the parish!"

We were too intent upon the object of our visit to neglect to take advantage of the hint thrown out by the parish accountant, and therefore set out to make the acquaintance of the cleverest fellow in the whole village.

It was not difficult to find a man so well known as the *Alte Schulz* (old burgomaster), in so small a place as Möhra. The Lord Mayor of London, at the expiration of his term of office, often retires to very different quarters from those to which he had been accustomed during his official residence at the Mansion House. And certainly the Möhra mayor, in his *ex-officio* state, bore no marks of the pre-eminent position he had once held in the village.

The house, or rather mud-hut (for it was little better), of the quondam burgomaster was as like an Irish hovel as one could well imagine, situate in the heart of Saxony. True, there were no pigs in the room to keep company with the ex-mayor, but the mud floors swarmed with shoeless children, and faces of all ages, even to three and four generations. In one corner sat an old crone swathed in a bundle of faded calico, and with her face as brown and shrivelled as a prune, nursing, and trying to quiet a sickly-looking infant, who had a complexion the colour of goats' cheese, and was "ill with its teeth," as we were told. And as one gazed at the couple, each as petulant, and almost as helpless, as the other, it seemed like the beginning and end of the circle of life—the first

and second childhood blending insensibly into each other.

In the passages were young girls occupied at the eternal dressing of flax, that pursued you wherever you went, and sitting in a cloud of dust that covered their cheeks and arms with short yellow hairs, so that the skin was not unlike that of newly-shorn sheep, rather than country maidens; while about the close and low chambers sported boys of all ages, with hair the colour of raw silk, and eyebrows and eyelashes to match, and clad in butcher-blue short smocks—some shuffling about in cumbrous wooden shoes, and others pattering with their bare feet over the earthen floor.

Here was the same uncomfortable sloping bed in one corner, with its huge squabby-looking flabby bolster-like coverlet on top; and in the dusk of the adjoining apartment (though it was hardly bigger than an ordinary larder), two more such puffy scarlet-checked sleeping mounds were to be seen. The sole ornaments against the walls consisted of starlings in wooden cages, not much bigger than mouse-traps, and a small picture, or two, in brass frames, of Luther preaching under the linden in Möhra and, "taking leave of his wife previous to setting out for the Diet at Worms."

Those who have seen conjurors perform the trick of the Inexhaustible Hat could not be more surprised than we were as to how all those small and big children, lads and lasses, married sons and daughters, old men and women, could ever be stowed away within that tiny doll's-house of a homestead; for

every minute some fresh face turned up—even as a shower of flowers is made by M. Robin to succeed a volley of sweetmeats, and the sweetmeats, again, to be followed by a multitude of toys—and all packed within the crown of an ordinary beaver.

The *Alte Schulz* himself was a hale old gaffer of seventy-six (he was as proud and communicative as to his age as is a miss in her teens), and had hair and eyebrows as white as gossamer; while his face was as ruddy as if perpetually lighted by the glow of a Christmas fire. He had formerly been mayor of Möhra for forty odd years, and certainly none of his faculties—with the exception of his memory—seemed to us to be the least impaired by his age; on the contrary, Time appeared to have treated the old boy as it does old port—to have taken but little of the spirit out of him, and rather to have improved his "body" than deteriorated it. He was chiruppy as the starlings about him; and as gentle with the young things round him as an old Newfoundland dog with a bevy of kittens worrying at his ears.

He could not say what was in the parish chest; he had been over it often, but "*Ach der tausend!*" he couldn't remember what the papers were about, half as well as he could the day when he first heard tell of the explosion of the powder-waggons in Eisenach, though that was a good sixty years ago. Yes, it must be that, for Johann Nicolaus Luther, the hussar, had just come back to Möhra with a beard as long as a mare's tail, after getting his discharge from the Prussian army. He could not call to mind having

seen any papers in the chest about Hans Luther, though he had a distinct recollection of Kirchner, the *Rechnungs-führer* finding some *Actum* in which it said some Luther or another had killed some one or other. The words might have been as "dead as a mouse," though he couldn't call to mind the exact expression, or whether he ever heard anything at all about it. He was certain, though, that Kirchner *did* find some such paper some five years ago, or thereabouts; because he knew that it was at the time one of the teamsters at the Röhrigs-hof was seized with the staggers, and he had to leave the "*Gemeinde Versammlung*" (parish meeting) suddenly to go and give the horse some stuff; and he remembered *that* because he had to go over, after getting the animal all right, to a christening feast at the Wirth's in Waldfisch, on that very evening; and the child couldn't be more than five years old now, he was sure. He knew they were hunting for some papers at that time. "Tut, tut! but whose papers were they we were looking for? Let me see!" he said; "well, all he could bring to mind was, that it was about some place or other, that there was some process or other going on in connection with, but the precise particulars he couldn't recall. There were six of the *Vorstand* there altogether hunting," and he recollected "it was just at sheep-shearing time, and everyone of the parish authorities was wishing old Elizabeth Müller—yes! that was the name—and only to think," he said, "he couldn't get it off the tip of his tongue a few minutes ago. Well: they were all wishing that Elizabeth Müller

and her smelting oven (for sure enough, he cried, that was what the process was about) was at the bottom of the Smith's Pond; because, as he said before, they had to search for the paper just in the midst of shearing all their sheep. By the bye, that puts me in mind," he cried suddenly, "that I've got an old sheep-book, in my cupboard here, that goes back as far as the year 1600; it's been in our family all that time, and there it's written down somewhere or other, I know, that Hans Luther lived in the house just below the school."

Accordingly, the old sheep-book was got out, but though the *Alte Schulz* cleaned up his tin spectacles, and turned over and over the leaves, the memoranda written on the pages served only to revive his recollection as to the price he had paid for some particular ewe, or certain wethers at some time past. "Ach the thousand! did those sheep cost me as much as that?" he would say now and then, as he turned over another page or two, and alighted on some other interesting entry, exclaim, "Yes! I remember that was the time my flock had got the fly so bad among them. You see, here it's written down, sir:—'Rubbed in plenty of strong oil of vitriol and cured them in a short time.' There ain't a better thing than oil of vitriol for the fly in sheep, I give you my word, my gentleman."

And then, finally waking out of the pastoral trance into which the memoranda respecting his past muttons had thrown the old man, he added—"Well! isn't it odd, I can't find that entry anywhere now; and yet I

know I saw it somewhere or other in this book, and only a few days ago, too, when I was looking for something or other that was very particular, at the time; but which, for the life of me, I couldn't come across then any more than I can set hand upon what I want at present."

Our patience was well-nigh exhausted by this time, so we proceeded to question the *Alte Schulz* as to what he had heard concerning the tradition, the truth of which we had come to test.

"Of course," he cried, "everyone in this village knows that Hans Luther killed a man. Some say it was a peasant, and others declare it was a herdsman. Some say, too, he did it with a horse's bridle; some that he struck the man dead with an ox-chain; and some, again, will have it he killed him down just by the willow in the great meadow, while others vow the identical spot was close against the roadway. But be that as it may," he went on, "every Möhra man, woman, and child, knows that Hans Luther killed some one, somehow or other, somewhere about the fields at the end of the village." He himself had heard it from his father, and his father had got it from his, and so it had come down from father to son ever since it had happened. They hadn't got it out of books, for their great grandfathers had told it to their children, long before any schooling was known among them."

"But," said we, "if Hans Luther had really killed a peasant in Möhra, would not his property have been forfeited to the community? and would not the

papers then be contained among those in the parish chest?"

"Certainly they would, or should, be found there," was the answer of the *Alte Schulz.*

"Now he remembered," he told us, "that there was the old neighbour"—he had forgotten what was his name just then—and he couldn't call to mind what was the precise nature of his offence; but he knew he had done something or other that rendered his property liable to be confiscated to the State; and that was the way the "*Gemeinde*" came to be possessed of the school-house. The papers about it were all in the chest, he believed, but when the occurrence took place, or what was the exact nature of it, or who was concerned in it, or how it came to pass, was more than he could say just then. "He remembered all about it thoroughly," he told us, "only he wasn't able to recall the precise particulars."

Another old Möhra-man (who was upwards of eighty, whom we saw, told us he remembered having heard the story repeated by his father full seventy years ago, and his father again had had it from his grandfather, who used to declare he had heard it ever since he could remember—a chain of evidence which carried us back to a date at least half a century previous to the first publication of the tale by Martin Michaelis, the historian of the mines of Kupfersuhl.

The version given by this old man was that the victim of Hans Luther's rage was a *Bauer*, whom the miner had killed with a horse's bridle.

"Hans Luther had been to his field in the moor-

ground," he said, "to turn his horse loose, and found the bauer's cattle upon it—at least, so he had always heard the story told." (Others, however, related that Hans had gone to bring home his horse from the meadow, and had found that the shepherd's dog had bitten and gored the animal.) "Hereupon a quarrel ensued, and Hans, in his wrath, felled the other to the ground, by means of a heavy thwack with the iron bit of the bridle he carried in his hand. Then, finding that the blow had killed his neighbour on the spot, he took fright, and fled away in the night, taking his wife and children with him, so as to be beyond the reach of justice on the morrow."

Such, then, is the Möhra tradition—a tradition which not one alone of the villagers has heard from some ancient granddame, but with which every boor in the place is as familiar as he is with the weather predictions in the *Volks Kalendar*. But since the people in those parts have preserved the memory of Martin's father having worked in the neighbouring mines of Kupfersuhl, where the folk delight to show you to this day the mouth of the filled-up shaft belonging to the very pit in which the old man wrought—a shaft that must assuredly have been closed for many years, seeing that it has now a sturdy beech-tree growing out of the *débris* on top of it, and under the shade of whose spreading branches we and our family ate our dinner on the hot summer's day when the Luther Monument was first set up in Möhra. Since the peasants in Möhra and the vicinity, we say, have

carefully preserved *this* memory, and no one ventures to doubt the truth of it; as well as the fact of the Reformer having preached to his grandmother in the village, on the very spot where his own statue has recently been erected, and the truth of this tradition, again, none presume to question; why, we ask, should these two memorable events in the Luther history be received on all hands, and the other (equally memorable, because more impressive) be rejected—especially when the tales, one and all, have only the same evidence to substantiate them? Besides, supposing the story as to the cause of Hans Luther's sudden departure from his native village, and the great poverty of his family, during the first years of their residence in Mansfeld, to be false, how is it possible that the Möhra peasantry, of all others in the world, came to have it circulated among them as truth? for *they*, knowing more of the old miner and his character while living among them, would naturally have been the very first to refuse to give credence to it, if untrue. Nor can it be argued that the story was begotten by the peasants in their Catholic enmity against the son of their former neighbour, since the Möhra folk were among the very first to throw their caps up for the Reformation; and one and all crowded about the great Reformer on his visit to the home of his forefathers, as he stood under the linden, with his old grandmother seated at his side, (for the little church of Möhra was not half big enough to hold the throng that flocked around him at the time,) to hear the wonderful son of their old miner-friend

preach to them against the abominations and transgressions of the Romish Church.

How, we ask, could such a tradition ever have got a footing among such a people, had it been merely the scandal invented by the Reformer's bigoted and malicious opponents? and that in the very place, too, where the older portion of the inhabitants must themselves have known directly (or indirectly through their fathers) the chief actor in the affray; and consequently, must have been the best fitted of all the people in the world to tell whether there was an *iota* of truth in the tale.

Nor does the circumstance of the story never having been published till the year 1702 in any way militate against the force of the evidence. Who could have told the tale but some inhabitant of Möhra, or the neighbouring village of Kupfersuhl; and in those villages in the Mediæval Ages, when few could even read—much more write—what man among the boor community could have published it? So that it is no wonder that the tale remained dormant till the first historian appeared among them at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Add to this the circumstantial corroboration urged by the still more recent chronicler of the annals of the village (the Pfarrer Ortmann), that there is no other sufficient cause known whereby to account for the hot haste with which Hans Luther withdrew from the home of his fathers; nor any other feasible mode of explaining how it came to pass that a man like old Hans Luther, who was but three generations removed

from one who was ennobled by the Emperor Sigismund, and possessed of a large estate in the neighbourhood, should be steeped to the very lips in the most abject poverty at the earlier part of his residence in Mansfeld; whereas, during his residence in Möhra, not only had he possessed house and lands sufficient to have made him rank as a small yeoman in England, but he is proven by the old registries of hereditary property in Salzungen, to have inherited, in common with each of his brothers, one-third part of his father's estate—an estate which, it should be remembered, was none other than the patrimony of the grandson of the newly-created Baron von der Heede. Sum up all these matters, and a mass of evidence is cumulated, upon which surely no twelve common jurymen in their common senses would hesitate to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

Finally, there is to us the still more weighty circumstantial evidence as to character. Hans Luther, even Martin, himself, admits, was a most severe and hasty-tempered man.—"My parents treated me harshly," said the Reformer in after-life . . . "They seriously thought they were doing right; but they could not distinguish character, which, however, is very necessary in order to know when, or where, or how chastisement should be inflicted" (*Lutheri Opera*, W. xxii. p. 1785). Again, we have it on record, that such was Martin's dread of his father's anger, that he would fly, and hide behind the chimney-corner, at the old man's approach (see *Audin's Life*). With so hot-blooded a nature, therefore, such

a catastrophe, as that to which the tradition refers, appears to us by no means improbable. If the old miner wanted sufficient control over his rage, to be incapable of knowing when, and how, to punish even a child, surely he was not the man to hesitate about dealing a rash blow at the head of a mere herdsman, who had offended him; for even the tradition says no more than that the death was caused in the heat of passion, and that the old miner struck the man dead—accidentally—with the bit of the bridle which happened to be the formidable weapon he carried in his hand at the time.

Nor to the ethnological mind was Martin Luther himself utterly deficient in the same passionate element; for, if a gouty father, or a consumptive mother, in the usual course of nature, beget a podagric, or phthisic, child, surely one with a temper as fiery as a blood-horse may be expected to cast a high-mettled foal. When we read, too, the letters of the great Reformer to the Saxon princes, at the time of the outbreak of the Peasants' War, and learn how savagely he would have had those in authority treat the poor ignorant race from which he delighted, in his worldly pride, to boast he had sprung, we discover that Martin himself was a veritable chip of the hard old block; and that, tender and loving as the hero could be at times—exquisitely gentle and affectionate as he was in all his home-relations—nevertheless, the patient German could be as hot-blooded when his soul was a-fire, as the most passionate Italian. Indeed, had it not been for this very heat of soul—

for this inherited fervour of nature, we verily believe that a timid nervous child, like Martin was in his youth, shuddering at the hobgoblins, begotten by the rush of blood, which he tells us "was like that of a mighty wind," occasionally passing through his brain—would never have grown up to be the man who volunteered for the "forlorn hope," and who was the first to lead the little army of martyrs on, in the great mediæval storming of the mighty Romish citadel.

CHAPTER V.

A DAY'S SEARCH AMONG THE OLD PAPERS OF THE QUEER LITTLE LUTHER COMMUNITY.

FROM the "old Schulz" to the "young Schulz" (though the juvenile burgomaster was fifty, if a day) was not a very long journey in a village whose entire length was nothing comparable to that of the British Sloane Street, and where the entire range of buildings hardly stretched, in their widest span, beyond the extent of the Metropolitan Maiden Lane.

We found his worship, the mayor, at breakfast, seated in a corner of the room, in the Möhra "Mansion House," that served as bed-room and sitting-room, feasting with his *one* farm-labourer, in the most primitive fellowship, over a mound of reeking potatoes, which had been thrown on to the middle of the bare table, and which his worship, as well as the mayoress and her daughter, were busily engaged in peeling with their fingers.

Lisschen, the Arcadian heiress of the Möhra mayor, had manifestly neither washed her face, nor brushed her hair, previous to sitting down to the morning meal; the *flax-filaments* still clung to her locks, so that she had

more the appearance of being tricked out in the fancy costume of a powdered peruke, than the tidy-looking, smooth-tressed, chestnut-haired maiden, such as we had previously known her; while the lady mayoress, with a fine disregard of state (even in the presence of the farm-labourer), sat in merely her thick woollen petticoat, stays, and chemise; and his unwashed worship himself in nothing but his drawers, and a long, dingy, and dusty great coat—all hob-a-nobbing in the simplest, friendliest, and yet, it must be added, grubbiest and most uncomfortable manner, over the Hibernian repast.

To obtain permission from the young mayor to search the contents of the parish-chest for any old Luther document was the work of but a few minutes. His worship, indeed, politely informed us that he would "clean himself" as soon as possible after their early meal, and join us at the "Barbarian Blackamoor," where all the parish meetings, as well as the parish *archives*, were held.

The desirable operation of "cleaning himself," so politely promised by his worship, seemed to us (if properly carried out) likely to be so lengthy and arduous an operation, that we agreed with our son, that we had *ample* time, in the interim, to inspect the "Great Meadow"—where, according to the tradition, old Luther's fatal encounter with the herdsman had taken place.

Herr Ortmann's description as to the scene of the affray was so literal, and so precise in its particulars,

that, though we took a guide with us to point out the spot, we found, on visiting the place, that such a companion was utterly unnecessary.

Down the long straggling street of the *Röhrigs-gasse* we wended our way, while every practicable window-pane was slid on one side, and a head thrust out in wonderment as to what errand we were bent upon; and then reaching the level fields, which surround the village at the outskirts, like a vast waste, we soon espied the bend in the road, which the Pfarrer had described; and there, striking off at a right angle into the boggy plain, we stood in the midst of the wild moors, where the tragedy was said to have been enacted—some four hundred years ago.

It was a lovely autumn day, when we first visited this spot; the grass was all sparkling, like blades of "frosted silver," with the crystal dust of the hoar frost of the early "fore-winter;" and between the white blades peeped the purple flowers of the autumn crocus, with which the fields in Thuringia are always coloured at that season of the year. The morning sun shot its slanting rays over the vast meadow, projecting long, black, caricature shadows of the few stray objects in the field, and lighting up the little town, that stretched across the distance, while it gilded the tiny pagoda-like church-steeple, as if it were some simple halcyon place, to which the hot and savage passions of cities were utterly unknown. The brown dappled cattle were grazing far away behind us—the chiming of their tuneful bells humming in the distance like the sound of some murmuring

brook, as the herd nibbled the rich grass. Around us stretched the broad level waste, without a hedge or hardly a tree to break the monotony of the wide green plain. Indeed, there was no sign of vegetation, save the stump of one warty old willow, which rose right before us, as if it had been the monument Nature herself had erected to mark the site of the bloodshed.

A crowd of strange fancies filled the brain as we stood there in the midst of that broad and desolate plain, looking at those halcyon homesteads in the horizon. Had old Hans Luther *not* stricken the offending herdsman down on that spot, he might still have remained a boor in that same peaceful little village, and have brought even Martin up to the same boorish life; while the boy, perhaps, might have had no higher ambition than that of filling the office of mayor of his native place in after-life. Who would, then, have been left to work out the Reformation?

Sum up every incident in the life of the German Reformer as minutely as we will, we shall find each little event—insignificant as it seems in the history of a mere child—to be as potent as a miracle in its after-effect upon the history of civilization. Had this savage quarrel never taken place, we repeat, the Luthers would, probably, have remained contented with the same peasant existence in Möhra, as the rest of the family did after them—sinking, and sinking, till they, who were formerly the nobles of the community, came to be the swineherds of the village.

In these *accidental* circumstances we must confess we see the finger of God himself, working out one stupendous end. Either we must regard life as a mere chapter of accidents, succeeding one another without forethought, and put together without the least glimmer of design; or else we must allow that there is some wise foresight, some provident scheme in the arrangement of the several minute events which are occasionally made the insignificant means to attain some most significant end. And assuredly, in the collocation of circumstances in connection with Martin Luther's early life, there is such a number of fortuitous events brought to bear upon one object that had Laplace himself calculated their probabilities, he would have found the chances in favour of the Reformation having been *a matter of design, to have been literally infinite.*

Have you ever, reader, dissected a bullock's eye? Have you ever endeavoured to understand how many "circumstances" are there combined to make up the one composite result of the most wondrous faculty of vision? Have you ever noticed the difference in density of the fluids with which the eyeball, even of an animal, is filled?—a difference that we now know is necessary in order to see *achromatically*, or, in other words, to be able to perceive objects in their true colours. Have you ever squeezed from out the globular tissue of this same eyeball the wonderful little lens suspended in it? Have you ever observed the exquisitely delicate set of muscles of which the iris of the pupil is composed, and noted how beautifully they

are made instinctively to admit more or less light, according to the requirements of perfect vision? Have you ever thought how this marvellous eyeball is lubricated by the lachrymal gland, and how it is fitted to move consentaneously with its fellow by special sets of muscles, working at the will of the visive being? Have you ever thought how this, the most sensitive of all the animal organs, is protected by the continual blinking of the eyelids in front of it? Have you ever, indeed, summed up the many "accidents" that are in this one simple sense "collocated" to accomplish but one common end; and then asked yourself whether such a number of circumstances, not *necessarily* connected, could have been brought together *fortuitously*, or without some definite design on the part of the Artist who invented and fashioned it? For, remember, it is merely by the *collocation* of a number of distinct events, all bearing towards one and the same purpose, that we become convinced of any object having been *pre*-meditated..

When the barrels of gunpowder, for instance, were found hidden in the cellars of the Houses of Parliament, in the reign of King James, with a train ready laid from them, and extending to a place of security—who doubted that the collocation of even these two simple circumstances was pre-arranged? And had the chain of associate events been still further extended—had a bunch of brimstone matches been found at the end of the train ready to fire the powder—with a tinder-box and flint and steel, too, close at hand, to set light to the matches themselves,—why,

the web of circumstantial evidence would then have been so interwoven (each fresh particular added to the others, serving to increase the probabilities in more than a geometrical ratio) that no rational creature, outside of a lunatic asylum, could have hesitated for a moment to denounce the scheme as *aforethought.*

The same evidence of design as is to be seen in the arrangement of the multitude of distinct details necessary for perfect vision is, assuredly, to be found in the collocation of the number of minute and insignificant accidents which helped to make a priest of Martin Luther in the teeth of all his father's ambitious desires and projects. Was it not an "accident" that led the hasty old miner to slay the offending herdsman in the very moor where we, but a few hours ago, were standing? Was it not owing to this same disastrous accident that Hans Luther was stripped of all his property in Möhra, and forced to fly to Mansfeld, where he had to live for many years as a comparative beggar? Was it not accident, again, that made the father resolve to send the lad, after the fever he caught at Magdeburg, to the Currend-school at Eisenach? Was it not an accident, too, which led the good dame, Ursula Cotta, there, to take pity on the little scholar, as he sung outside her house, and which thus saved the poor boy from starving in the Thuringian capital? Was it not an accident, moreover, by which his father was enabled, a few years afterwards, to possess property enough to pay for his son's education at the University at Erfurt? and an accident, again, which led young

Martin to take the dusty and neglected old Bible down from the shelves of the college library there, and to open the Book at the simple story of Ruth, the Moabitess gleaner, and Boaz, her kinsman—a story which so touched the boy that he must fain come, again and again, secretly to study the forgotten and forbidden volume? Was it not, moreover, the mere accident of his college friend being stricken dead at his feet by the lightning in the woods near the village of Stottenheim, which led him to make a vow that, if he himself were spared, he would thenceforth devote his life to God; and, indeed, what was it but the same course of accidents which smote his two elder brothers down by the pest, and so softened the old miner's heart towards the children that were spared to him, that he was induced to revoke the curse he had called down upon Martin's head, when he heard he had become a monk in Erfurt, and ultimately to give his consent to his boy's becoming a *priest!*

Surely such a chain of accidental circumstances—each and all tending to bring about the same pregnant result—was never yet linked together in the early history of any other being. Think, reader, of the end that was to be accomplished—of the great work that the beggar-boy of Eisenach was purposed to achieve. Think of the battle he was destined to fight, and of the freedom he was ordained to confer upon the world. Think, too, how the harsh and ambitious old miner, Hans Luther, was sworn against his son's ever becoming a monk, and how determined he was

to make a magistrate of the lad instead. And then observe by what a long series of isolated incidents of luck or chance (call the Hidden Cause of the events as you will) the whole of the father's schemes and dreams were ultimately frustrated; and how the great Reformer of the effete Catholic Church was raised up where least of all such an Augean stable could have been expected to have been cleansed by such a Hercules.

This is no blind fatalistic creed, but merely a belief in the special and occasional intervention of an All-wise Providence; nor do we see how any other faith can be held, unless, indeed, design and supervision in the affairs of the world be utterly ignored.

Still, the main object of our visit to Möhra, viz. to see whether any direct proof of the truth of the Luther tradition could be obtained, had to be accomplished; and in the hope of finding some documentary evidence among the archives of the little community, we made the best of our way back to breakfast at the "Barbarian Blackamoor. Here we found some two or three of the "fore-standing" men of the parish waiting to accept our invitation to sausage and schnapps there that morning; and as the news spread through the village that gratuitous "corn-brandy-wine" and black puddings were being distributed to the heads of the community, all the boorish officials came dropping in, one after the other, to participate in the search and the cheer. Even the one policeman of the little place did not neglect to proffer his assistance in exchange for the liver-sausage and peppermint,

or the red herring and table-beer, which the landlord had set out so sumptuously upon the long bare table of the tap-room.

The mayors of all nations are famous for their love of the good things of the land; and certainly the Möhra burgomaster, even though his worship had had his fill of potatoes but half an hour before, ate and drank on that occasion as though he were a boa-constrictor, and had a quarter of a year's appetite to appease. Gracious heavens! how many ells of that disgusting liver-sausage, and "*Stangen*" (large quart glasses) of that stomach-achey small beer, and chopins of that red-hot, cayenne-peppery, carraway-schnapps, the parish authorities managed to get rid of on that memorable morning, we still tremble to think of. From the "*Schulz*" to the policeman, they one and all gorged and guzzled like Samoiedes, while we paid the piper like Britons; nor did they fail to stare in wonderment at our daintiness because we refused to eat the black-puddings raw, and would insist upon being served with a plate and knife and fork, to enable us to take our morning "saveloy" like a Christian. The boorish astonishment, moreover, mounted to amazement when they heard us object to torture our bowels with a draught of that malt vinegar which they were pleased to call "*einfaches Bier;*" or, on the other hand, to scald our throats with a sip of that essential oil of capsicum which they delighted to style "*carraway liqueur.*"

At the conclusion of the elegant *déjeûner sans fourchette*—but *aux doigts* instead—we left the dining-

saloon (as the little tap-room was called) and mounted the tumble-down staircase to the dancing-hall, immediately over head—the said dancing-hall being hardly bigger than the interior of a Manchester omnibus, and so low and dingy that, with its thick pillar in the middle, it seemed as if it were a slice from "between decks" of some coasting vessel, with the stem of the mainmast standing in the centre. Here, even in the village Assembly Rooms, were to be seen the eternal shelving beds, with their red-checked mounds of coverlets (for sitting-rooms, eating-rooms, and, indeed, drawing-rooms in Germany must do duty as sleeping-rooms also); while at one end was a strip of a compartment, about as big as a church pew, which constituted another bed-chamber. Against the wall of this bed-closet stood a small piece of furniture like an old deal wardrobe, which the *Schulz* informed us was the venerable depository of the archives of the parish. It was opened, in state, by his worship the mayor himself, and on the door being thrown back was found to consist of a number of "pigeon-holes," each of which was filled with a collection of old brown papers—the colour of coffee—and all covered with mice-dung; while many of the documents had been half nibbled away by the same hungry little marauders. At the bottom of this cupboard was a row of old manuscript books bearing the date of 1700 and odd, and all relating to some legal process about some property at Kupfersuhl, which, said the mayor, had cost the community a lot of money; but whether the community had been

gainers by it was more than his young worship could tell. Above these, in the cobwebby pigeon-holes, were bundles of dirty old newspapers, that threw up a cloud of dust as they were knocked against the doors previous to examining them. Then there were smoke-dried rolls of old parish accounts, the writing of which was as rusty with age as a country curate's coat, while the paper was as yellow and worm-eaten as the swathing-clothes of an Egyptian mummy. Indeed, as we turned over some of the leaves they cracked into flakes as if they had been made of pastry. Then there were old loose *Actums*, or decrees, from the courts of law, of the previous centuries; and letters that seemed to have been written in sepia, and in characters that required a profound scholar to decipher.

It was no pleasant task to "rummage" through that musty, dusty, fusty collection of old parish documents, one by one, and leaf by leaf, with the powdery particles irritating the nostrils and the throat, as if the air were filled with so much pepper. Yet the search was honestly and carefully carried out by all. The *Bauer* Kirchner was still as satisfied as ever that the *Actum* he had mentioned was there, and was confident that the words of it were that one of the Luthers had killed a man "as dead as a mouse;" for that was a favourite phrase with them in those parts, he assured us, again and again, and we should soon see whether he was right.

How long it took, or how much *Schnapps* it took, to have the dry, dusty work completed, it is idle to detail; suffice it, that those same "fore-standing" men

of the parish searched and sipped, and sipped and searched, till the "Barbarian Blackamoor" was as dry as an old cow; so that the enterprising landlord had to send for another half-thaler's-worth of carraway liqueur over to Salzungen on the morrow. Nor did they cease till every page had been examined, and the faces of those same "fore-standing" boors were as swarthy with the dust as that of the sign of the "Barbarian Blackamoor" himself.

The result showed that Herr Kirchner, the *Rechnungs-Führer* of the little Luther community, was right, and yet he was wrong. There *was* such an *Actum* as he had stated contained among the parish documents; still it was not *the* paper we had expected to find. Indeed, the date of the oldest manuscript treasured in the parish closet did not extend beyond the seventeenth century; and as any *Actum* referring to Martin Luther's father must have been dated as far back as the fifteenth century (for it was not till 1483 that the miner and his family quitted the village, at which time, so far as we can make out, Martin's father must have been somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age), consequently there was no *direct* proof of the tradition to be obtained from the State-paper office of the little Luther community.

Nevertheless, the search and the *Schnapps* were not utterly wasted; for though, as we have said, nothing was proved by it directly, it put us in the possession of certain indirect evidence as to the probability of the story we had come to sift. For we found that the very same act of bloodshed as Hans Luther

was said to have committed, had been perpetrated by two other members of this same Luther family in after years; and that they, like Hans, had been forced to fly from their native village, in order to avoid the penalties of such an outrage; and that their patrimony, like that of Martin's father, had also been impounded to meet the fines imposed by the State.

The first of these manslaughters had been perpetrated by one Sebastian Luther, who was a soldier in the army of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in the year 1715, and it was with reference to this offence that the *Actum*, found in the Möhra parish cupboard, had been drawn up; for it was that document which the *Bauer* Kirchner had seen, and which he had imagined, from a hasty glance at the contents, to relate to the tradition which he knew to be current among his neighbours.

The original paper was kindly presented to us by the burgomaster of the village immediately it was discovered, and we here append a literal translation of the curious old manuscript.

Free-throughout-the-Kingdom,
and High-and-well-born Sir.

Most highly-honored Mr. Chief Officer!

It should not be allowed to remain unknown to your High-and-Well-bornship concerning a Trooper of my Company of the honorable Sachs-Meiningen regiments, named Sebastian Luther, born in Möhra That he not only, in a malicious manner struck dead one of his comrades, while standing with him in the execution of his duty, but that he afterwards shamefully and roguishly absconded, in his full regimentals taking his horse also with him. As a great injury accrues to me through this, I am consequently compelled, in order to recover a part of my loss, to announce the same to the Honorable Chief Officer; Praying your High-and-Well-bornship, my most highly-honored Mr. Chief Officer, to be pleased to bring about such an arrangement that the aforesaid Luther shall be kept out of his

inheritance, until such time as he has recompensed me, or at least paid One hundred dollars out of the property inherited by him.

Willing, as well as bound, to reciprocate such high favors and friendship is he who remains,

Your high-and-Wellbornship
My Highly-honored Mr. Chief Officer's *

Most Obedient Servant,
E. M. Büttlar,
M.

Grumbach, May 2nd, 1715.

Of this same Sebastian Luther little or nothing was known among the Möhra boors, and it was only on consulting the genealogies with which we had come provided, that we were enabled to make out that he was a descendant of Hans the Little, the brother of Martin Luther's father, and some six generations removed from the old miner's family.

The second manslaughter committed by the descendants of the same family was of so recent a date that it was still fresh in the memory of the villagers. The *Bauer* Kirchner related the tale to us, for his father had been present when the tragedy was enacted. Some fifty years ago there had been a christening feast held at the village inn. Among the guests were Johann George Luther and the smith of the hamlet. At such parties, especially in the olden time, drunkenness prevailed in a few hours. Now Johann George Luther had lost a whetstone, and the

* The perpendicular line between the penultimate and the ultimate sentences of the above letter, extends in the original to the entire length of a sheet of foolscap, and was intended to show how much the writer considered himself inferior to the Highly-Honoured Mr. Chief Officer whom he was addressing.

smith, he had heard, had found it; so Johann George, in the heat of the riot, taxed the blacksmith with having stolen it, and demanded that the village Vulcan should give it up to him. The smith insisted that "findings were keepings;" whereupon the hot-blooded Luther knocked the other off his seat, and the man having a nail in his pocket, the sharp end of it penetrated his stomach as he fell, and inflicted a mortal wound upon him. After this Johann George Luther had to fly from his native village, as his elder had done before him—his property, like theirs, being confiscated; and when he came back to Möhra, in thirty years after the affray, he was without house and home or land, and died a mere pauper in the village of which his forefathers had been the lords.

One other little chapter in the history of this strange and wayward Luther family, and we have done. Until within the last few years a branch of the Luthers flourished in Kupfersuhl, the little mining village near which old Heinz Luther (Martin's uncle) had his smelting oven, and where Hans Luther himself (Martin's father) is said to have worked. Now, the last of the Luthers here, who was christened after the great Reformer himself, had sunk to be the jobbing butcher of the place, and had taken to inordinate drinking (Martin, we know, loved wine and song, as well as any man); so that his child had been left to wander as a beggar from house to house through the country. The drunken butcher had been upbraided for his neglect of his own flesh and blood, and being still heated with his morning

Schnapps, he retired a few moments previous to the dinner time, to the barn, at the back of the house in which he was living. His child was sent to him to tell him that the soup was getting cold; and no sooner did the little thing make its appearance than the drunken maniac drew his butcher's knife across his own throat, first with one hand and then with the other, and fell almost headless on the floor at his offspring's feet.

The tombstone of this same Martin Luther is the newest in the little churchyard of Möhra; for Kupfersuhl itself is too small a hamlet to boast either church or cemetery. We saw the grave-mound with the snow lying thick upon it, and white as a child's pall; and we heard the little bells that were set up over the painted inscription, recording that Martin Luther, who had died in the year 1861, "slept at peace beneath it"—we heard these bells, we say, jangle in the keen blast of the "fore-winter," and we sighed as we thought of all the bloody strifes connected with that same wondrous, wild Luther family, in that same peaceful little Luther village.

SECTION II.—TOWN LIFE

IN THE CAPITAL OF THURINGIA.

CHAPTER I.

"BELOVED EISENACH."

"DEAR, sweet Eisenach," said Martin Luther, whenever he had occasion to speak of the Thuringian capital. "Dear and sweet" it might have been to him in the squalor of the Middle Ages; but cheap and nasty are the only epithets that *we* can apply to the collection of mud-hovels in the requirements of these more comfortable times. The architecture of the London St. Giles is classic in comparison with the "wattle and dab" cabins of which the town is composed. The metropolitan Petticoat Lane is a Paradise to the boorish wilderness; our "Rag Fair," a thriving commercial emporium, beside the petty chandlers' shops which constitute the principal merchant dépôts of the beggarly "Residenz Stadt."

Englishmen who flit through Germany as fast as the express trains can carry them, with *Murray* in

one hand and an opera-glass in the other, have no more notion of the domestic life of the people, or the manners and customs of the country, than an astronomer knows of the inhabitants of the planets.

The land may look fair enough through a lorgnette —the ruins of the old robber castles be sufficiently interesting to repay a half-hour's visit to the spot— the towns may seem so queer and old-fashioned as to recompense the hotel expenses incident for the single night that is passed in them; but let the flying traveller become a resident "*Schutz-bürger*" (protected citizen) as we have been for now many a year, and then he will soon find, to his cost, that, though the scenery be lovely to the eye, the people are mean, ingrained beggars at heart—patient as asses and servile as slaves; that, though the cities seem quaint and picturesque at the first glance, they are but little better than a crowd of wigwams when you come to be acquainted with their internal domestic economy; and that though the living be inordinately cheap, it is, at the same time, we repeat, inordinately nasty as compared with English creature-comforts—so much so, indeed, that we doubt whether, if an English gentleman *would* and *could* submit to "pig" (there is no other word fit to convey our meaning) in the same primitive bestial manner in his own country, he might not be better housed and better fed for less money than it costs in this most moderate, and at the same time most wretched, German capital.

We have read many a book written by English hands, and pretending to give English people a sense

of German life and German customs, but we never yet read one in which an English gentleman, who had been accustomed to the decencies of English household arrangements, had the courage and the honesty to contrast the squalor of these same Arcadian German boors with that of the comfort of his own countrymen. Heaven knows we have seen poverty and wretchedness enough in our own land!—for years we made the study of it, and the investigation of all its phases, a special vocation; nor did we fear, in order to work our purpose out, to fraternize with London beggars, and to mingle for many a day and night with London thieves. But we tell you, reader, we never saw such wretchedness, such squalor, such rude housing, such meanness in beggary, such utter want of truth and friendship in the terrible struggle to live, in the darkest dens, nor among the least luckless of the vagrants congregated in the British metropolis, as are to be found even in the families of the middle-class citizens of Saxony.

In all the revelations we have made, no one, as yet, has risen up to say that we ever, in our long literary life, penned one line of untruth; and though the reader may fancy we have some petty motive to serve—some paltry spite to vent against the Saxon nation—we tell him beforehand that it is but the most dishonourable of scribes who use their pen now-a-days to libel and vilify others. There is, thank God! such a chivalrous feeling kindling in the breast of every author of mark in England, that we verily believe the foremost English writers of our own times can rank with

English judges, not only in their respect for their vocation, but in the integrity of their works.

But the reader will ask, perhaps, why should this harsh view of German life be given to the world? We answer, why should we have troubled our head about the poor of London, if we had not some sense of human dignity in our heart—some wish to make the well-to-do think better and kindlier of the ill-to-do; and some desire to teach even the wretched themselves how virtue and friendship and the decencies of life, can be maintained as well by the humblest as by the proudest. So now we tell you, in all frankness, that our single purpose here is to hold such a plain-speaking looking-glass in the face of these starving, cringing, swaggering, German folk, that they shall see themselves in the same despicable guise as an English gentleman beholds them; and feel how much they have to achieve—how much they have to learn—how much they have to alter, before they can pretend to take rank among the civilized nations of Europe; or before even their nobles and their professional gentry can aspire to live as comfortably, as decently and as honourably, as even a working engineer with us.

Now, reader, you know what we mean. You can, if you understand what it is to have a desire to see all men as happy as yourself, comprehend why we wish to behold the great mass of the German people rise out of the state of serfdom and misery in which they are steeped to the very lips; and why, if we say hard things about them, we do so merely to sting

their pride to the quick, so that they may feel some little ambition to struggle out of the mire which encompasses them, and their kindred, on every side.

Nor do we write solely about the poverty of the proletarian portion of the nation. We deal rather with that order of the community which is said to constitute the backbone of every land: the middle class, who are neither stultified by the pride and luxuries of the aristocracy on the one hand, nor brutified by the wants and cares of the labouring population on the other. To this middle class we ourselves belong, and if we ever wandered out of it, we did so but to regard the other forms of life with the same eyes as a comparative anatomist loves to lay bare the organism and vital machinery of a zoophyte, or an ape, in the hope of linking together the lower and the higher forms of animal existence.

Let us, however, first give you a brief description of the "superior classes" of the Saxon nation, so as to fit you, reader, for the better comprehension of the manners and customs of the professional and merchant tribes of that country.

The tales current all over the world as to the indigence of the petty German princes are far from being fabulous: even the Germans delight to tell you how the Prince of Lippe's cavalry consists of two horses and three troopers, and how on "field-days" a plank has to be arranged between the couple of chargers, so that these same three gallant troopers may appear duly mounted on those same two hack war-horses,

duly caparisoned (with cord bridle and stirrups) for the imposing occasion.

How much truth, or how much badinage there may be in the anecdote we cannot certify, never having visited the *principality* (!) which is said to be hardly bigger than the Isle of Dogs. But we *do* know, from the avouchment of our own eyesight, that the chambers of the palace at Reinhardtsbrunn (where the Queen of England was located last autumn) were neither so decent, so tidy, nor so well-furnished as those of a model lodging-house in London. We had occasion to visit some members of the household during Her Majesty's residence at the mountain-castle of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, and the rooms we found our friends housed in were assuredly not half so comfortable as those of an English journeyman carpenter. Not a strip of carpet was there to cover the rough boards of the floor; and the furniture, which consisted merely of a wardrobe, a table, and a few chairs, would hardly have found a purchaser in our Broker's Alley. Indeed, every member of the Queen's establishment (male as well as female), we know for a fact, was utterly horrified at the mere styes of dwellings that the German princes were willing to feed and sleep in. And when we, in the hospitality of compatriotism, cheerfully consented to show some four-and-twenty of Her Majesty's retinue the sights and curiosities of the town in which we were resident, the whole conversation consisted merely of exclamations of surprise as to the squalor of the life in Germany, as compared with the comfort of

England. Of course facts were mentioned and particulars cited, of which the privacy of friendly intercourse precludes the publication; suffice it that we, as an Englishman, who from our cradle had known somewhat of the comforts of life, had to apologize for the comparative dog-hole in which they found us located—though our lodgings in Eisenach were admitted to be the finest in the town. Nevertheless, we could see the glance that each exchanged with the other, on their entrance into our bare-boarded desolate rooms; and we knew in an instant how they were wondering within themselves that an Englishman, like ourselves, could consent to put up with fare and shelter which were hardly so good as those of a British mechanic earning his guinea and a half a-week by the sweat of his brow.

So much for the amenities of the Duchy of Coburg-Gotha. Of that petty parish principality, however, we have but little special knowledge to enable us to speak, other than from the evidence of those who, being attached to the suite of the Queen of England, naturally saw the best modes and fashions of the country. Of the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, however, having been resident in it—to our long suffering—for many a month, we can prate more assuredly. Well: the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, as he is called, is a gentleman who has sovereign sway over a territory not much larger in dimensions, and hardly more fertile, than our own Salisbury Plain. An English nobleman's park, or the estate of a wealthy English commoner, would well comprise the

full extent of the domains of "His Serenity"—for such is the title given by the German boobies and toadies to the petty autocrat of some hundred acres. In appearance this small mole-hill despot is as about as dignified as a linendraper's shopman in the British metropolis, delighting to wear the turban cap known as the "pork-pie hat," which at the time of our quitting London was popular with every cheesemonger's apprentice; and mantling his royal person with all the effete elegance of an "Inverness cloak." So that as the German waiters are generally the first to lead the discarded English fashions in Saxony, it requires a somewhat lengthy residence in the country before you can make out whether the *kellners* at the principal hotels are, one and all, grand dukes of the farm-yard principality, or the Grand Duke himself one of the expensively-got-up gentry to whom you have lately given some five groschens as "drink-money" upon settling your account.

To trouble English heads about such royal animalculæ as these is beyond the vocation of any man who has brains enough at the back of his fingers to be able to wield a pen. An English author who has won his spurs, and knows that he can claim humble fellowship—however slight—with Shakspere, with Newton, with Locke, with Fielding, with Wordsworth, with Scott—ay, and even with Dickens and Tennyson (the great minds by which every nation recognizes the British Empire rather than by its political potentates and nobles)—feels that he has nothing in common with these petty chiefs of semi-barbarian districts; and

knows that he would derive more worldly wisdom from an hour's communion with one of their over-taxed and underfed boors than he could ever expect to hear uttered through the gaping mouths of such state-loving and paltry-minded *royal* (!) peasant-proprietors.

Now, this Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar extorts from out the beggars' wallets of his some few thousand beggar subjects from twenty to thirty thousand pounds a-year, and with this he must needs maintain no less than a dozen trumpery castles, so that the half-witted folk of the land may think the dignity of a prince lies in his having a different home in every different hundred acres. The consequence is, that a man who might live like an English gentleman in one household has to keep up the state of a princely German beggar in twelve. How can we make English gentry believe that a large portion of the revenue of this same petty Saxon potentate is derived from the toll levied from every one of the sight-seers of the Castle of the Wartburg? How can we convince "proud Britons," as the Germans call us, that his grand-dukeship pockets, with alacrity, the five groschens which every well-to-do tourist has to pay, and even the two and a half groschens demanded of the poor travelling *Handwerksburschen* (journey-men artizans) who come to stare at the gilt gingerbread trumpery of the *Ritter Saal* (knight's-hall) and the "cooked" antiquarianism of the old Luther Chamber? For few, in England, will credit that a person who pretends to rank as a prince could resort

(for the sake of five or two and a half groschens per head) to the falsities that we have before exposed; or consent (no matter what might be the exigences of His Serenity's exchequer) to buy up old tables and old bedsteads at the cost of a few pence, and fudge them off upon his gaping, boorish subjects as the identical Lutheran furniture—when he knows in his own heart that the great Reformer's legs and the great Reformer's body had never been under the one or within the other.

But so the German world wags. German princes see no indignity in keeping German "hells," or in being tricky German showmen, and feel themselves no less than kings in cheating silly sight-seers out of their sixpences for a peep at the furbished frippery of renovated ruins and tawdry tinsel glories of made-up relics.

One of the great lions which the "Berlin tailors" flock annually to stare at in these parts, is the pastoral palace at "Wilhelm's Thal" (William's Valley), which consists of a block of unadorned mud-buildings, whitewashed with the most primitive notions of simplicity. To English eyes this so-called palace appears like the homestead of some British yeoman in the last stage of bankruptcy. The out-buildings are in such a tumble-down, untidy condition—and even the royal chambers in such a rickety state of repair—the grass of the would-be lawns surrounding the big barn-like hovel is so long, so rank, and so miserably tended—and the slushy, ungravelled walks so beset with weeds—that any well-to-do English gentleman-farmer

would be utterly ashamed to acknowledge himself to be the owner and keeper of the place. Again: the wretched ragged labourers, boys, and women, that are found at work upon the untidy grounds have such a half-starved, mendicant air with them that a slave-owner of the Southern States of America would blush to have such haggard hinds among the coloured population of his estates; while, on the other hand, the liveried lackeys that are to be met with, loitering about the road-side tavern—which at first sight strikes the visitor as being part of the palace itself—are as flashy and bedaubed with metallic lace as a sheriff's footman on Lord Mayor's Day. And yet, when you come to learn that these same theatrically-got-up serving-men are as wretchedly paid as even the ill-fed and tattered royal farm-labourers themselves—having no more than eleven thalers, or thirty-three shillings, a month, and out of that to pay for their own board—a simple-minded English gentleman grows sick with the paltry, gaudy, trashy state of His pauper Royal Highness, and wonders why a decent-minded person would not believe it to be more to his credit (if he could not afford to pay better wages to the people about him), to strip the silver-lace off their backs, and put the value of it, as food, into his ill-fed retainers' stomachs.

Is there a sweep on a May-day, in England, that would consent to play the king upon such mean, miserable terms? Remember the salary of this same grand Tom-fool, of Saxony, is that of the London Lord Mayor, or the English Lord Chancellor, and

then fancy how "shabby-genteel" the state of the sovereign must be who has but little better than a couple of thousand a-year to devote to the maintenance of each of his dozen so-called palaces. Palaces! Heaven save the mark: why, there is not one of them that is so well built, so commodiously fitted, or so comfortably furnished as was our own father's dwelling—and he was a simple London attorney, maintaining a plain and unpretentious English middle-class life; while as for the royal parks and gardens, those of our own brother at Kew (though he lives but in the same state as is customary with English professional gentlemen) are a perfect Eden in comparison with the weedy, briary, ill-tended, and ill-arranged wildernesses belonging to his grand dukeship.

A German palace, indeed, is, at best, but an English eye-sore. Go where you will, the wattle-and-dab "*Castles!*" as they are called, (Heaven save the mark!) are merely enormous mud-hovels—to Saxe Meiningen, Saxe Weimar, Saxe Coburg-and-Gotha, Saxe Kartoffel-und-Salz, Saxe Holz-Pantoffeln, Saxe Sumpfländer, Saxe Lehmhütten, Saxe Lumperei, Saxe Schweinerie, and indeed, Saxe Everything-that-is-Trumperei. A poor-law Union, with us, is a place of comfort, neatness, and cleanliness to one of these Saxon Schlosses; a model prison, fitted with a thousand-fold more modern conveniences and refinements; and a barrack, a noble and elegant building in comparison with it. A Birmingham lucifer match, or steel-pen manufactory covers a greater extent of ground; a suburban Dissenting chapel is florid in its

architecture alongside of it; a nurseryman's grounds at Clapham Rise are more tasteful and trim than the gardens attached to it; and a heath, like that of Hampstead, or even the fens of Lincolnshire, as well kept and laid out as is the "Park" (!) which adjoins it. The walls of a metropolitan common lodging-house have been more recently whitewashed; and the doors and windows of some deserted old "haunted house" more newly painted and glazed. In fine, there is no picturing in words, to English minds, the gaunt character of the ugliness and dreariness, as well as the squalid and tumble-down look of these foreign palatial barns.

One of the infinite descendants of the equally infinite race of "ould" Irish kings, who is doomed, at the present day, to carry a hod on his shoulder, rather than a sceptre in his hand, would hardly consent to live in such a desolate hovel; the vagabond proprietor of a travelling menagerie with us, would think it necessary to have a greater number of comforts in his "living caravan"; and the manager of a provincial theatre in England, possessing the smallest and shabbiest stock of supernumeraries, would be ashamed to parade such a mere handful of men, and such a tatterdemalion "awkward squad" as *soldiers!* in any military spectacle. Further: the parish authorities of the poorest metropolitan church would blush to have a beadle with as little stateliness, and as small a salary, as the Lord Chamberlain of many a German *soi-disant* "Serenissimus!" Nor would any petty jobmaster, at the sea-side, ever have the courage to send

out such dirty shandredan "open flys," with such spavined knackers, as many of the Grand Ducal state-carriages and steeds; whilst a Jew slop-tailor in the Minories would be conscience-striken at inflicting so many fines and imposts upon his wretched work-people, as these same princely harpies are wont to screw in the shape of taxes, tolls, and penalties, out of their mere handful of German subjects.

Indeed gadflies in summer never swarmed in such number about a dung-heap; nor vermin infested so profusely the rags of Irish beggars; such greedy parasitical animalcules were never seen in a magnified drop of dirty water; no insects at the time of a "great blight" ever covered the land so thickly, or ravaged it so thoroughly, as the horde of petty swaggering bogtrotter potentates in this miserable, under-fed, and over-taxed—ground-down and used-up—ill-conditioned and well-plucked—luckless, lifeless, spiritless, hopeless, and penniless—befuddled, beleagered, and benighted old Fatherland, or rather old Great-grandmother-land, of Germany.

The bow-window at which we are writing overlooks the "Saturday's Market Place" of Eisenach, and is within a few yards of the principal gateway of the town. Every vehicle entering or quitting the city passes before our door; and over and over again we have looked in wonderment at the unwashed shandredan "turn-outs" of the same pauper potentate of Saxe-Weimar rolling past our casement; and we pledge our faith that a cheesemonger's chaise-cart, with us, is better cleaned, and the harness better

polished, and the animal better fed and groomed than are the royal Saxon equipages. Indeed, we never saw one of this same Carl Alexander's vehicles go forth, but the wheels and the panels were as dirty as a German baroness' face and hands in the morning, and the leathern caparisons as unblacked and as dusty as a vagrant's boots. To tell the plain truth, the German coxcombs who affect the "fastness" of English "dog carts," English wagonettes, and English broughams, seem to have no notion that tidiness and cleanliness are qualities that every English "whip" believes to be the essential requisites of a "neat turn-out." For in Saxony, where water is almost as scarce as money itself, and blacking comparatively unknown, no nobleman or gentleman thinks it necessary that carriages should be washed or harness polished; and the consequence is that not alone the post-carriages, but even the trumpery state equipages of the petty princes appear in the streets, day after day, as thickly covered with the dust of years as are the manuscripts in some old and unfrequented record office.

Over and over again we have seen one of the principal architects of the city drive past our windows in a chaise that a London costermonger would have considered it a disgrace to be seen in; with the mended wheels unpainted for months, and *one* old broken-kneed, "wall-eyed" pony fastened at the side of the bare uncoloured pole, which was intended for a *pair* of horses; while the lining and trappings of the dirty old tumble-down "turn-out" were such as never could possibly be seen even among the night-cabs of the

English capital. Moreover, the thaler *millionaire* of the town (the one solitary manufacturer and merchant of the place), who is supposed to live in the grandest possible style, and whom the simple, boorish citizens look upon as a positive Crœsus in wealth, and a D'Orsay in the elegance of his tastes, consents to ride in vehicles that are as rude as a sea-side fly. Cart-horses proper are, of course, utterly unknown in a land where cows are still used as the principal draught animals; so that even the state black horses of the Grand Duke himself continually make their appearance in the street harnessed to the royal luggage waggons, and not unfrequently are to be seen dragging the ducal dung-carts. Indeed, the carriage-horses of Saxony are the cart-horses proper of England, while it is merely the future beef of the country that has to drag the heavier loads along the highways.

"Ah!" said an English lady to us, as she was sighing over the heavy loads that the cattle and the women are made to carry in Germany, "there are two things here that I thank Heaven I was never born to be: and they are a German cow and a German woman; for the German men seem to regard their wives and their kine as the only beasts of burden in the land."

The Castle of the Wartburg, again, which is another of the show-places of the country in which we lived, has more historic associations than architectural beauty connected with it. True, there are some fine odd bits of Byzantine detail about the quaint capitals of its columns; but, as a whole, the edifice is

about as stately as an English country church—consisting merely of a square tower, with a tawdry brass cross on the top of it, and a long bare-walled building stretching from it as if it were the nave of an unpretending rural "God's-house." Add to this a few old mud out-buildings, that formerly did duty as the knights' houses, and imagine them to be built after the fashion of the hovels of the Irish peasantry, and to flank either side of a narrow lane-like court-yard, and you will have a very tolerable ideal notion of the whole wonderful palace—especially if you conceive the country-church-like structure, with its adjoining "wattle and dab" cabins, to be stuck on the top of a steep conical mountain, as if it were the rude architectural ornament in the centre of some confectioner's cake!

This was the site of the "Singers' contest," which is said to have been held among the German troubadours of the Middle Ages, and at which the fabled Tannhäuser is recorded to have carried off the prize. It was at the Wartburg, moreover, that Martin Luther was concealed as Junker George (Squire George) after the Diet of Worms, when the papal bigots were hunting for the "heretic" monk through the length and breadth of the land. And it was here, in the little cabin, that now goes by the name of the "Luther chamber" in the old knights' house, that Martin wrote his translation of the Bible. So that there are charming associations enough in connection with the castle to give it a natural beauty, and make every gentleman of the least taste regret that the present

Grand Duke—who can see no grace in the world but in tinsel and trumpery—should ever have had the power, or the opportunity, of transforming what was a few years back a lovely and reverend ruin, into a mere theatrically-embellished music-hall, where acres of Dutch metal glitter with all the colours of an oilman's shop-front; or that he should have lacked the decency not to leave even the interesting little Luther chamber untouched, instead of stocking it with relics that are as tricky as those of a Roman Catholic shrine. For when the enlightened visitor finds that the table which is fudged off as being the very one at which Martin sat, in that very room, is a paltry cheat, and that the great German translator of the Bible never wrote one line upon it; and, when he learns, moreover, that only a few years back another bedstead stood in the Luther room, and that the former tester was foisted off, even as the present old four-poster is, as being the veritable bit of furniture in which Martin used to sleep—why, the honest-minded tourist grows indignant at the *lies*, and asks naturally, if these be falsities, how much truth is there in the whole Luther collection?

To see the sights of the Wartburg some thirty odd thousand strangers flock to Eisenach every summer, and these at sixpence a head add nearly a thousand pounds per annum to the "petty cash" of his Royal Highness; so that no wonder German Serenities can find it answer their purpose to turn showmen, and to furbish up their old castles as glittering baits for the gaping mouths of the tourists to swallow.

Thus much for the residences, the tastes, and the customs of the head of the Saxon community. The reader may fancy we have written somewhat strongly upon this portion of our subject, but it does stir the bile of an English gentleman to think he is tricked by tarradiddles invented to catch the sillier portion of the community; and as a well-informed man never leaves a Catholic show-church on the Continent without being irate at the effrontery of the priests who insult his common-sense by the sham relics and flashy gewgaws they always have to show, as a means of swindling pilgrim-tourists out of a shilling or two —even so, it *does* ruffle our equanimity to find these beggarly German princes setting up the same lying Protestant reliquaries, and *that* merely that they may attempt to play the Potentates, and put a yard or two more of silver lace on the backs of their under-fed lackeys.

We are not very proud, but sooner than we would get our money in such a manner and spend it in such a way as his shabby-genteel "Serenissimus" of Saxe-Weimar, we would consent to grind a barrel-organ—even outside Mr. Babbage's door.

The army of this mighty and magnificent monarch consists of about as many hands as are employed in a small factory, being composed of but one regiment of very tiny foot-soldiers, each of whom has been pressed from his trade or business, at the very prime of his life, to serve for some three years in His Royal Highness' ranks without pay, and with merely the shortest allowance of food. As for cavalry, there is

not a trooper in the entire Grand Duchy, for the only horse-soldier we ever saw was the mounted hussar, who was kept to carry his Serenissimus' letters to and from the railway station; while the only pieces of artillery, in the entire cel-pie-island-like principality, are the half-dozen little pop-gun cannons which stand in the *Schanze* outside the Castle of the Wartburg, and whose principal office is to warn citizens when there is a fire raging in the town or the neighbourhood.

You see reader, then, that Béranger's song about the state and dignity of the little *Roi d'Yvetôt* is no fable, and that it merely requires a trip to Saxe-Weimar to see still living the counterpart of that mighty and magnificent monarch.

CHAPTER II.

"THE BEGGAR BARONS" OF THURINGIA.

THE rest of the small fry that make up the ignoble nobles of the Saxe-Weimarish territory are very much of the same kidney as the Lilliput "Serenissimus" himself. If such be the state, and such the mountebank grandeur of the lord paramount of the land, any quick-witted person can readily understand how little true dignity is to be found among the "beggar barons" of the same country. Indeed, the German nobility, from time immemorial, have never ranked very high in the eyes of Europe, nor even in those of their own countrymen. History teaches us that in the Middle Ages the Teutonic lords were no better than titled highwaymen; every schoolboy knows, too, how Rudolph of Hapsburg hanged some scores of the baronial brigands, during his reign in Germany, for their thefts and murders; so that hardly an old castle ruin is now to be seen in any of the principalities, of which you are not told, on asking the people of the neighbourhood as to the "antecedents" of the place, "Oh! it was only some ancient knight's 'mouse-hole'" (the German word 'mouzing' being the vernacular term for plundering), "and the barons who lived in it were nothing more than '*raub-thier*,' (rob-

bing animals)." Nor is it much better at the present day: for if you walk out to some of the suburban villages, and inquire of your German companion by the way who lives here or there, he will be almost sure to inform you that yonder little hovel of a homestead belongs to one of their "*Bettel-barons*" (beggar barons); and that this petty hostelry, where cheese and beer are dispensed to the villagers, is the property of one of the richest of the *Vons* in those parts—the Lord of Neuenhof being, among other things, simply a small brewer and cheesemonger, and owning the tavern and the dozen mud-cottages that make up the village. Then, again, this little farm, with its few adjoining acres, that would but constitute a peasant-proprietor in England, and which assuredly a Cumberland hind would object to live in, is the so-called "*Ritter-gut*" (Knight's estate) of some von Betler or other, yielding the noble knight the stately income of two hundred thalers (£30) every year.

To spring from such a stock, or, indeed, in any way to belong to an order of robbers and beggars, assuredly no English gentleman would consider an honour; and to do the more sensible Germans justice, we must confess that the most respectable portion of the citizens not only laugh at, but utterly despise, their trumpery shirtless "*Adels*"—for your true German noble seldom wears more linen than a "dicky," his elaborate shirt-front being a front, and nothing more. Those who are wedded to the ancient institutions of the country are wont to deplore the extreme democratic spirit that they tell you is spreading,

far and wide, throughout the Fatherland; and who, with a "brain-pan" bigger than a wren's egg, can do other than wonder that with such an aristocracy, consisting of modern beggars, and springing from ancient thieves, there could ever be any reverence for lordly institutions among the better-informed people of Germany? We are neither red-republicans, nor socialists, in our heart; nor do we believe that the political world is to be set right by the helter-skelter work of revolutions; and we *do* opine that if you pulled any country to pieces, and made all folk in it equal to-morrow, the same petty class distinctions, as now prevail in every civilized land, would be found to take root, and flourish again in a very few years. When it is possible to weed pride and envy out of the human heart, then it may be probable that universal *egalité* and *fraternité* may have more than a twelvemonth's reign. But admitting that stars and garters are as necessary for the internal peace of a nation, as are the bright beads which the Indian squaw hangs at her back to please and quiet her little papoose; still, we see no reason why the *stellar* universe should so encompass every land, that every little trumpery proprietor of a few acres should be made a celestial god of, and raised to the dignity of the heavenly constellations, as were the great mythological heroes of old. If aristocratic institutions had their origin in any of the better principles of human nature, and were national blessings, rather than being merely necessary political evils, then we would throw our cap up for having as

many peers as peasants; but since patents of nobility do not confer the same good upon the community as even patents for new inventions (the one being as often only a patent for folly, as the other is a patent for wisdom), why, we are for having as little of such titular tomfoolery as possible; nor do we ever wish to see the day in England when dukedoms shall become so common among us that His Grace shall be an utter disgrace to every decent family, and your Most Noble merely a nickname for one of the most mean and ignoble vagabonds in the whole community.

Thank Heaven! we, in England, have not yet reached this German state of universal lords and ladies. Though our nobles be few, at least they spring from no ignoble robber race, and though they assume to be the high and mightinesses of the land, they assuredly cannot be classed among the low pettinesses of the nation; for, when the English aristocracy numbers among it such families as the Cavendishes, the Stanleys, the Stanhopes, the Broughams, the Lyndhursts, the Hollands, the Russells, and, indeed, some of the foremost men in literature and science, none but a bigoted lover of "*sans culottes*" could be wanting in respect for a class, which, taken as a whole, must be admitted, by every intelligent man, to be made up of a body of the finest gentlemen in the world. A very different state of things prevails in the pauper principalities of the German "fatherland;" there, not only is every son of a so-called noble nick-named a noble—even as the offspring of donkeys are one and all

called donkeys generation, after generation—but a trumpery Serenissimus, like the Grand Tomfool-of Saxe Weimar, with but the revenue of a London Lord Mayor, and not a tithe of the refinement, or enlightenment of the chief Magistrate of the city of the British metropolis, has the power to ticket any blessed gastropod in his pocket-handkerchief dominions as another of the nobles of the earth —till the mushroom spawn is sown as thick as if the entire land were but one vast dung-heap, for the wretched foul-bred titular funguses to vegetate upon. Nor is this the only evil: patents to nobility in Saxony being far more plentiful than shirts among the gentry, and crosses and decorations as thickly scattered over the coats of the middle classes as the spangles on a mountebank's breeches (for one of the wittiest of German writers has told us that there are two things which are inevitable in his country—Death, and the Order of the Black Eagle), the consequence is, that such a toad-eating titular mania prevails throughout the land, that even chimney-sweepers and washerwomen have some ceremonious handle to their name; so that you are expected to address the swarthy functionary, who happens to have been elected to the imaginary honour of sweeping the flues of the palace stoves as the "HERR HOF-SCHORNSTEINFEGER-MEISTER-SCHAFKOPF," and to dub the lady who has been raised to the dignity of washing His Serenissimus's two dickeys and one pair of socks per week, as the "FRAU HOF-WÄSCHERIN KLÄTSCHER."

In the attic, over our lodging, in Eisenach, dwelt a worthy, about as elegant in appearance as an omnibus driver on a May-day, and who had been sent by some petty village in the suburbs, to sit in judgment upon the appeal cases referred to the town judicators to settle; and he was known, Heaven save the mark! (pray let us remember every tittle of his titles), as the HERR APPELLATIONS-GERICHTS-RATH KRANKY. What on earth the income of the judicial boor might have been we cannot say, but a hundred pounds a-year is a fabulous sum to assume in a land where the presidents of the assize courts do not *receive* as much as the waiters at a London eating-house, in the city, *pay*—for their situations. With the poverty of this same Herr Appellations-Gerichts-Rath we, of course, have no right to trouble our head—for poverty in its suffering has ever been a matter of the highest respect to us; but poverty mixed up with pride and foolery, we cannot help, as a thoughtful man, having an utter contempt and loathing for. Well, this same "beggar on horseback" was such a stickler for his full-yard of titular dignities, that over and over again decent people, whom we knew in the town, and who, though wise enough to sneer at this German mania for a hundred nicknames, were yet obliged to succumb to the absurd ceremonies of their country, would call to consult our maid-servant as to what particular kind of a Rath this Herr Kranky was. "In God's name," they would exclaim, "is he a 'JUSTITZ-RATH,' or a 'STADT-RATH,' or a 'GERICHT-RATH, or KIRCHEN-RATH'?" saying, "if we do not give the

jackdaw his full complement of titles, it is much better that we stayed away." The wife of this same extremely puny judge was a lady with only the remains of a nose, and a voice about as elegant as that of a London cabman, hoarse with inordinate dram-drinking; and though it was her custom to walk about the house till mid-day in her night-cap and dirty "sleeping jacket," with her face unwashed, and her hair uncombed, she must needs insist that her wretched little serving-girl, whenever she had occasion to set on the bare deal table the half-pound of butter that the Frau Appellations-Gerichts-Räthin had cunningly sprinkled with salt on the over night (so as to be assured that the maid had not presumed to flavour her dry black bread with it in the morning) should address her as "her lady councillorship"—even though it was a bye-word in the town that the said "lady councillorship," had been nothing better than the flaunting, grisette, daughter of a tailor, in the University city of Jena. And often have we heard this same decent little servant-girl come to the aforesaid trumpery tailor's daughter, and say, "Your lady councillorship, the Herr Appellations-Gerichts-Rath desires me to tell the Frau Appellations-Gerichts Räthin, that the potatoes are ready for dinner;" or else that "her lady councillorship must come immediately, or the coffee and dumplings would be cold for the mid-day meal."

You mistake us, reader, if you imagine we despise a tailor's daughter simply because God Almighty ordained her to be the daughter of a tailor; but

though we can forgive the child of an imaginary noble for assuming imaginary-noble airs, there is hardly any measure for our contempt when we find the beggars of the earth aping the foolish state and ceremony of paltry potentates; and we never saw that decent serving-girl, but we felt much more inclined to raise our hat in respect to the honest hard-working little maiden than we did to that upstart, dubious, tailor's daughter—the Frau Appellations-Gerichts-Räthin Kranky.

This titular mania of Germany the excellent handbooks, issued by John Murray, have long ago made the English travelling public acquainted with; but even John Murray, faithful guide as he is, has hardly had the bitter-wrought experience of ourselves as to the absurdities of German ceremony. Good God! there is not a tax-collector in the town that will not feel offended if you forget to style him, every other minute during your conversation, as the Herr Royal-Saxe-Weimarish Grand-Ducal Customs-Receiver of the place; nor even the wife of a carpenter and joiner who will not toss her nose in the air unless you condescend to address the crone as the "Lady-of-the-Master-Cabinet-Maker So-and-so."

Heaven knows there have been wise men enough bred and born in this same German Fatherland—they have had their Alexander Humboldt, their Jean Paul Richter, their Justus Liebig, their Schiller, their Göthe, their Liebnitz, their Schönbein, their Grimm, their Niebuhr, their Emanuel Kant, their Fichte, their Schlegel, and a multitude of others

that the wise men of England are ready to doff their hats to, and to acknowledge as the truest potentates of the earth; but when you are expected to bare your head to the merest official boor, and to toady a simple human brainless reptile, with an ell or two of fulsome titles to his name, the honest independence of an Englishman rises above such servility; and the "proud Briton" is left to wonder how the people of a nation that can pretend to have the slightest reverence for the works of Heine, Bürger, Zchokky, Beethoven, or Weber, of Holbein or Cornelius, of Argolander or Ehrenburg, of Wöhler or Gmelin, can consent to duck their head and to spit out the volume of slavish nicknames that even the most ignorant boor is allowed by the State to prefix to the Schmidt, Müller, or Schneider, which alone is his natural cognomen.

At the time of the inauguration of the Luther Statue in Möhra, we saw the sister of the Baron Von Bärgarten go down on her knees in the open air as she kissed the hand of the potato-fed princess of Saxe-Meiningen. In India the peasants worship mud idols, and in Saxony even the "superior classes" seem to have no higher form of reverence; for this same Saxe-Meiningen princess lives in a hovel of a "palace" that hardly a middle-class gentlewoman in England would consent to "fust in," as Shakspere says. The English Ambassador was the first emissary from civilized Europe that refused to approach the Emperor of Siam on his belly. Had the Germans possessed a fleet, and had the Barons von Bärgarten been the

ministers at the Oriental Court at the time, they would assuredly have seen no indignity in entering the presence chamber of the mud-coloured monarch in the most abject position that erect bipeds can ever possibly assume. And yet, when we saw a lady, who professed to be something above the dust, go down on her knees, and lick the dust at the feet of a mere bog-trotter princess, we wondered at the geographical differences among the several nations of the earth; and marvelled how that could be considered a mark of high respect, either by the toady or the toadied, which every decent-minded human being could only regard as an act of the lowest indignity that one rational animal could possibly offer to the other.

Nor would we break a lance with these same "*Bettel-barons*," had they even the feelings and principles of gentlefolk kindling their bosoms; did they believe in anything more honourable than slitting a fellow-creature's cheek with a rapier. Had they any sense of true politeness in their hearts; had they any spirit of manly independence to warm their breasts; had they, indeed, even an Indian's love of cleanliness, or an English tradesman's sense of the decencies to be observed at table, it would be utterly beneath us to waste a word upon the titled zoophytes. But when a person, like the writer, who has seen every form of human life from almost the highest to the lowest—when in his school-days he fraternized with the sons of the greatest people in the land, and in his after-life communed with the meanest in the community, and learnt to love and

respect the virtues and the heroism of the luckless and the suffering far more than he had ever been able to reverence the so-called grandeur and dignity of the worldly-great and well-to-do—when such a man comes into a foreign country and finds the pretended nobles to be meaner, dirtier, and less civilized than even working shoemakers in England, he feels it his duty to tell the simple truth, and to let other nations know that if he has been the first person to point attention to some of the crying errors of his own country, such errors are nought in comparison with the semi-barbarism that it has been his lot to witness among the so-called "Adels" of the German Empire. The writer has entered the cabin of the commandant of the Wartburg, and found the titled governor of the castle eating a raw hacked beefsteak with his fingers for his breakfast, without even a pocket-handkerchief spread by way of table-cloth; and he has gone to drink his tea with the "Circle Director" of the country—a gentleman who ranks as high in boorish eyes as a lord-lieutenant of a county does with us—and been left with his family to fumble their way down a bare unlighted staircase and to discover, as he could, the road to the gateway across the gloomy court-yard, where not a lamp or a servant was present to show a stranger the way to the street.

Nor would these petty troubles be told were it not that these same barbarian German gentry have a sense that in no place on the face of the earth is there such misery and squalor as abounds in our own country; and the author of this book, feeling that he

has been one of the foremost to make known the wants and the struggles of the great mass of the labouring population in England, now wishes to contrast the lot and the manners even of the meanest of his own countrymen with those who are looked upon as the highest in Saxon Germany; and to tell the reader, in all the sacredness of literary confession, that he has never found such squalor, such dirt, such meanness, such untidiness, such uncomfortableness, while visiting the homes of the poorest workmen in the British Metropolis, as he has met with in the houses of these beggarly, trumpery, grubby, showy, cowardly, cringing, beer-befuddled, tobacco-reeking, potato-devouring, unmannerly Saxon lords.

The history of Germany shows that the Teutonic nobles hardly ever ranked higher than thieves and beggars in the eyes of the rest of Europe. According to Campanus, who was one of the apostolic Nuncios in the Middle Ages, the whole country then was one vast den of titled robbers; for he says, "the greater the noble, the greater the thief." Again, Poggio Bracciolini, who was another Papal emissary, writing at about the same period tells us:—"Every man in Germany who lives on his own property, in some burg or village remote from the towns, is called a 'noble.' Of this class, a great number are addicted to open plunder." Moreover, Dunham, in his "History of the German Empire," informs us that "the mediæval nobles termed that chivalry which the common people called robbery. To live as knights

meant neither more nor less than to live by rapine. In the estimation of the nobles, simple theft was, assuredly, odious," he adds; "but it was so only because the property was taken in a cowardly manner." In very early times, however, the old Teutonic tribes are said to have been a free and honest people, living in the woods, and ruled by no hereditary despot. Some historians speak of them as consisting of as many different republics as there were separate tribes, and having no one chief to govern the whole, except in the time of war. In those days, the *Dux*, or *Princeps* (the *Herzhog* or *Fürst*, as the Germans called him), was elected or chosen by the united freemen, who were the only persons in the State that took rank as *Homines;* for all engaged in any branch of industry or commerce were classed as *res, non personæ* (things, not persons), who, in legal language, had no *peculium*, being regarded merely as beasts of burden—for they could possess no property whatever apart from their lords. Indeed, they were bought and sold with the land like cattle, and are even spoken of as having been yoked. "Let every man know his own team of men, horses, and oxen," says an ancient MS. In wills, too, they were bequeathed, as a man now disposes of his plate and money. Such was the state of the great body of the Saxon people previous to the Carlovignian era, that two-thirds at least, or, according to some, three-fourths, of the entire community were merely the goods and chattels of their masters. True, the principal affairs of the country were regulated by *Plaids* (*Placita regni*), or, in other words,

by half-yearly Parliaments or Diets, in which the higher nobles only had the right of voting; the lower ones, and such freemen as were entitled to bear arms, being permitted to attend there to *applaud* the decisions of the others. The nobles themselves, we are told, were far too haughty to do other than hunt and make war. They scorned all industrial occupations—arts as well as commerce—and looked upon any kind of labour as fit only for beasts. They dwelt in fortified places, buried in vast forests, with a host of slaves and warriors about them, ready to pounce down upon and plunder any travelling merchant who might cross their territories, on the way to some distant fair. So proud, too, were they of having been free-born, that any of their class marrying with *villeins* or hinds were themselves doomed to perpetual bondage.

In the reign of Louis le Débonnaire (A.D. 814–840), however, the election of the Dukes began to be discontinued. Originally, the chief dignities throughout the German nation were, as we have said, *elective*, and titles were inseparable from jurisdiction of some kind or other; and though the choice generally fell upon the heir or next of kin after the decease of any of the dignitaries, till the offices had all the *appearance* of being hereditary, each territorial ruler, nevertheless, had only a life-interest in the fief. But in the ninth century the power of the Dukes had so increased that they were able to declare their titles to be perpetual; whereupon even the petty princes began to assume the authority of monarchs—coining

money, having exchequers of their own, swords of state being carried before them, and living in pretentious royal pomp. Hence, instead of their offices and estates lapsing, as formerly, to the nation on the death of the previous possessor, it came to pass that every Duke's eldest son got to inherit, *as a right*, the title and lands of his father; while his second son became a *nominal* count, and the others *nominal* barons. But, in the course of years, so obnoxious had it grown to the beggarly pride of the petty German Dukes, and other self-styled nobles, to hand down to posterity any being less titularly-grand than themselves, that they ordained, in the fourteenth century, that, while their estate should become the inheritance of the eldest son alone, all the co-heirs should alike be at liberty to assume the title of the family; and thus every one of the sons of a duke, with the exception of the first-born, came to be *nominal* dukes, without any estates whatever (instead of mere counts and barons, as in the ninth century); whilst the younger male children of every count in the country got to be *nominal* counts, and those of barons *nominal* barons in the same manner, without even an acre or a "dog-hole" to maintain their fancied dignity.*

* This is the name of the subterranean dungeons with which every German noble's castle was fitted in the olden time, and into which the wretched merchants whom they had seized and plundered were thrown, and allowed to remain, until such time as an exorbitant ransom was paid for their liberty. The ruins of the robber-castles on the Rhine and in other parts of Germany show how prevalent was the custom of entombing all the prisoners who became subject to the tender mercies of these

Accordingly, in a few years afterwards, the nation got to swarm with the beggarly lack-land sons of dukes, counts, and barons, as thick as rats in a barn, and who, though they bore the name of knights, were merely a horde of armed vagrants, or titled brigands, that no sooner had received the "baldric" than, in the words of Peter of Blois, "they began to turn their weapons against those whom they had sworn to protect, to pillage and lay waste the substance of the poor, to plunder the domains of the Church, to rob the merchants, and mercilessly torment the unfortunate;" until, as a modern historian tells us, "it came to pass that a German knight was but another name for bandit, and a count or duke for that of the

baronial or ducal highwaymen. At Rheinfels there are no less than seven such dog-hole dungeons at the bottom of deep shafts dug in the rock; while at Pfalz—the little castle that is hardly bigger than a bathing-barge on the Seine at Paris, and built on top of a dumpy rock out in the middle of the Rhine—there is a dungeon sunk deep under the bed of the river, into the mouth of which the guides are wont to throw a lighted piece of paper, so that the visitors, as the flame descends, may have some sense of the depth of the damp and dark well into which the wretched merchants were in the habit of being lowered. At the old ducal castle at Baden-Baden, again, one sees the same atrocious palace fittings; and history tells us that the dukes of this country were wont to bring forth such prisoners as they had made in their predatory excursions and to command them to kiss the Virgin (*baiser la Vierge*) as a proof of the truth of what they had spoken; and immediately the poor creatures approached the wooden image, with the view of embracing it, the platform under their feet gave way, and their bodies were precipitated to the bottom of the well beneath, to be torn to pieces by the "devil," or wheel set with knives, that was kept for ever turning there by a stream at the base of the rock.

chief of the bandits; while chivalry and nobility were, in Germany, at least, but cloaks for robbery and oppression."

This state of things continued till the towns leagued together to protect themselves against the incursions of the brigand aristocracy; and at the end of the thirteenth century the system of pillage by the robber and beggar-barons had risen to such a height that the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg razed, as we have said, in one year no less than seventy of the *Raub-schlösser* (robber-palaces), and condemned to death several score of the noble highwaymen.

It can hardly be said that the same state of things prevails in Germany at the present day. The open plunder and outrages of the nobles have, of course, in this age of police, utterly ceased. Nevertheless, the petty princes, and paltry kingly dukes, who have not half the possessions, nor a tithe of the refinement, of a wealthy English commoner, persist in styling themselves *Serenissimi*, and "kingly highnesses," and in coining their own money, till the country is flooded with plated *groschens* and *kreutzers*, and greasy paper thalers, that no peasant even will look at two miles away from their own territories—in having each a Lord Chamberlain, to whom they pay hardly the wages of an English coachman, and who, consequently, has the manners of an Irish clodhopper—in maintaining an army of plough-boys, who are obliged to spread themselves out at parade, like the supernumeraries at a cheap theatre, so as to

appear anything more formidable than the "awkward squad" commanded by the Hauptman von Bombastes Furioso; and who have merely such a diet of black bread and soup doled out to them as would create a rebellion in an English workhouse. Indeed, these *Yvetót* monarchs, as glorious old Béranger has styled them, still continue to play the grand Tom-fools Extraordinary, till the whole of enlightened Europe sits agape in wonder as to how any nation of men with brains bigger than walnuts, or spirits prouder than shoeblacks, should be found ready and willing to duck their heads in token of respect to the mere twopence-halfpenny potentate who has enthroned himself upon some German molehill, and is the laughing-stock (like the stuffed dummy set up in a bean-field to frighten small birds) of every being who has seen anything more majestic than a beadle at a parish church.

True, too, that the nobles of the Fatherland are not now-a-days the mere brigands of historic times; still, the race of audacious robbers has lapsed merely into a tribe of aristocratic beggars, that are as plentiful as insects during a blight, and as poor, and as cringing to their superiors, as Lascar crossing-sweepers. They have, moreover, the same scorn for all industrial occupations as distinguished their penniless forefathers; and, now that they are prevented plundering, have merely their way to make in the world by fawning and sycophancy to those even meaner natures who can find pleasure in seeing the human hounds lick the dust from their feet. Too proud, therefore,

to work, and believing, in the utter blindness of their beggarly pride, that the dignity of man's nature lies either in hunting or in waging war, or else in wriggling upon their bellies like reptiles at the feet of some one who has some place to bestow, they are educated in all manner of human folly—taught at their Universities that the noblest thing in life is to slice off a fellow-creature's nose with a rapier, or, in return, to have their own cheeks slit open; and to be as proud of the scars on their faces as a tattooed Indian; so that one can hardly look at a *Von* of the present day without finding his countenance as thickly scored as a joint of English pork intended for roasting. The consequence is, that maggots in an old cheese, eels in a drowned carcase, owls and bats in a ruin, vermin about a beggar, cannot swarm thicker than do these human parasites upon the wretched, attenuated body of the German nation—drinking the life-blood of the people, and making the poor soup-and-potato-fed folk even poorer and more spiritless than they naturally are.

The number of "placemen" in Germany it is difficult to estimate. The people themselves have a proverb that it is impossible to spit in the street without hitting some official; and in a land where the old institutions prevail as religiously as with the Medes and Persians; where the son of every baron, of every count, and of every duke, ranks still as a nominal noble of the same worldly dignity as his father—though he is obliged to wear a false front and wrist-

bands by way of pretence for a clean shirt (for such, indeed, is the general custom with the beggar-nobles of the present day), though he lives in a lodging at 6*s.* a-month, and gets his coffee of a morning, beside his straw bed, for the money—though, indeed, he feeds and houses but a little better than an English tramp in a straw-yard, the lordly cretin is so mentally imbecile as still to think work a disgrace to him, and so caninely servile that he deems it more becoming a man to play the jackal to the asses in the lions' skins, in the hope of getting some official bone thrown to him, wherewith to satisfy his hunger, than to rear a potato with his own hands.

We took the trouble to go through the address-book of the Thuringian capital, in order to find out how many of the citizens were dependent upon their own industry, rather than to the petty Government of their country, for their living; for on high-days and holidays, and at every fair or feast-time, when the streets are crowded, the thoroughfares are motley with the different colours of the uniforms worn by the national placemen; and we found that *one in every ten* of the grown males in Eisenach derived his income from the State, rather than from any manual or commercial occupation.*

* There are in Eisenach, so far as we can make out (and the calculation was entered into in concert with an intelligent citizen, so as to prevent any errors on our own part), some 300 and odd placemen and pensioners—and that in a town numbering only between 13,000 and 14,000 men, women, and children. Since, therefore, one-half of the entire population must consist of females, and one-half of the remainder, again, of males who are

What may be the proportion of Government officials to the industrious classes of our own country, we, who write without our blue-books within arm's length of us, cannot undertake to say; but, assuredly, so far as our memory serves us, there cannot be one per cent. of our own adult male population engaged in such offices. And, indeed, it is but natural that the ratio should be even lower; for as we know that large farms can be carried on with a less number of people and teams than an aggregate number of small ones, even so must a number of petty Governments, such as exist in Germany, where Grand Dukes are as plentiful, and about as elegant and enlightened, as mayors in England, require a greater number of officials—and the executive, therefore, cost the nation considerably more—than if the whole host of barbarous parish potentates were consolidated into one united and respectable Government. As it is, however, a nation which might rank among the first Powers of Europe has scarcely any consideration in the political affairs of the globe—the whole of the civilized world looking with comparative scorn on a country which, though it has almost the same length of coast-line as England, is unable to maintain even the smallest attempt at a fleet, and the military authorities of which live in continual dread of the present

either too old or too young to be engaged in any active service, we have a total of 3,000 and odd able-bodied men, capable of earning their own living; and as the Eisenach address-book shows that no less than 300 and odd of these are engaged in Government offices, it follows that the proportion of self-supporting citizens to placemen is as above-stated.

Napoleon subjugating the entire land to his sway, as did his uncle of old.

But the worst of this beggar-baron class is, not only that they must have Government places created for themselves to keep them in idleness, but even *their* minions, on the other hand, must be fed and pampered by the State. So that the Germans tell you that if a man in their country wishes to obtain some post under Government, he has only to give his wife or his daughter up to the embraces of some shirtless and stockingless baron who happens to have interest at Court, in order to be able to live without pursuing any handicraft or trade for the future.

The consequence is, the whole country becomes demoralized, each man believing that the only means to advancement in life is through friends in high places, rather than by any exertion of his own. Indeed, the peculiar distinction between the people of Germany and our own country is, that the *Deutschers* seem to have lost all faith in self-reliance; so that no enterprise and no energy remain among the people. A few, indeed, of the most striving "clear out" year after year to America, while those who remain behind pester every Englishman and every foreigner with their solicitations to get them situations away from their home. "Here," they will tell you, "there is no hope for us; black-bread and potato-soup is all we can expect for the rest of our lives." And when they are advised to seek another lot in another land, where energy and enterprise are the characteristics of the country, and where honesty and industry are sure

to meet with a liberal reward, they will tell you very frankly that they do not believe in such things, and that nothing is to be done in the world but by favour and interest, by place-hunting and time-serving, and, indeed, by the use of every faculty that honest and honourable Englishmen have long learnt to despise.

Nor is this the only evil arising from the prevalence of universal counts and barons in Germany; for every petty tradesman, directly he acquires money enough to enable him to rank with the lord of some little village, has to be ennobled likewise; and an English literary man is consequently astonished, when he writes to the publisher of a "cheap edition of British authors" in Germany, to receive a note in return emblazoned with a coronet, and to be informed that the Baron Bernhard von Nichtsnutz would be happy to enter into negotiations with him for the publication of his book abroad. Now, if Messrs. Routledge and Co. were to be raised to the House of Peers for the extent of their commercial enterprise, there would be far less folly shown than in the ennoblement of a German firm which, in the extent of its dealings, ranks hardly above the proprietors of a penny paper in England. Again, in Eisenach there were some mill-owners whose factories consisted of a series of mud-hovels—such as could hardly be seen out of Ireland—and where scientific appliances were comparatively unknown—where the workpeople too, were *sworn!* before entering the premises, to eternal secresy—as though the proprietors were the persons who had invented and perfected the entire process of woollen

manufacture, or the sole individuals in the world who were acquainted with the art of compounding colours. And yet these boobies, because they had made a few hundred thalers by their business, as well as by paying the worst possible wages to the poor of the neighbourhood — for such was the character the citizens gave them — were considered worthy of receiving a patent of nobility and being raised to the dignity of the BARONS VON GEIZHALS—though in England they would have ranked merely as well-to-do oil and colourmen, or as wool-manufacturers who were some half-a-century behind the requirements of the age in which we live.

The feudal customs and privileges in connection with the baronial class continued even down to the year 1848 — so far is Germany behind the more enlightened nations of Europe, and so little in advance is it, indeed, of the barbarous tribes of Russia. Until the year of the revolutions, when every German potentate was ready to swear anything and everything the people wished of him, and to break the oath in the coolest possible manner as soon as the nine-days' fury for national freedom had passed away, all the lords of the soil who ruled over the mud villages in their neighbourhood had power to force the peasants to work for them at certain times of the year. At one season the *Bauers* were compelled to go out in the woods and cut and carry timber for their lord; at others they had to collect the dried leaves from the forest, and to stack them for the use

of his lordship's cattle during the winter; at others, again, their wives and children had to wend their way to the fields and clear the stones from the baron's land, or else to help to make the hay or get in the harvest. At such times the law empowered the village baron or count, as the case might be, to force every one in the hamlet—men, women, and children—to do his work for him without the least fee or reward, and those who refused he had the right of imprisoning in the *Frohnen-feste* (literally, the drudgery-cell) for some two, three, or more days, according to the nature of the offence.* This *Frohnen-feste* in Eisenach was situate in the old Roman gate called the *Nicolai Thurm*, and in other parts of the country it consisted of a dungeon or dog-hole attached to the baron's mud-hovel of a castle.

In '48, however, such feudal privileges were, luckily, swept away. In some places the village community gave a round sum to get rid of the lord's right of "soccage" for ever; in others the compensation consisted of a yearly gift of corn, fowls, or eggs

* In the olden time the feudal lords of Thuringia were in the habit of sending an overseer with the gangs of villagers who had to do the barons' work, and the vassal stood by the others with a whip in his hand, after the fashion of the modern slave-drivers in America, to lash the lazy or unwilling among the men, women, or children into extra exertion. Moreover, in the time of Ludwig the Iron, who was one of the landgraves in the 12th century, it was the fashion to yoke the peasants, like oxen, to the barons' ploughs. The romantic incident which led to the abolition of this barbarous practice now forms the subject of one of the Thuringian legends, and will be found narrated hereafter.

from the different houses; and it will be seen hereafter, when we come to speak of the taxes paid by the people of Eisenach, that many now have to pay a certain sum annually in lieu of the "cock and hen" tax imposed upon their dwellings.

The majority of even the well-to-do German nobles are merely small country farmers, who would hardly be allowed to rank as yeomen in England; and, assuredly, the houses in which they live, though they go by the name of "palaces" or "castles" in the country, are such as no English farmer with even 100 acres to cultivate would consent to pig in. A Saxon village, indeed, even with the Saxon lord's wattle-and-dab tumble-down mansion at the end of it, is such a picture of the most abject dirt, misery, and squalor as no Englishman can possibly conceive; and even though we were at the trouble to pay a special visit to the farms kept by the richest noblemen in the vicinity of Eisenach—such as those of Mittelshof and Nuenhof, the proprietors of which both ranked as thaler-millionaires in the country—we found them in such a state of filth, untidiness, and discomfort as could not possibly exist even in the poorest villages of England. At Nuenhof, indeed, the cows were all suffering from disease; and no wonder, for the shed in which some three-score of the poor beasts were stalled was utterly deficient in ventilation, and the floor damp with the animals' excreta that must have been left there for days together. The barons' dwellings, again, were utterly wanting in all those signs of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort which are the

characteristics of an English homestead—and, indeed, such bare-boarded, half-furnished places as make an English gentleman shudder to contemplate.

Nor did the feudal customs of Thuringia prevail only among the lords of the soil. The trades' corporations, or *Zunfts*, as they were called, were equally despotic in their privileges, and these continued even down to the end of the year 1862; up to which time every apprentice who did not take off his cap to a master or journeyman in the street was subjected to a sound box on the ears, and had his *Mütze* torn from his head and dashed to the ground. Nor could an apprentice smoke a pipe, or even dance at a ball, until he had served his time. Then a feast was held, and the quondam *Lehrjunge* was formally admitted to the rights of a journeyman. A certain piece of work, known as the *Gesell-stück* (*i. e.* journeyman's piece), had to be executed, and in some cases brought in to the assembled masters and men upon a new German-silver plate; and when the work had been pronounced satisfactory, a long pipe, decorated with ribbons, was presented to the new *Gesell*, and he was permitted to smoke for the first time. After this a glass of beer was placed at his side, when he was expected to knock with his knuckles on the table before drinking, and to say, "*Mit Gunst, Meistern und Gesellen*" (With your leave, masters and journeymen). Then the corporation-box was opened in his presence, and the silver drinking-cup and trade papers taken out with great ceremony, the united company standing up the while, all with their hats on (for caps are not allowed to be

worn on such occasions), each with a walking-stick in his hand, and with only three buttons of his coat fastened; for if any had appeared with his coat buttoned in two or four places, he would have been fined or reprimanded as being unacquainted with the *Handwerks-gebrauche* (trade usages). Nor, until the end of last year, could any workman set up for himself in any trade until he had executed some appointed *Meister-stück*. For this purpose he had to be locked up in a room by himself for three days at the house of the master of the guild, where he was expected to treat the journeymen, and the master himself, most liberally with cigars, sausage, and beer all the while—else there was no hope of the work being passed; whilst, on the other hand, let him be as sorry a workman as he might, if he only gave plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, the others were sure to help him through with his labour.

Now, in a country where such silly and semi-barbarous feudal customs prevailed, even until within a few months of the present time, the reader can readily understand what must be the enlightenment of the nation, what the liberty of the people, and what the refinement of the nobles, who swarm on every side as thick as gadflies about a mixen.

O "educated Germany"! O land of Schiller and Göthe!—when will your people rank above the hordes of Russia in freedom, comfort, dignity, and civilization?

CHAPTER III.

THE CITIZEN LIFE OF EISENACH.

We once passed a quiet hour or two with a slave-owner from the Southern States of America; even as we at one time hob-a-nobbed with Calcraft, the London hangman—so delightful is it to the moral comparative anatomist of the world to study every form and phase of human life and human character; and the slave-owner told us that if the Southerners caught Charles Dickens among them again, they would hang him up to a tree as they would a dog—and indeed, as they had already hanged many a Methodist parson, for the simple offence of evincing some sympathy with the miseries of the slave population. Now against Charles Dickens we have written hard words for his literary tricks and shortcomings, and yet no English critic can have a greater respect for his out-speakings, and the generous qualities of his genius, than has the writer of these lines. And even as Dickens found it necessary, in the manliness of authorcraft, to say his say against the degradation of American slavery, so do we think it requisite, in the honesty of penmanship, to speak our mind concerning the abjectness of the "superior classes" of a race that once claimed kindred with English folk them-

selves. The truth, indeed, must out; for we write as we have always written—*not* with a view to degrade mankind, but to make them, so far as it lies in our humble power, kindlier and better towards each other; to get them to soften down the cursed petty class-distinctions of the world; to induce them to believe that they are what they are, not from any merit of their own, but simply from the inscrutable decrees of the incomprehensible Providence above us: and to cease tossing their noses in the air because God Almighty willed them a few more groschens or an ounce or two more brains than their less lucky fellow-creatures.

In Germany these accursed class-distinctions have infinitely greater sway than in our own country, so that even a serving-maid, if you ask her whether she means to be present at the ball at the "Angel Tavern," will turn upon her heel as she tells you that *she*, indeed, never condescends to dance in any society beneath that of the "Blackamoor" public-house! So is it, too, with the petty gentry and tradespeople—the social swine are styed off at the club called the "Erholung," the civic sheep folded at the "Klemda"; nor will the one class of stupid animals either feed or herd with the other. The "Erholung" is the society of the commoners of Eisenach, and they draw the line (like the penny barber who objected to shave the dustman) of their exclusiveness at any form of servitude; admitting not even a decent shop-girl into their ranks, because they can see no distinction between a maid who is engaged to hand you confectionery over

a counter, and one who consents to scrub your floors and empty your slops at so much per quarter. On the other hand, the more aristocratic "Klemda" is willing to open its doors to the apprentices and "counter-skippers" at the several little chandlers' and linendrapers' shops distributed throughout the town; regarding such shop-boys as embryo merchants, and believing, in the simplicity of their arcadian lives, that they are fit associates for officers and gentlemen.

Nor should we, indeed, draw attention to such paltry social divisions, or condescend to speak of one form of life as being either superior or inferior to that of another, were it not to point out that these same so-called genteel folk have no sense as to what constitutes the real dignities and meannesses of human vocations. We will frankly confess to the reader that we have a high respect for any one who earns his living by his own industry, and comparatively a low esteem for the great multitude of small-trading folk who live, generally speaking, by adding nothing to the wealth of the community, and whose gains are, for the greater part, got by depreciating the goods of those who come to sell to them, and by lying and cringing to those who come to buy of them. For the man who lives by mere huckstering and dealing, by cutting down and crying up, so as to get his penny profit out of both the producer and consumer, we have little respect, and therefore little care to fraternize with the class. We would more willingly drink our coffee in company with an enlightened mechanic than we would with the

proudest "pushing tradesman" in the world—satisfied that we should learn much more from the hard-handed and skilful artizan than we could ever possibly get out of the brains of the mere haggling, chaffering, forestaller of the world's markets.

In England, however, where merchantry is something beyond that of mere pedlar's work, and where the wholesale dealers are allowed to rank almost with the gentry and professional classes of the community, the extent of the commercial dealings necessarily precludes the despicable fawning manners and the contemptible cheating tricks of the vulgar shopkeeper; so that in a country famed all over the world for the high honour as well as vast enterprise and means of its "merchant princes," there is no wonder that such a class should have all the chivalrous feelings and the refined tastes of true gentlemen, rather than be remarkable for the clever chicanery and vulgar upstart qualities of mere tradesmen; and that, therefore, they should be allowed to associate with gentlefolk, and to hold communion with the wisest and least-mercenary portion of English society, as well as to claim friendship with those, indeed, who give the moral tone to the civilization of the entire world, such as the members of our Parliament, our judges, and our professional and thinking classes in general.

But in Saxony, where, as we have said, the barons are little better than beggars, the reader can readily understand that the tradesmen are about as high-minded and as dignified in their bearing, and as upright in their dealings as coal and potatoe-shed keepers and

marine-store dealers in London. The principal commercial emporiums in Eisenach are nothing better than so many village chandlers' shops, where bells jangle behind the doors from six in the morning until ten at night, with the occasional dropping-in of the solitary customers, and where everything is sold —dried herrings, wire, writing-paper, lucifer-matches, peas and beans, tobacco, cheese, lamp-oil, copperas, soda, schnapps, glue, "glauber-salz," slate pencils, sugar candy — and indeed the whole of the long catalogue of miscellaneous articles that are usually dispensed in pennyworths (though in the Thuringian capital the orders seldom exceed farthings' worths) to the "hand-to-mouth" portion of every petty community.

Now, we do not pretend to be particularly punctilious, and we are ready to admit that every decent-mannered and decent-minded person, no matter what his vocation in life may be, has a perfect right to claim equality with ourselves. Moreover, we can conscientiously say that we never tossed our head in the air, or turned upon our heel, when the hand of a good and honest enlightened English artizan was extended to us in friendship; but, on the contrary, have sat many an hour beside our handicraftsmen in their workshops, wondering, as we delighted to see them fashion the rudest materials into the most elegant and ingenious commodities, whether their form of labour was one jot less worthy of respect than our own. Nevertheless, we will frankly confess to the reader that there are *some* limits to our sense of good-fellowship, and that we did not care to see our daughter

dance round the ball-room of the "Klemda" with the ignorant boobies of chandlers' shopkeepers, who, but a few hours before, had been engaged in serving out three pfenning-worth of coffee or sugar, or haggling over a halfpenny-worth of birdlime or sardines in their dingy, grubby, foul-smelling stores; nor were we in any way pleased to see a girl of ours waltzing with the fawning young linen-drapers' shopmen belonging to the "Klemda" club, and who, despite the quantity of rose hair-oil with which they had polished up their locks (till their matted hair was as thickly clotted with grease as the axle-box of a railway-wheel), still smelt insufferably of the perfume of the less fragrant flannel or oil-cloth, or India-rubber goloshes, or mackintosh, or canvas, which but an hour or too previously, they had been packing up before closing the shop for the night.

But, before introducing the reader to the amenities of the middle class of life in the Residenz Stadt, or palatial town of Eisenach, let us give him some sense of the extent, the character, and the appearance of the Thuringian capital itself.

In its length and breadth, then, Eisenach is about of the same dimensions as the little suburban hamlet of Hampstead with us. It consists of hardly more than two long straggling principal streets—the one at right angles to the other; the first stretching to the full length of the "back-slum"-like string of buildings, and the second extending along the extreme breadth of the town. The style of dwell-

ings is very much similar to those of the tumble-down tenements which constitute the Jews' Quarter in Frankfort — indeed, the principal thoroughfare, the Rue de Rivoli, or Regent Street, of Eisenach was formerly the Jews' Alley; and, if the reader is acquainted with the character of the Hebrew districts of large crowded capitals, such as our Duke's Place or Holywell Street, where the old clothes'-men and marine store-dealers delight to congregate, he may form some faint conception of the elegance not only of the Eisenach shops, but of the Eisenach architecture in the principal quarter of the city. An English friend who paid us a visit here, told us, on our taking him his first walk through the town, that it gave him a notion that he was continually parading down a series of London mews, and that he was always wondering when he was to come to the front of the houses and the streets themselves. An English lady, on the other hand, who had been residing in the place for some twelve months previous to our taking up our quarters in it, informed us that we should find it was merely one large farmyard, made up of so many Irish cottier-like habitations. Indeed, if we wrote our pen to a stump we could not better the description of that same quick-witted and kindly English gentlewoman: for as you walk down the main thoroughfares in the autumn, the flail is always heard beating away like the pendulum to a big church clock, and the streets for ever resound with the squealing of fettered pigs driven through the highways. One of the first sounds that salute the ears in the morning

is the "*ranz des vâches*," as the herdsman collects the cows and goats that are kept in the yards at the back of almost all the dwellings; even as the last noise in the evening is sure to be the cracking of the cow-herd's heavy whip, as he brings the kine home again to the city, and the creatures go scampering off to their stalls through the street-doors and down the passages of the houses of the innkeepers and bakers, the petty tradesmen, and even the lawyers and doctors, themselves; whilst at the fall of the year, when the fields have to be strewn with manure for the next twelvemonth's crop, the dung-heaps at the back of each house are emptied and thrown out into the middle of the principal thoroughfares—the furrier, the tinman, the bookseller, the milliner, the goldsmith, the grocer, the watchmaker, being one and all more intent upon looking after their muck-heaps than either the literature, the fashions, or the jewellery which the astute stranger might fancy to constitute their principal business. At that season of the year, indeed, the highways reek to nausea with the stench of the filth that lies littered in front of every door, till the sleepy ox-waggons have time to carry it off in vehicles, which are hardly more capacious than a navigator's wheelbarrow; so that the lady pedestrian has to pick her way through it, day after day, with her dress in one hand, and her pocket-handkerchief in the other.

Such, too, is the mania for pig-keeping in Eisenach, that we verily believe there was not a hovel in the town that had not its couple of coarse, wild-looking Hungarian porkers styed up in dark boxes no bigger

than a sea-chest, and with no more light or air than the Black Hole at Calcutta. Not a master-cabinet-maker but had his pair of hogs stowed among his timber-sheds at the rear of his *meubles magasin*. The watchmaker, who not only himself repaired the dials of the citizens, but whose wife made the bonnets and head-dresses for their fraus and daughters — even *he* could find it either profitable or pleasant to neglect his double business for the feeding of pigs and growing of his own sausages. The palace-glazier, the palace-silversmith, the palace-bootmaker—in a word, the palace-everything, even down to the palace-chimneysweep — all had a pig-stye at their back-doors; and, so far as we know, the professors, the parsons, the advocates, and even the Lord Chamberlain himself, thought pig-rearing and pig-killing more attractive than either learning, religion, law, or the fascinations of courts. For we verily believe there was but one man in this same town of Eisenach who did not throw his whole soul out of his business, and into "swineflesh"—and he was the palace-linendraper and money-changer; but then it should be added that he was an Israelite also, so that it was merely the religious prejudices of the worthy which prevented him from taking part in the national pastime.

As we sit at our window writing, another sharp squeal under our casement tells us that a tethered pig is being driven down the most fashionable street of the town—for our bow-window looks up the entire length of the little thoroughfare. And now mark, as

the driver lashes the animal with his whip, and one's ears are split with the sharp squeaks, that sound as shrill as if there was a knife-grinder at work below, how all the principal boor-citizens come streaming out of their shops, the tanneries, and the taverns, to have a look and a pinch at the back of the lusty-lunged hog. See! there is tanner-master Fiessinger, without any hat, and in his felt slippers, standing and talking to the peasant owner of the animal. We can almost hear him say, "Halloo! cousin, where is he from?" and before the big-caped driver has time to reply, the "thick Pabst," as the corpulent chandler's shop-keeper facing our window is called, makes his appearance in an embroidered fez-cap, a pair of Berlin-worked slippers, and without any cravat about his neck; and then as he stands at his little shop door, wrapping up a *cornichon* of dried apple-chips, he, too, shouts to the driver, "What costs such a one?" Now we catch sight of the bald head of the "palace-privileged apothecary," whose dispensary stands at the opposite corner of the street (for he, too, must run out from serving some of the neighbouring villagers); and as he proceeds to arrange the long label about the neck of the bottle of cough mixture he holds in his hand, he cries, "Good day, cousin, how heavy is such a porker?" Next comes the watch-maker, who has started up from his seat at his shop-window, where he generally sits cleaning the works of some old time-piece; and *he* rushes out habited in a long greasy dressing-gown and slippers, to know how old the creature is.... Facing this one lives the Herr

Advocat Selzer, who, hearing the well-known cry, has hurried down from his papers to take part in the examination and inquiries as to the condition and price of the animal; and he, too, is still in his dressing-gown and night-shirt, with his wig unbrushed and all awry, although it be but within an hour of the mid-day meal. Nor is he there for a minute ere the Catholic "baker-master" Martin, over the way, thrusts his floury head out of the little practicable window-pane behind the tray of caterpillar-like rolls arranged outside the house; and *he* says to the others, as he eyes the animal round about which they are grouped, "Fine sausages there, neighbour!" and then sliding back the pane, comes straightway into the street, to have a pinch at the haunches of the animal like the rest. After this, the so-called crazy Schrumpf, the man-milliner, a door or two above, darts into the middle of the crowd, crying, "*Ach wass! ach wass! ach wass!* my pig is twice the size of that, and I've only had him fattening these last three weeks. Why, that won't be fit to kill till Easter!"—and so saying, he huddles his long dressing-gown tightly round his legs to hide the flannel drawers in which he has made his appearance in the middle of the road. Whereupon a noisy discussion ensues among the worthy citizens out in the centre of the thoroughfare, as to whether that be the proper sort of "land-swine," and whether it will fatten with little food or not, and as to how many "*Centners*" it weighs; till heads are thrust from almost every one of the upper windows, and figures of tradesmen appear

on the door step of every shop, all in long dirty dressing-gowns, and with almost as long dirty pipes, to take part in the porcine controversy: one standing out for so many pounds, and another crying, "What will you bet?" or, "It isn't true!" or "You're a liar!" after the accustomed amenities of the place.

You have, indeed, but to listen to the boorish wrangles, to watch the graphic gestures, and notice the elegant and industrious morning costumes of the tradesmen and the hand-workers, to know without going over your doorstep what they are all saying and doing in the middle of the most fashionable street of Eisenach, at an hour which *should be* the busiest time of the day. The master-weaver's loom, which we can see from our window, from morning to night, flitting backwards and forwards, suddenly stops working; the neighbouring smith's hammer ceases beating; the haberdasher comes out with the lace edging that he was about to show to some customer dangling in his hand; the silversmith sallies forth rubbing away at some spoon that he was busy polishing; the helmeted policeman stops on his rounds; the barber halts, with the little leathern box in which he carries his razors, soap, and water, under his arm; and indeed every one discontinues working, and even the most hastily-pressed loiters on his way—immediately a pig to sell makes its appearance in the streets of the principal Residenz Stadt of Thuringia.

But we have before said the Thuringian capital is

merely a large farmyard, in which agrarian pursuits prevail to a far greater extent than the ordinary occupations of civic life. The reader has already seen how, in the village of Möhra, the chief magistrate is merely the principal boor of the hamlet; how justice there alternates with threshing and chaff-cutting; and how the executive government of the little place (the forestanding men of the community, the two watchmen and one policemen) are far more intent upon looking after their pigs and cattle than in guarding and protecting their neighbours. In Eisenach the same jumble of civic duties and agricultural pursuits holds good, though to a less caricature degree. The mayor of the Thuringian capital, certainly, delights in pig-feeding, and loves to grow his own sausages like the Eisenachers in general; but he can hardly be said to throw his whole soul into the pig-stye—like the Möhra *Schulze*. The judge of the assize court too, though he can scarcely, in fairness, be spoken of as a thorough boor, revels between the intervals of his judicial duties (like Cincinnatus of old) in the richness of his manure, rather than the subtleties of jurisprudence; and is prone, when he lays aside the sword of justice, to wield the cabbage-slicer instead, for the due preparation of his winter stock of *Sauer-kraut*. Nor is there hardly one pure and unmixed civic occupation pursued in the town; for the majority of the master-tradesmen are petty peasant-proprietors as well. The master-shoemakers almost all keep cows in the back-yards of their houses. Some of the cabinet-makers

have from twelve to fourteen acres of land in the suburbs, and are more taken with ploughing their fields than planing their deals. Many of the bakers are wont to raise the rye they use in the manufacture of their black bread. The Saddler-and-upholsterer keeps a couple of sheep in the wood-house in his "*Hof*" and loves to grow the wool which he uses to stuff the chairs and sofas of the citizens. Even the confectioner lays his own eggs, through the intervention of a dozen or two Cochin-Chinas at the back of his shop. The furrier, too, is the principal game-purveyor and sportsman of the place, for the mere sake of the hareskins and roebuck-hides that he requires in his trade. The one wealthy distiller in the town has a dairy in connection with his business, besides acres in the suburbs, where he grows the potatoes out of which he manufactures his *Corn-brandy-wine*, and his "*finste Arrac de Goa*," or "*echte Jamaica Rum*." Moreover, the so-called merchants, who have small "cider-rooms" attached to their little chandlers'-shops, are in the habit of owning "garden-houses," as they are styled, for the growth of the apples which they turn into vinegar or apple-wine—according to the demands of their customers—for there is really no distinguishing the one fluid from the other. Then the clod-hopping apothecaries give their mind to the congenial occupation of fattening geese, and prefer to rear their own feather beds to dispensing farthings'-worths of hair oil to the servant-maids of the town, and palming off on the peasants a halfpenny-worth of dead-dogs' fat,

as an infallible cure for those in a galloping consumption.*

In fine, we verily believe there was hardly one person in the petty *Haupt-und-Residenz Stadt* of Eisenach, that was not more of a boor than either a tradesman, a lawyer, a professor, or even a gentleman; for the bookseller, the goldsmith, the optician, and

* There were two of these worthies in Eisenach, one styled the "Palace Apothecary," and the other the "Privileged Palace ditto," and it is impossible to say which was the more ignorant boor of the two. In England an oilman's shop-boy would have been more fit to have dispensed drugs; for they were utterly unacquainted with the commonest principles of their business, and were in the habit of prescribing for the poor people such remedies as would have condemned them to several months' imprisonment as the most impudent quacks in our own country. A favourite recipe with them for the bite of a dog was to cover the wound with some of the hog's-lard they sold for ointment, and to bind it up with a few of the hairs of the animal that had inflicted the wound. Indeed, as we happen to know somewhat of chemistry ourselves, it did not take us long to discover that to trust such mere hinds with the compounding of medicine was an utter disgrace to so-called "educated" Germany; for there was hardly a barber-surgeon in the Thuringian capital who was not a gentleman and a scholar compared with them; and our own son, though only seventeen years of age, had often to go round to their shops and teach them how to make up the chemicals he required for photographic purposes. A druggist in England is almost invariably a man of education, and usually a gentleman in manners; but these fellows were boors in knowledge and boors in the matter of politeness too—having the manners of an English navigator and the education of an English parish apprentice. Nevertheless, they were admitted to the fashionable Klemda club, though, for ourselves, we should have as soon thought of fraternizing with an English dustman as admitting either the Palace-Apothecary or the Palace-Privileged ditto into the sacred circle of our own family.

the drunken Lord High Chamberlain himself, plunged their minds into the heap of manure, and geese, and pigs, treasured in their back-yards, far more fervently, as we have already said, than they did into either letters, science, arts, or the ceremonies of fashion. So that it was impossible to hear them talk for two minutes together without the one asking the other, "How much do you get for your dung?" or else, "What do potatoes cost the sack?" or, "How many pounds did your last pig weigh?" &c.

Even at the back of the first-class hotels in Eisenach, a large farmyard usually exists; so that the traveller who happens to be put into a bed-room that overlooks the "*Hof*," as it is termed, is often unable to sleep after day-break from the cackling of geese, the grunting of swine, and crowing of cocks; while the disgusting stench that rises from the muck-heap stored in the rear of each of the taverns (for there is not a water-closet in connection with any of them), is sufficient to sicken any but a nightman's stomach. It is the invariable custom indeed, throughout the Thuringian capital, not only with the proprietors of every hotel, but with all the citizens of the place, to treasure up the entire excreta of all living in the house, as though it were a mound of untold wealth. For it is a rule with the people, if they possess no acres themselves, to allow those who have a few fields in the suburbs to cart away the house refuse, upon the understanding that they are to have so much land for the growth of potatoes for so many loads of dung —the ordinary rate being one acre for every ten cart-

loads of manure. In Thuringia it is customary to manure the land only once every three years, the rotation of crops lasting only that time, and the land being devoted to the growth of potatoes the first year, to that of rye or wheat the second, and barley or oats the third. Hence, as the dung-heap of each house usually amounts, at the year's end, after having been duly intermixed with the old straw beds, which the citizens, the Mayor, and the Lord Chamberlain, all delight to sleep upon for the purpose, to some five or six cart-loads, every householder is in the habit of getting for this the use of half an acre of land for the growth of the potatoes which he and his family, and his equally-beloved pigs, require throughout the twelvemonth.

The quantity of potatoes consumed by the people of Eisenach is really incredible, and hence the reason for the universal manure-storing throughout the city. Half an acre of potato land yields upon the average from 36 to 40 sacks of 100 and odd pounds each, or between 3600 and 4000 pounds' weight, and this is what each Eisenach family requires every year for the consumption of their pigs and themselves. In fact, many of the modern Saxons know no other food—living even harder than the poorest Irish do in our country; the members of the family eating no less than 2000 lbs. weight of potatoes in the course of the year, which is at the rate of more than 5 lbs. a day. Nor should the reader imagine that such a habit prevails only in the poorer portion of the community; for, as a rule, potatoes and salt constitute the supper

every evening of almost every well-to-do family; while on the week days potato-dumplings, with fresh or dried fruit, or potato-soup with the smallest scrap of fat pork in it, or potato salad, with a raw pickled herring, are the principal delicacies served at the tables of the gentry.

To a stranger, this mixture of agrarian and civic life is of a most temper-trying character. With a man like ourselves, who happens to be somewhat of a scientific and experimental turn of mind, the sausage-making pursuits of the opticians, and the potato-digging propensities of the cabinet-makers, have made us, over and over again, wish that the economical divisions of labour had travelled as far as the heart of Germany. For often, when we have wanted some delicate piece of apparatus, such as a galvanometer or a specific-gravity balance, from the hands of the only mechanician in the town, we have gone to his shop, after waiting some couple of months for the completion of the work, and found on the very day when we were assured it would be ready, the whole of the hands—master, journeymen, and apprentice—away from the workshop, and busily engaged in hacking sausage-meat in the sitting-room. Again, when our son wanted some new camera finished, we should find the entire body of journeymen and *Lehrjungers* off to the fields, either hoeing potatoes or digging them up for their master, while the ordinary business of the tradesman was left at a stand-still. In fact, at such seasons, no work but that of a pastoral character goes on. The principal milliners, for instance,

gave up bonnet-making in the autumn, and retired from the *Magasin* to the wash-house to superintend the boiling down of some three hundred pounds' weight of plums; and there they remained for twelve hours, stirring away one after the other, until the fruit was reduced to a thick pulp (not unlike liquid *papier mâché*); after which it had to be potted away for use in the winter, instead of butter on the bread. Such a concoction is known by the name of *zwetschgen Muss* (literally plum pap or squash), and strongly resembles paste-blacking in appearance, while in taste it is about as agreeable as the sickly medicinal compound known as "electuary" in our apothecaries' shops. A little later in the year, you will find every trade's-person in the town neglecting his ordinary business for the preparation of the year's supply of *Sauer-kraut;* and then, go where you will—to the tax-collector's, the *Steuer Revisor's*, to your lawyer, your doctor, your tailor, your boot-maker, or your banker—you will find that they are away at the market, buying their 120 (*zwei Schock*) or 240 (*vier Schock*) of immense white-heart summer cabbages for the manufacture of the beastly national dish. Then for a day or two afterwards the entire household will be engaged in slicing down the vegetative cannon-balls by means of an instrument like a carpenter's plane; or else in salting the shreds in enormous pickling-tubs, or rather small vats, the united family being severally engaged in thumping and pressing the mess into a compact mass; after which a heavy stone is placed on top of it, and there it is left to ferment

into putridity till the end of the year, when the taste is pronounced to be extremely delicate—as delicate, indeed, as rotten eggs or assafœtida, to those whose senses are not quite as callous as the flushers of sewers.

In fine, such is the farmyard mania among the tradesmen of the Thuringian capital, that even the "palace confectioner" keeps a dozen or so of turkeys about the mixen at the back of his shop, and keeps the noisy gobbling birds too, more for pleasure than profit; for when we wanted one of them for our Christmas dinner, no money would induce the palace-idiot to part with one of his *Trut-hühner*, for he told us that such birds were regarded as a curiosity in Saxony. The propensity for pig-keeping, however, is somewhat more rational, seeing that each German family, in the course of the year, consumes on an average from 250 to 400 pounds' weight of sausages (either in the form of liver ditto, red ditto, hard ditto, or Savoyard ditto, as the case may be); and to produce this amount of food, two pigs, at least, are required to be kept, so that commerce and handicraft have to be alike sacrificed to the tending of swine, and the shop neglected for the stye; while the rear of every dwelling-house, hotel, and government office is converted into an open stagnant sewer, where the refuse of the people, and their kindred pigs, is allowed to rot and reek for the sake of the equally essential potatoes that, as we have said, are consumed by every Saxon family by the ton weight per annum!

Another peculiarity of the Saxon citizens is their

love of what are called "garden-houses." This they have in common with the people of Holland, where it is usual to see a corpulent gentleman smoking his pipe in a sentry-box beside some fœtid and duck-weedy ditch in the outskirts of the town, and with an ostentatious placard stuck up in the few square yards of the garden-grounds, saying, "MY ONLY HAPPINESS ON EARTH IS HERE." In the same manner all round about Eisenach, there are little buildings hardly bigger than sedan-chairs, with a patch of garden land in front of them, about the size of a Turkey carpet; and thither the townsfolk delight to wend their way, in the broiling summer's evenings, laden with coffee-cups and cake, so that they may smoke their pipe and drink their infusion of burnt carrots out in the country. Boasting Germans tell you that their countrymen are distinguished from all other races by their *Natur-sinn* (sense of nature), but, so far as we could judge, this *Natur-sinn* seemed to lie merely in a love of "green stuff," for they were in the habit of going into ecstasies at the sight of the least verdure, exclaiming, on every occasion, "*Wunder-schöne Grüne! Liebe Gott, das ist prachtvoll!*" though they were as insensible as frogs to the quieter and tenderer graces of the earth—the beauties of light and shade, the harmony of colour, or the symmetrical arrangement of form. So much so, indeed, that we used often to wonder why, if mere verdure was so pleasant to them, a dish of salad or water-cresses should not throw them into like raptures; and how it was, if their nation was so remarkable for this same *Natur-sinn*, the poetry of their country

should be so utterly deficient in every picturesque quality, and marked by none of that exquisite perception of the daintier beauties of external nature which is to be found in the writings of our own Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, and Shakespeare.

SECTION III.—FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE ELEGANCIES OF LIFE IN SAXONY.

We have no wish to speak of the *entire* German race as a semi-civilized people, but little acquainted with those polite observances which constitute the decencies of good society in modern times; for as yet we have but seen and studied the Rhenish and Saxon communities. At the *tables-d'hôte* of the best hotels, however, as well as at the German baths, one is in the habit of associating with tourists from every part of the German kingdom and principalities—and with tourists, be it remembered, who do not rank as the vulgar or poorer portion of the population; and we can safely say, though we have lived in such hotels for months together, and eaten our midday meal with the hundred different guests that assemble there day after day in the season, we never yet saw the German gentleman or lady, officer or nobleman, who knew how to take their food, or to conduct themselves at dinner with more decency or grace than an English publican or stage-coachman.

To understand this part of the social problem, the reader must bear in mind that forks are comparatively a modern innovation—having been known among us for little more than a couple of centuries; for one Thomas Corryate tells us, as a great novelty, in a book written by him in 1608, that "at Venice it was then the *mode* to provide each person at dinner with a fork to hold the meat, besides the ordinary knife and spoon"—it being considered "ill-manners there to touch the viands with the fingers;" and he adds, quaintly enough, "I myself have thought it good to imitate the new Italian fashion since I came home to England." We must remember, too, that in a sausage-eating country like Germany, such articles as forks are still not likely to be in general use; for it is by no means unusual to see a *lady*, after having walked out to the suburbs, and halted at some neighbouring "beer-garden" for refreshment, draw a small cylinder of sausage from her pocket, and proceed to eat it with the clasp-knife she invariably carries with her, and without either plate or table-cloth, after the fashion of an English navigator, or "chaw-bacon."

Among such a people, therefore, it is not in the least astonishing that the use of a fork at dinner is found to be a matter of difficulty; indeed, we heard indirectly from a young Saxon lady, who visited London, during the recent International Exhibition, that it took her at least a fortnight before she could be taught to use her knife and fork *together*. The common practice among German gentlefolks at dinner

is to pin the meat down to the plate with the fork held straight up, while the handle is clutched firmly in the fist, and then to proceed to hack the slice of meat into so many little dice, the knife being held the while by the blade, rather than the handle, in the same manner as a countryman cuts at his bread and bacon. After this, the knife is thrown down on the table, and the fork removed to the right hand, by which means, the pieces are raised one after the other to the mouth; whereupon the fork is laid aside, so that the gravy may be duly lapped up with the knife; and, when this elegant process is finished, bits of bread are thrown into the plate, and the fork once more resumed, in order to mop up every particle of grease remaining on the platter. Finally, the prongs of the fork itself are duly cleansed by means of a bit of crust being rubbed into them; and when this has been eaten, by the noble lady or gentleman, as the case may be, the plate thus wiped out, and the knife and fork thus primitively cleaned, are ready for the enjoyment of the next course. Clean plates, indeed, and clean knives and forks with each change of dish, are luxuries which even German princes are yet unacquainted with; so that no matter whether the previous dish partaken of may have been fish, or stew reeking with garlic, or a bird flavoured with junipers, or a bit of "swine's flesh" eaten with putrid cabbage, and the one to come a pudding with sweet sauce, it is all the same to the insensate German palate; for no foregone smack of the onions, or the herrings, or the game, or the "high" greens is dis-

tinguished by them, and the flavour of the "sand-tart"—despite the dirty plate and knife—pronounced to be "extremely delicate" (*sehr delicat*).

After attending parade at Weimar—the capital of the Grand-duchy (where, we assure the reader, there was a greater muster of officers and under-officers than private soldiers, drawn up *one deep*, round three sides of a square in front of the Palace, so as to make the sight of the assembled army appear as formidable as possible) we dined at the *table d'hôte* of the *Erb-Prinz* hotel, with the officer whom we had, but a few moments before, seen at the *head* of the "Handful-battalion" (as the Germans call it) displayed on the occasion. And this gentleman, we noted, in the course of the repast, took up in his hand the bone of the mutton-cutlet to which he had been helped, after having cut the greater part of the meat from it, and proceeded to scrape the few remaining bits from out the crannies of the tiny rib, by means of his knife, which he held as a clasp one, expressly for the occasion; and then kept continually sucking at the bladé, so as to get the scraps from between his thumb and the steel. Nor would we cite this *individual* instance of ill-manners, were it not to convince English ladies and gentlemen that we do not draw our conclusions, as to the indecency of the Germans at table, from any other class than such as are regarded as the *élite* of German society. In the same manner, we have seen ladies of rank, dining at the principal *table d'hôte* at Bad-Liebenstein, raise their plate to their lips, when they had devoured all the "*Braten*"

to which they had been served, and *drink off every drop of the gravy left behind;* so as to save themselves the trouble of mopping up the remains of the sauce with pieces of bread, after the approved *mode* of the country. And yet this offensive act called forth not the least indication of surprise or disgust from the rest of the Germans present at the board.

Now, that this is no overdrawn picture of the manners of German gentry at table, every tourist, and every English family, who has resided for the shortest time in any of the Principalities, will bear us out. In England, a joke used to be prevalent that at the lowest eating-houses, where a good dinner was advertised to be supplied to the costermongers and "roughs" of the British metropolis, at the lowest possible price, that in order to ensure a supply of clean plates at the establishment, "a Newfoundland dog was kept on the premises." In Germany, however, clean plates for each fresh dish are considered superfluous articles of luxury; the ladies and gentlemen, nobles and princes, by means of the bit of crust, before spoken of, supplying the place of the tongue of the canine animal. In fine, so general is the custom among the Germans of regarding a change of plates, or knives and forks during dinner as being in no way necessary, that the waiters at the best hotels tell you they never dream of offering such dainties to any but Englishmen and Frenchmen; and the experienced diner at *tables d'hôte* can immediately pick out the guests who have been accustomed to anything like civilized usages, by the alacrity with

which they refuse to use their knife and fork, or plate a second time. It is astounding, too, to observe how German young ladies, when they come to dine at your house, *will* insist upon withholding their dirty plates from your servant; even though you have taught the serving-maid (at the cost of no end of trouble) that she must change each "*teller*" after every different course.

Of the style of family feeding and the manners at table among the Saxon gentry at home, there is hardly any necessity to speak, since the reader can readily judge how refined these must be after the descriptions above-given. Suffice it to say, that a breakfast, such as we know it in England, is a meal that cannot possibly occur in any household; seeing that none in Eisenach, from the highest to the lowest, ladies and gentlemen, tradesmen and their families—even down to the servants—ever think it necessary either to wash themselves, or brush their hair, or, indeed, to appear in any way but half-dressed for the greater part of the day, after leaving their beds in the morning; one and all remaining in an offensive state of dirt and slovenliness, until either the entire household work is finished, or they have some business to call them out of doors. We have before spoken of the pig-driving in the most fashionable street of the town, and told as to how the attractions "of the fine little sausage" brought all the better-to-do, but unwashed, tradesmen to their doors, in their dressing-gowns and slippers, even a few moments before dinner-time; and now let us add that we have been to an advocate

in the afternoon, and found him in his cobbler-like office, habited in the same universal old greasy and tattered *robe de chambre*, and smoking a long trombone-like pipe, as he scribbled at the little rude toilette-table of a desk before him.

The usual matutinal costume of the young ladies at home, on the other hand, consists of nothing but a petticoat, an old coloured-chintz sleeping-jacket, without even stays or bodice beneath it, and a close-fitting calico nightcap, about as elegant in shape and look as that of a sick boy in a parish infirmary with us; while over their neck is spread any old duster-like rag with which they can cover their shoulders; their feet being thrust into such a pair of burst-out slip-shod shoes, as no decent person in our own country would pick up in the street. Nor must the reader imagine that the above picture of German ladies in their morning attire is in the least over-coloured; or that we paint this universal portrait of the Saxon baronesses and gentlewomen, the young as well as old, as they are to be found at home in the morning—up to noon-day and even later—from the outward appearance of any *one* eccentric individual. On the contrary, we speak merely of what is the *general* custom, even with ladies of title, the wives of judges, and the female members of the families of government officers, and those of the professional gentry. Indeed, a German woman, no matter what her station, regards any old thing she can lay her hands on as fit to wear in the house; and believes that gowns and bodices, not to speak of clean cuffs and collars, are articles utterly

superfluous for her to put on, in the presence of her husband and children! Nor can it be said that the harsh lines of this sketch are due to national prejudice; for it was only some twelve months or so back that there appeared a letter in one of the principal Berlin papers, written by a German, upbraiding his country-women for the shameless and dirty state of their persons in their own houses in the early part of the day; and concluding by contrasting the filthy state of the entire household of a morning in an ordinary Teutonic family, with that of the neat and decent appearance of every member of any respectable Englishman's house, when sitting down to their comfortable morning meal.

Indeed, breakfast, as an Englishman knows it, with a snowy damask-cloth to cover the solid mahogany table, the bright silver urn steaming away over the equally bright silver tea-pot, milk-jug and sugar basin—the simple china cups arranged at one end of the table where the mistress of the house is to preside—the plates, and knives and forks, all tidily set round the other parts of the board—the silver egg-stand and toast-rack, with the dish of broiled ham, or kidneys, or cold chicken, as the case may be, set out in the centre alongside of the glass butter-dish and the crisp crusty cottage-loaf of white bread on its carved platter, the wood of which is as white as new Tunbridge ware—such a sight as this, in the clean, snugly-carpeted, solidly-furnished, cosy parlour, is assuredly never to be observed in any other land than our own. Where else, too, is to be seen the like of

the decent English housewife, as spruce and tidy, and as *carefully* dressed for breakfast, no matter how early the hour, as if she were attired for the grandest party of friends in the evening? for, though she wears her morning-gown instead of her evening one, it differs from her best merely in the material, and is a shade less fashionable in its make; while her hair is as smooth as satin, and as well arranged as you would find it later in the day. With so bright an example, too, is it likely that the daughters and the sons of such a family would venture to appear at the meal in a less trim or orderly condition? while even the waiting-maid herself, who has had to sweep and dust the room before breakfast, has to conform to the general cleanliness; and is never allowed to enter the parlour unless she has tidied herself after the work, and made herself fit to come into an assembly where nothing but comfort, order, and decency are expected to prevail.

Such a meal, such a sight, it must require a hundred years of "progress" before the boorish Saxons can ever be made to understand the social enjoyment of. Think, now, of a German breakfast in Saxony, by way of contrast. The picture we have given of the English repast is that which prevails, not among the titled and wealthier classes, but among the well-to-do members of British middle life. Nor is the sketch that of an unusual feast, but such as occurs every morning in every well-regulated homestead. Well, the usual "early bit," as the first meal is significantly called in Germany, consists, among ordi-

nary middle-class folk, of a tin tray of white breadlets placed in the centre of the table, which is utterly destitute of cloth, and has merely a few coffee-cups arranged anyhow at one corner of the board, while the earthen coffee-pot is put to stand on the stove in a corner of the room. Nor is there so much as a knife or plate; nor, indeed, either a milk-jug or sugar-basin, or even a single chair set to await the coming of the several members of the family, who make their appearance almost in the same state as they spring out of bed, on hearing that the coffee is served. In they come, one by one, shuffling across the bare boards of the wretched room, some a quarter of an hour after the others, according as they have felt more or less hungry, or drowsy, as the case may be; for none is expected to wait for the rest, and each helps himself, or herself, to the contents of the coffee-pot and the bread-tray, just as he or she will. First, comes the grubby old mother, most likely; about as graceful in appearance as an Irish basket-woman at the London green-markets, and certainly not looking half as tidy as an English charwoman; for she has slipped on merely an old dark woollen petticoat and thrown a shawl over her head, and pinned it under her chin. Then, as she stands at one corner of the table, she begins, alone, to partake of the sumptuous fare; for the "black coffee," as it is called, consists of a decoction of the smallest-possible, cheapest-possible, and filthiest-possible Java berries, thickened and blackened with the powder of burnt carrots; and this wash is drunk

neat—without either milk or sugar, we repeat, to palliate it.

We have no particular spite against the reader, but we *do* wish he could only taste a mouthful of this same morning-beverage. Our street "saloupe" is nectar to it, and, we give him our word, a glass of salts-and-senna pleasant tipple to the blacking-like liquid. We never tried it on our boots, but we are satisfied it would polish much *better* than it drinks. Again, it might be good for Japan varnish, and serve to lacquer a London brown-paper tea-tray; and it might make very good Indian-ink in its way; but we pledge our honour that we would as soon think of drinking the secretion of a cuttle-fish, or sipping a cup-full of the unsavoury liquid known at the gas-works as "black jack," as making our breakfast off a mug-full of that dark-coloured slush, called "black coffee" in Germany —which always has seemed to us to be more fitted for tarring a ship's bottom than solacing a human being's stomach.

Well, the elegant old FRAU VON FISH-FAG, or the gracious GRAFIN VON APPLE-WOMAN, pours out a cup of the "black broth," and, as she stands alone at the table, dips her long caterpillar-like breadlet into the mess; and then after having soaked the roll, till it is as soft and brown as a bit of wet ginger-bread, proceeds, in accordance with the most high-and-nobly-born "fashion" of Germany, to suck the end of it as a charity-boy does a lolly-pop; and when she has removed all the black moistened pap from the rest of the long breadlet, she

goes on to soak the sucked end of the roll as before; and so continues, soaking and sucking, till the elegant meal is finished; after which she turns her coffee-cup down in her saucer, as a sign that she is "*sat*," as the ladies here politely phrase it—and then away "the gracious Frau von Fish-fag" shuffles, to tell her daughters once more that the coffee is ready.

In a few minutes afterwards, the proud young ladies themselves make their appearance at the sumptuous board, each in a white calico night-cap, as we have said, and without either a bodice or a gown to cover their bodies. Thus elegantly attired they proceed, while one rubs her unwashed eyes with her unwashed hands, and the other keeps scratching away at her unbrushed hair under her cap, to go through the same refined operation of coffee-drinking, both standing at the table, as their mother had done before them (and, indeed, as our dustmen and cab-men do at the early coffee-stalls in the streets of London), and jerking away, every now and then, at the one old woollen petticoat enveloping their lower limbs, like the sack of a French journeyman-baker, to keep it from falling at their feet. And when the girls have sucked their rolls to the end, the father, maybe, makes his appearance in his dressing-gown and drawers, to go through the same elegant process; the only one, indeed, of the family who appears dressed for the occasion being the son, and he is washed and tidied—not because such silly formality is expected of him at home—but because he has either to go to his *comptoir* or to his military duties, or to

be at the forest-men's school, as the case may be, at such an early hour.

The female fashion of appearing in night-caps till a late hour in the day is not confined merely to ladies at home, but prevails even at the fashionable German baths, where decent women think it by no means unseemly to sit thus slovenly attired, in public, outside the doors of the different hotels they inhabit, and that till within an hour or so of dinner-time.

The 10 o'clock meal, which is equivalent to the English luncheon, or the French *déjeûner à la fourchette*, has no more ceremony about it, and, indeed, no more refinement in the serving of it, than the "early bit;" since in most houses this meal is not served at all, but each member of the family is left to go to the cupboard and cut off a slice of black bread, as thick as an octavo volume, and to smear it with butter, in the same manner as a bricklayer trowels a dab of mortar over a brick. Then, with the slices in their hands, the ladies shuffle about the house, biting out large semicircular pieces as they sweep or dust the rooms, or proceed with the ironing of their skirts for the next grand ball.

For the due enjoyment of the 10 o'clock meal, however, it is generally customary for the master of the house to retire to some tavern in the town, either the "Town-Councillor's Cellar," or the "Rock Cellar," or Heaven knows what other beer-cellar it may be (for there is a beer-house to almost every dozen of the population) in order to wash the bit of

dry black bread and sausage which he takes with him, down with a glass of beer. And there he will sit, at a table, and in a room, not half so tidy as a public-house parlour, and, indeed, not a whit better than a London tap, with his clasp-knife in one hand and the hunk of black rye-bread in the other, amid the reeking tobacco smoke, eating and gossiping away, with the master-tradesmen, or lawyers, or doctors, or government clerks, who have all left their business on the same errand, only an hour or so after the commencement of the day's work. Others, on the contrary, retire to the chandler's shops, where, alone, the *Schnapps*, delighted in by the more fiery-throated citizens, is allowed to be sold; and there, calling for a raw red-herring or raw pickled-cucumber, they proceed either to strip off the skin of the dried fish with their fingers and eat it raw in their hands, or else to bite off bits of the gigantic gherkin as they hold it, like a green sausage, in their fists, while they sip their glass of carraway corn-brandy-wine, and declare that the "smack of the feast is truly delicate."

Among the Eisenach ladies, whenever they have occasion to be away from home at so early an hour as to prevent their taking the 10 o'clock meal at their own house, it is by no means unusual for the sweet creatures to drop in at one of the butchers' shops, and bid the "*Fleischer*" chop up for them a groschen's worth of raw beef or pork (according to taste) with some raw onions which the damsels bring ready with them; and, when this has been done, they cram the lump of hacked meat into their pocket—often

without even a piece of paper to cover it; and, then having provided themselves with a halfpenny roll at the next baker's, proceed, with the meat in one hand, and the bread in the other, to take a bite, first at the chopped flesh and then at the "*Brödchen;*" or else, cutting the "*Semmel*" in twain, and spreading the mince of raw pork and onions between the slices, they munch the two together—laughing at those who shudder at the sight of the brutal meal, and declaring it, with a smack of the lips, to be "*piquē fine.*" * Indeed we have before spoken of finding the Commandant at the Wartburg engaged in a like elegant repast.

We happen to have eaten our food among the blacks of India, and we can conscientiously avow that, even there, we observed greater decency at meals among the lowest of the Calcutta population than we have ever witnessed among the highest gentry in Saxony. But, so that we may do no wrong to the people about whom we are now writing, we will favour the reader with a few extracts from one of the most accredited of German works concerning these same social observances; for it is better in such cases to let the people speak for themselves, and show how utterly ignorant they are concerning those manners, which—small things as they may be in reality to the philosophic eye—are,

* What may be the origin of this German phrase it is difficult to say. There is no such word as *pique* to be found in the *Wörterbuch*. The term would seem to be an ignorant corruption of the English *big*, and hence to signify *fine to a great degree*.

nevertheless, infallible tests as to the advancement of any nation beyond the rudeness of savage life. Thank God! we ourselves have learned, like Franklin, to sit down and bend our head in thankfulness over the poorest possible repast—so long as it be decently and cleanly served—but, as a person reared among the amenities of life, we cannot help having an innate horror of dirt or indecency at table; and though the matter of the toothsomeness of German dishes may resolve itself into a question of ethnological taste, still the mode of eating, in all nations, even down to the most savage, is held to be somewhat of a sacred character; and it is for the utter want of this sense of cleanliness at meals that we have an ineffable loathing for the people among whom we are now living. Not a nation exists, however barbarous, that we are acquainted with, but believes it necessary to wash their hands and face before touching food. But these people, in their own homes, consider it no disgrace to eat, even their mid-day meal, without having cleansed their skin, or combed their hair; and to take up the food in their unwashed hands, and so to carry it to their unwashed mouths, without the grace of either thankfulness or table-cloth, and in many cases without even plates or dishes. But, as we said before, it is better to let Germans themselves speak upon such matters, and thus to allow the civilized world to draw their own conclusions upon the matter, rather than that we, as Englishmen, should sit in judgment upon their shortcomings as regards manners and refinement.

As we have said, hospitality, in Germany is a

virtue comparatively unknown; for in a land where there is scarcely any home comfort, and people consent to live in their houses "unseen of men," but little better than pigs—many of them considering it unnecessary to dress, or even to wash themselves, throughout the day, unless they have occasion to stir abroad—the reader will readily conceive that such things as dinner-parties, and even balls, at home can hardly ever take place. Indeed, during our stay in the country we never heard of one such party being given—the only dances occurring at the club called the "Klemda," and the dinners being confined to an invitation to some *table d'hôte* at one or other of the hotels. In a word, the Germans have, as a rule, but one mode of receiving friends at their houses, and that is at what are called "coffee-drinkings"—entertainments which are usually given at three or four in the afternoon, and to which ladies alone are usually invited. Indeed, so common is the custom of excluding all gentlemen from these assemblies, that an English lady informed us, that when she first went into these societies, she was under the impression that she was associating with a company of widows. The absence of the male sex, however, from such assemblies, the stranger, after a few months' residence in the country, ceases to wonder at; for at the hour at which such parties are usually given, the men are mostly in the taverns drinking their beer and smoking their pipes, and the charms of such enjoyments are, to a true German mind, infinitely preferable to that of female society;

for when we assure the reader that there was but one German in the whole town of Eisenach—and he was a hypochondriac—who did not pass every night of his life away from his family, and amid the tobacco-fumes of some tavern, or petty club, it will not be difficult to understand how little domestic enjoyment is known among such a people. Home, indeed, which is one of the most poetic of words in England, is always spoken of by the tavern-loving Teuton under the literal and prosaic title of "the house"—even as the husband always terms his wife his "woman," and the wife, in her turn, denominates her married partner her "man."

Now, as these *Kaffee-oder-Thee-gesellschaften* (literally, "coffee or tea companies") are peculiar to the country which forms the subject of the present book, we will append a description of the entertainment usual on such occasions, taken from one of the best German authorities on the subject.

The lady (Henrietta Davidis) from whom we quote, after telling us, in the description she gives as to the forms to be observed at different parties, how all-important it is that at wedding feasts and "great tables" (*grossen Tafeln*) a change of plates and knives and forks should accompany each fresh dish, says—

"Bei jedem Gericht werden die Teller und bei feinen Essen auch jedes Mal Gabeln und Messer gewechselt;"

—thus implying that upon ordinary occasions such luxuries are by no means necessary; and that only at "fine eatings" is it essential to pay attention to such

fastidious formalities; after which she proceeds to give us an account of the ceremonies requisite to be observed in connection with the "tea and coffee drinkings" of the country, *e. g.*:—

"The ladies are to be arranged round a table," she says, "over which a napkin (*serviette*) is to be spread. But when the company is numerous, then the younger ladies are to be put into an adjoining room with the door open, and the elder ones seated on a sofa. The tea or coffee is to be made in a side chamber, and when right hot (*recht heiss*) served to the ladies upon a tray with milk, sugar, and a decanter of red wine, or liqueur-bottle full of rum or arrac" !!!—the latter being the German equivalent of the English gin. Then, what the Germans call "bakework," that is to say, biscuits and cakes of various kinds, together with thin slices of black bread-and-butter, are to be handed round in little baskets (*Körbchen*) to the company. The cups are not to be taken round one at a time, nor too soon after the assembling of the company, we are told, but are to be placed together on a tea-tray, and carried to each of the ladies; and when they have all finished, the cups are to be collected and rapidly rinsed (*gespült*)—so that none of the party may have the misfortune of drinking after the other out of an unwashed vessel! Then the cups are to be again filled and handed round with the "bakework" and black bread-and-butter as before. In the same manner, the cups are to be presented a *third* time! and a quarter of an hour afterwards the whole is to be cleared away.

After this the lady of the house, says the authoress, arranges some entertainment for the company, such as cards (which are generally played for *pfennings*, or less than a farthing, stakes) for the elder ladies, or forfeits or charades for the younger ones; and during such games dessert-plates and knives (but no forks!) with a slice of fruit tart in each are to be taken round to the party accompanied by some (*beliebiges Getränk*) favourite drink,—raspberry-lemonade, or sugar-water or fruit-syrup being generally given on such occasions. Then a pause of a quarter of an hour is to ensue, after which a small portion of cream or "greis-meal" (*Angl.*, Embden groats), or starch-pudding, or potatoe-meal jelly, is to be sent round on small plates or saucers, each accompanied with a tea-spoon (because it would be rather difficult to carry such slippery food to the mouth with a knife as before); with this a sauce is to be served, and a basket of macaroons to follow. The plates or saucers are then to be retained by each lady, and, after a quarter of an hour's pause, a second tart is to be presented, together with slices of pears, apples, or oranges, which have been previously peeled and cut up into a bowl—the fruit being handed round to the assembly either by the lady of the house, her daughter, or some young lady officiating on the occasion. Finally, another cream, or some sweet "meal-food" is to be offered to the ladies before separating—*the same dirty plates and spoons being retained to the end of the entertainment!!!*

Then the writer favours us with a description of

the ceremonies to be observed at "gentlemen and ladies' teas"—

"Herren und Damen Thees"

(though such parties as these, we have said before, seldom occur, except upon the occasion of christenings or betrothals)—of which the following is an epitome:—

The ladies, as they arrive, are to be handed to a sofa, or seated in a half-circle round about a small table set in the centre of the room, the gentlemen grouping themselves about the others at pleasure. Then a tray-full of cups of tea, sugar, milk, three kinds of biscuits, slices of black bread-and-butter with red wine, or *the bottles full of neat spirits*, as before, is to be handed first to the elderly ladies on the sofa, then to the younger ones, and, last of all, to the gentlemen. After the tray has been carried round three times (as at the ladies' parties), the cups are to be taken away. Then comes a pause, during which the company play at whatever may be agreeable—cards, or music, according to the taste of the guests. In this interval "*Bischof*," or "*Cardinal*"—the latter being a peculiar kind of German drink made up of wine flavoured with fruit and sweetened with sugar (and not unlike the messes English children are sometimes in the habit of compounding in their wine-glasses during dessert)—is to be offered to the assembly, together with some such fruit tart as the season may afford. Next, small plates or saucers of cold rice-meal pudding and fruit-juice are to be served, with a tea-spoon, to each person. Later in the evening a second

tart, with the aforesaid *Bischof* (*Angl.*, bishop) or "Cardinal," is to be presented. And, finally, after another pause, pieces of "*marinirter herring*" (described hereafter), or raw ham, bread and cheese, cold meat or fish, salad, or raw smoked-salmon, or raw sausages, or smoked meat, or raw-herring salad upon bread and butter, or hard-boiled eggs and parsley, or black bread and radishes, are to be offered to the guests as a crowning relish to the elegant entertainment!!!

Such people as have never had the misfortune to be present at one of these refined entertainments cannot possibly have a notion of the amount of trash and mess which German young ladies can manage to stow away on such occasions; indeed, the capacity of these damsels' stomachs, when eating at another person's expense, always impresses you with the idea of their being utterly underfed at home; and we have seen the girls nudge one another as the Lord Chamberlain's daughters helped themselves to a fourth or a fifth slice of cake or tart, and heard them whisper, "Well, you know the poor things have only two portions at dinner among six." In a word, every stranger who visits the town tells you that he never, in all his experience, beheld such a gaunt, squalid, underfed race as are the Saxons of the present day; for you have but to look in their lantern-jaws to understand that not one in a hundred of them has a bellyful of substantial food in the course of a twelvemonth.

Germans delight, in their jealousy, to make sport over the number of beggars that are to be met with

in the British dominions; but we can tell them (and we happen to know *some* little about the mendicants of London), that an English beggar, living in his "padding-ken," and faring upon the broken victuals which he collects from house to house, is better bedded and better fed than even some of the best German mechanics or gentry—a matter which the English reader may perhaps understand when we assure him that even the cleverest working cabinet-maker in Eisenach gets for his work but 3*s.* a-week, over and above his keep (of the coarsest possible kind); and that he is allowed one farthing for his breakfast if directed to take such a meal out of doors.

When we were a young midshipman in Calcutta, we had four black men to carry us about in our palanquin, to each of whom we paid a couple of shillings a month, and they "found themselves." To English ears the statement sounds like fiction, but in Germany it creates no wonderment, because every woman who is in the habit of acting in the capacity of "*Aufwärterin*," or attendant, upon families who keep no servants at home, is accustomed to receive no more than 2*s.* a month; out of which she is expected to pay for her own living and lodging. Indeed, one of this class whom we knew—and there was not a better-conducted girl in the entire city—complained to us bitterly that the town authorities had taxed her *entire* earnings (for she was in the habit of knitting in her overtime), at 20 dollars, or 3*l.* English, per annum; and out of this pittance she was expected to hand over 2*s.* as toll to the

State—for even the smallest incomes have to pay duty—and to keep an aged mother into the bargain.

In fine, as we have said, you have but to look in the countenances of these potato-fed and half-clad German folk to know what long strides the race has yet to take, in order to keep pace with the rest of civilized Europe; and yet, like half-starved people, they are always eating—eating trash that yields no satisfaction to the stomach, and which, consequently, sets it craving an hour or two after the miserable, windy food has been crammed into it.

At the theatre the curtain has barely fallen upon the first act of the play before the whole of the audience are engaged in munching something or other. Only a night or two ago we were present at the performance of the *Fortune-Teller of Geneva*, and, before half-an-hour had elapsed, we noticed the daughter of the Judge of the Assizes chewing her bread and sausage, in the most unabashed manner, in the dress-circle; while the wife of a captain in the infantry (Saxe-Weimar has no cavalry, as we have before explained) was cracking her cold, hard-boiled eggs, and washing them down with a penny glass of beer, as if neither of them had dined heartily for the week past. Indeed, this is the invariable custom of the ladies of Eisenach, as it is with the London cook-maids in the gallery of the Victoria. They one and all have some primitive notion that unless the stomach be kept filled to the gorge it is impossible to sympathize with the distresses of the heroine of the drama before them; and, accordingly, like Miss

Kelly, in her celebrated personation of the sentimental scullery-wench, they snivel and they munch as if, without eating, it was impossible for them to squeeze a tear out of their eyes.

Nor is this continual eating confined only to the ladies and gentry of the Thuringian capital. When we were first resident in the town, we lived in a *Garten-haus* (a villa in the outskirts); and we had, at the end of our term, to put up with the annoyance of a new house being built next to our own. However, as the work progressed, it afforded us so many opportunities of studying the character of this half-barbarian tribe, that we got to be at last reconciled to the inconveniences to which we were at first subjected. To see the wretched soup-and-potato-fed labourers ladling the earth out of the foundation—literally by tea-spoonsful (for a German spade has a handle some two yards long, and the blade is hardly bigger than the bowl of the spoon which *we* use for the serving of salt); and after they had been engaged for one hour at this light occupation, to witness the poor exhausted creatures sit down on the garden banks, and strive to renew their worn-out natures with *Schnapps*, and black bread, and fat, was a scene as new as it must have been curious to any one who had lived among the well-fed work-people of the earth. At six in the morning, the labourers were in the habit of assembling; at eight, they "knocked off" work for breakfast, which consisted of a drink of burnt-carrot coffee, without milk or sugar, and a bite or two of equally black bread; at ten, they stopped for

half-an-hour, during which they ate and slept; then they worked on again till twelve, after which they ate and slept for an hour again. Then they worked on again till three o'clock, when there was another pause and sleep until nearly four; and at six, the entire labour was at an end. There is a notion abroad that one Englishman is equal, any day, to master three Frenchmen; and the history of railway cuttings has shown that in order to make foreign labourers as powerful as British navigators, they must be as well fed; for we happen to know that when the Rhenish Railway was in the course of construction, it was found that if the work-people of the country were kept upon the same substantial food as the English earth-workers were in the habit of taking, they could be made capable of performing very nearly the same feats. And when we saw the wretched squad of German excavators doing their work at *Liebetrau's Garten-haus*, and removing the earth by tea-spoonsful, and taking nothing but thin soup or coffee and black bread to sustain them at their labour, we longed to be able to introduce some half-dozen English navvies into the country; and to let the poor, benighted, underfed people see what effect good living would have in quickening and strengthening the muscles of the working population in Saxony,

There is but one explanation for that utter want of muscular power, and manly energy, as well as bold enterprise, which is the peculiar characteristic of the entire Saxon and Rhenish people. Enlightened Ger-

mans tell you very candidly, that Englishmen are ever foremost in all matters of progress; and when you ask them *why* it should be so, they shrug their shoulders in want of an answer to the question. Now, there is no doubt that these Saxon people—of whose failings and shortcomings we are now writing—belong to the same race as that free and hardy tribe which philosophers acknowledge to have constituted the "backbone" of the English nation. We, however, see in the intermixture of other races, with our own, that Englishmen, regarded even from an ethnological point of view, belong to no *one* class of people, but are made up of all the picked tribes of the world. Sages, who worry their brains about such matters, are in the habit of forgetting the influence of the ancient poetic British stock, and the after-fusion of the Welsh tribe with the old Romans who invaded our land. Then, to add new vigour to the stem, the Saxons came among us, with their noble free institutions, to engraft upon the country that love of liberty and justice which England has never forgotten. Centuries afterwards, the early Scandinavians overran the country, and infused into our people that spirit of maritime adventure and enterprise which is still one of the types of the race. And, finally, the chivalrous Normans landed among us—a race from which the finest of the present English aristocracy are proud to date their extraction—and from which it is impossible to say how much of the modern English character is due to that

romantic element which William of Normandy, and his followers, gave to the people of England, in the days of yore.

Despite all this commingling of other blood, there is not the least doubt of the influence of the early Saxons upon the destinies of the British Empire. To this day we, as Englishmen, delight to date some of our grandest laws as far back as the time of Alfred the Great; and who can say how much of the respect that the old Saxon tribe had for women has influenced Englishmen in that jealous regard and honour of the female sex, which, to this day, remains the distinctive character of our own country? On the Continent, our people still wonder and shudder to see the weaker portion of humankind condemned to offices of the most servile character; while lazy hulking types of so-called rational and feeling animals stand gaping by, the wives and daughters being left to carry loads which the Almighty has better fitted mankind to bear. In Saxony, too (and this is the great wonder with English scholars, who know the antecedents of the once noble and kindly tribe), women are degraded to the level of cattle; so that Saxons, who think it such a disgrace to carry a basket on their back, that it has come to be a proverb, that the greatest possible insult which a woman can inflict upon a man, is to "give him the *corb*," do not hesitate to allow their partners to bear burdens that they almost sink under, while they, the stronger and lazier animals, smoke their pipe empty-handed by their side.

Further, Englishmen would hardly believe it pos-

sible that when we first came to live in Eisenach, a law still existed that any woman found guilty of a misdemeanor, could be condemned to put on linen drawers, and be beaten over her body by the police officers with a stick as thick as a man's little finger; and we were assured that this barbarous practice was repeatedly resorted to. True, within the last twelve-months the brutal law has been repealed; still, the mere fact of its existence in a so-called civilized nation, down to the middle of the nineteenth century, shows how little advanced the modern Saxon people are in refinement beyond the savage hordes of Russia. Even to this day, too, you will hear Germans, who pretend to rank as gentlemen and citizens, avow in public company, without the least tinge of shame upon their cheeks, that they are in the habit of dealing out to their wives, whenever they may happen to offend them, a *tüchtige Maul-schelle* (literally, "a heavy ringing blow on the mouth"). Nor is there any law in the country which makes the beating of a wife by a husband a punishable offence; and when we have told the poor ill-treated bond-slaves of women, that in England the penalty for such brutality is six months' imprisonment with hard labour, the answer of the wretched patient creatures was "*Lieber gar!*—a woman might be beaten here until she had no eyes left in her head, before anyone would think of interfering for *her* protection."

However, putting aside the ethnological causes as to the difference between different races, we revert to the reason why the present Saxon tribe so utterly

differs from our own, in the matter of energy and enterprise, as well as in a sense of respect for the weaker portion of humanity.

We repeat that the only key to the mystery lies not only in the diverse social institutions of the two nations, but in the more important fact that the greater part of the Germans are unacquainted with anything like the graces and pleasures of home-life—passing almost the whole of their leisure time in public-houses and "beer-gardens," not only at night, but during a considerable part of the day also; and thus consuming so large a portion of their income in drinking and smoking, that barely the half of their earnings is left for the proper housing and feeding of their family. The consequence is, that the very coarsest and least nutritive of food has to be partaken of by the wife and children, so that the head of the household may sot and puff away the means which should be devoted to the due strengthening and comforting of the little community at home. Every one knows the squalor and misery of a drunkard's family in England; it is proverbial how the offspring of a man who spends the greater portion of his time in the public-house are generally half-starved; and what wretched, weakly, and ignoble members of society, in most cases, the children ultimately become, as well as how the home is stripped as bare of every article of comfort by sotting parents as the "casual ward" at a workhouse.

The destitution of such an English drunkard's home will give the English reader some notion of the

interior of the majority of German houses—houses that, even when occupied by people who rank as gentlefolks, are as utterly destitute of comfort as an Irish lodging-house in St. Giles'—where bare boards and sanded floors invariably prevail—where the meals are served without a table-cloth, and the beds are of straw, without a sheet or blanket, and with merely a coloured squab to cover the body at night—where the furniture is almost as scanty and trumpery as that to be found in the attic of a wretched London sempstress, "who has seen better days"—with none but the rudest and commonest earthenware vessels—bed-chambers no bigger than cupboards—coffee served in earthenware mugs—food eaten with clasp-knives—potatoes thrown in a heap on the bare table for dinner, or else dished in an earthen wash-bowl—not so much as a salt-spoon or a pair of sugar-tongs known even in the houses of the richest, the lumps of sugar being invariably dragged out with the fingers, and the salt and pepper taken up with the point of the dirty knife, which has generally been sucked several times previously in the mouth—hardly a candlestick to be seen in the city (except on the beer-house tables), it being the custom for servants of an evening to sit by the light of an open oil-lamp, made of tin, with a few threads of a wick, giving no brighter flame than a rushlight, while the members of the family are gathered round a little naphtha burner, about as brilliant and elegant as that used for the illumination of the interior of an omnibus—never a light to be seen on the stairs after dark—nor a

scraper at the door—nor even so much as a piece of oil-cloth in the passage—nor a water-closet to be found even in the best hotels, or, indeed, at any of the palaces throughout the country. And when we add that even shirts are luxuries which are hardly ever indulged in by the gentry—a "dickey" and false wristbands being the only articles of clean linen common among the citizens, and these being put on merely for out-of-door display, and taken off immediately on returning to the house, the under-garment consisting either of a coarse sack-cloth-like night-shirt, which is changed but once a month, or else of a flannel jacket—worn for Heaven knows how long!

In fine, we doubt whether the home of the most inveterate of English drinkers can exhibit the same wretchedness and utter want of decency and cosiness, as the houses of even the better-to-do of the Eisenach burghers! And we are certain that the majority of English journeymen carpenters, tailors, plasterers, and working-smiths, of sober and industrious habits, have lodgings which are far more comfortably arranged, and better furnished and stocked with cooking utensils, glass, and finer linen, than the best-to-do people in the Thuringian capital.

The English reader, we are fully aware, will be hardly able to credit the above statement, so little is really known of the household economy of the people of the German fatherland. But it will be shown hereafter, by extracts from official documents and figures collected from the best authorities in the town, not only how small are the incomes of the foremost

people in Eisenach, but also how large a proportion of these small incomes are expended in beer and tobacco alone; and then the critic may judge what a mere pittance must be left for the housing and feeding of the family at home.

CHAPTER II.

A BALL AT THE KLEMDA.

THE main distinction in the regulation of German and English families is the utter subserviency of the mother to the grown daughters in every Teutonic household. The father of the family seems generally to maintain his supremacy; unless, indeed, he shares his property among his children before his death (as is often the case in Saxony), binding his children over to pay him a certain yearly sum for his maintenance. This peculiar custom is allowed by law, and in some cases we believe it is found to work well; but in many others, we have been informed, it gives rise to brutal ill-treatment on the part of the children to the aged parent; for the sons get to regard the old man in the light merely of an incubus upon their means, and not only to look forward with anxiety for his death, but to begrudge him almost every mouthful he eats.

Nevertheless, it forms no part of our present purpose to discuss here the working of such an arrangement between aged parents and their grown children;

for now our object is merely to show how every German mother, immediately after the confirmation of her daughters, sinks into nothing better than a serving-woman attendant upon them. At that period of life the young ladies, though only just turned fifteen, are considered fit to "go out" into society; and accordingly commence frequenting every public ball, visiting the beer-gardens in the afternoon twice or thrice every week, and, indeed, joining in every form of amusement peculiar to the ladies of the Thuringian capital. In even the best of German families, it is the rule to keep but one servant, whilst many of the gentlefolks employ only an *Aufwärterin*, or charwoman, to come in once or twice during the day, and do the more menial offices of the household. The consequence is, that a considerable proportion of the hard work of the house is left to the mother to execute; for she prefers taking such drudgeries upon herself, rather than that the *vornehme*, or distinguished, young ladies, should soil their skin, or redden their hands by such homely duties. Accordingly, if you happen to call at the house of any of the middle, or even higher class, families in the city, you are almost sure to find the mother in the act of scrubbing the sitting-rooms, or else cleaning the saucepans; and in such a state of rags and dirt that she is utterly indistinguishable from the charwoman whom she is helping in the same occupation; while the young ladies are engaged in attiring themselves in no end of trumpery finery to be off to the "*Fantasie*," or the "*Hohe Sonne*,"

maybe, to drink their coffee and beer amidst the *élite* of the town.

Nor would we be the person to rail against so primitive a state of social life, were the tasks indulged in from any high sense of domestic duty on the part of the mother; the fact being that the lady of every German house sinks into a mere servant-of-all-work solely to enable her daughters to appear more showy away from home, and in the hope of their catching a "man," and getting off her hands sooner than usual. Nay, more: not only does the mother, for this reason, cheerfully consent to become the scullery-wench of the establishment, but she is willing to dress like one also; for really an English cook-maid or house-maid is both tidier and cleaner during the work of the house than a German gentlewoman appears while occupied in the same offices. But the said English cook-maids or house-maids are a hundred-fold more neat and a thousand-fold less dowdy in their attire than the generality of German mothers when out for a holiday; indeed, we hardly ever saw the lady of a house in Eisenach, either at home or at a public ball, or while out walking, "dressed in all her best," who did not remind us forcibly of a charwoman in our own country, seen under the same conditions. Nor can we give the male reader a better notion as to the distinction in attire between a German Frau and Fraulein when dressed for any grand occasion than by assuring him that the young ladies themselves are as showy as those seen walking

in couples in the Haymarket, and the mother about as elegant as the old hag that is generally to be found at the heels of such flaunty damsels in the night-time.

Moreover, in every country, of late years, the extravagance of woman's attire has increased to a frightful extent, so that simple-minded old-fashioned folk lament the times when their great-grandmother's brocade-silk dress was wont to descend as an heir-loom, generation after generation, through the female members of the same family. For in the olden times it was the fashion for ladies, even of quality, to have but one or two fine dresses; but then they were really sterling articles, and such as not even the richest could afford to lay aside year after year—the brocades, "lute-strings," and velvets of former years being rich enough for the skirts to stand up by themselves, and utterly different kinds of manufacture from the thin flimsy silks, stiffened with soap, and the sham velvets, made up with cotton backs, of the present day. In the primitive town of St. Peter's, which is the capital of Guernsey, one of the first ladies there showed us such an ancient dress that had been in her family for three or four generations, and which she was proud to wear still at the state balls given by the Governor and Bailiff of the island. In these trumpery "Brummagem" days, however, when almost every form of life has passed into outside show and falsity, and "organzine" silks and "Manchester" velvets can be had almost as cheap as the cotton prints of former times, such a rage has sprung up

for having a multiplicity of new dresses, that the ladies in every nation have got to think it a disgrace to them to be seen outside their doors in the same attire on two different occasions; and the consequence is, that in order to enable would-be fashionable women to conform to such silly notions, cheaper, and flimsier, and more tricky fabrics have to be invented and manufactured each fresh season—so that ladies of limited means may appear to compete with the extravagance of the more affluent. It is said that the Empress Eugenie, to whom Europe is indebted chiefly for the setting of the silly, if not wicked, fashion in this respect, spends as much money upon dress in one week as the decent little Lady, whom we are lucky enough to have on our own throne, does in an entire twelvemonth; and even in our own country, the mania for external display has so permeated through every class of female society, and the supply of trashy finery kept pace so thoroughly with the demand for it, that ladies with us are continually complaining of their maid-servants' ambition to appear in the same paltry silks and satins, sham laces, and Persian silk parasols, as themselves.

If such be the state of things in our own land, where almost every class receives as many pounds as the Germans do thalers in the course of the year, the reader may be able to form some slight notion as to the trumpery finery with which the young ladies are in the habit of clothing their backs in a country like Saxony, where the means are so small, and the money wasted in amusements forms so large

a proportion of the petty annual gains. We do not exaggerate in the least, when we say that the "lady" among our chimney-sweepers on a May-day is not a whit less showy in her costume, and that the flashy frippery she carries on her back is worth about the same amount of money as the most expensive ball-dresses worn by the dowdy young "pinks of fashion" at the Klemda. Indeed, this love of appearing in a new costume at each of the fortnightly balls held at the principal club in Eisenach throughout the winter, has grown to such a rage in the Thuringian capital that we never saw other than the poorest and most tawdry articles in any of the shops; and we doubt whether an evening dress which cost more than two or three dollars at the utmost (six to nine shillings English), could possibly have found a purchaser in the entire beggarly community.

But the reader must not imagine that we are here railing at the people solely on account of their poverty, and their consequent inability to wear more expensive articles. We despise them rather for their love of adorning their backs in an infinity of flaunty, tricky trash, instead of delighting to appear in one really good and sterling dress on each festive occasion. It is the falsity, meanness, and the would-be grandeur, that offends our taste; and as we loathe the swell-mobs-man bedizened with pinch-beck for jewellery, so that he may pass as some rich fool of a dandy—as we laugh at chimney-sweepers tricked out in dresses covered with bits of paper tinsel, in their absurd endeavour to appear as lords and ladies for one day in

the year—so do we contemn and smile in very pity at these same squalid Germans, got up in their thin bright-coloured rags—their sham ostrich feathers, made out of unravelled and curled muslin—their mock gold and silver lace trimmings, hired at a penny the yard—their showy half-cotton ribbons—their black cotton-velvet sailors' hats—their dyed cat-skin furs—their sham laces, and indeed, their twopenny-halfpenny tricks of every kind. Nor are we speaking here of any rare exceptional meanness that is to be found among particular individuals, but of such petty practices as prevail among the whole of the female members of this same paltry pretentious society.

In most nations, now-a-days, the struggle is how to swell 200*l.* a-year into the seeming grandeur of 2000*l.* In Germany, however, where all are striving how to make a groschen do duty for a *louis d'or*, this end is attained merely by the ladies living at home like kitchen wenches, and consenting to eat food hardly better than that we give to our pigs and cattle; while the domestic squalor is cheerfully submitted to, so that the daughters may appear, when away from their homes, dressed in a few showy and staring flimsy robes.

Nor is the list of evils attendant upon such a state of society yet ended. If the mother be left to do the greater portion of the housework, while the girls are flaunting abroad, it follows, as a matter of course, that as the father is either supposed to be attending to his professional duties in the evening (or more likely, drinking and gambling in the beer-house),

that the daughters must be left to wander about from place to place utterly unprotected, and allowed to meet and talk with gentlemen at the beer-gardens, just as they please.

Now, in the town of Eisenach, there is a celebrated school, or university, for the training of "forest-men," whose duties in after-life are to consist of the superintendence of the plantation and thinning of the forest lands, from which the German nation still derives by far the greater proportion of its fuel. These students are called "forest practitioners," and generally consist of the sons of petty German barons, or of others, more or less, well-to-do in the nation. They are mostly young men from eighteen to thirty years of age, and there are some sixty or seventy of them altogether located in the town during the University terms.

These forest-men are the plague of the Eisenach girls' lives, for as many of them are nobles, and almost all are of a marriageable age, such young ladies as are over-anxious to procure a partner, whose rank in life may be a shade better than their own, think it, by no means, unfeminine to *faire la cour* after the students, and to sit drinking with them in the beer-gardens and the shooting-booths till late at night.

"Aye," said an Eisenacher to us, "half the old spinsters in the town are due to those 'Forst-Practikants,' for the fellows come here and circulate stories as to how rich they are, and the girls, silly fools, who believe all they hear, run after them, as though they

were mad. The students promise them marriage, of course; and, when they have finished their studies in the town, go back home, vowing eternal constancy —and never trouble their heads about the damsels again. The consequence is, that the citizens, when they know that a girl has once been in the habit of consorting with the forest-men, turn their back upon her, and she is therefore left to trick and entrap some other student; so that she, at last, comes to be *privately* betrothed every three years to another gentleman, as fast as fresh relays of young men resort to the college, until she ends by being too old to get a husband at all."

Such we knew ourselves to be the fate of some dozen or two of the more scheming *fraulein*s in the town. There were the Shabbymantle girls, for instance, who were the daughters of a person holding one of those minor official situations which are hardly recognized as being compatible with a gentleman, and yet which is supposed by the holder of it to have sufficient dignity connected with it to make him look down upon mere citizenship. These girls were the talk of the town. All their friends shrugged their shoulders, and said it was a pity that their father and mother allowed them to be out day after day alone with the forest-students—to go into the woods with them without anybody to protect them, and to sit late in the evening with them in the taverns. There was, however, this excuse for the poor girls. The father was disliked by the citizens for the stinginess, as well as the moroseness, of his

character. As, therefore, there was but little chance of their marrying among any of the more respectable of the Eisenach burgers, one could, at least, understand, if not excuse, the reason why they should endeavour to thrust themselves upon every strange gentleman who should happen to visit the place. The conduct of the Shabbymantle girls, however, was but that of some score of others, equally scheming, and equally poor and pretentious; and the fate of such damsels with the forest-men, was usually the fate of those a grade or two below them, who were in the habit of consorting with the soldiers garrisoned in the city.

In England, no decent girl is allowed, as a rule, to go abroad without some male, or grown female protector—parents admitting that the errors of young women are mostly due to the want of proper supervision and care on the part of the father and mother at home. In our own father's family such was the principle maintained; and, so far as our experience goes, we never knew the daughters of any respectable person who were allowed to walk the streets alone, or, indeed, to be in the company of any gentleman, without some protector being by their side. It is this wise principle of paternal superintendence which makes the daughters of the middle-class people of England take rank as the most modest and virtuous of young women on the face of the globe.

In Germany, however, no such care is devoted to the young female members of the family. The father, we repeat, is mostly out drinking and gambling at the beer-house, and the mother is helping the char-

woman scrub the floors, or do the ordinary work of the house at home, while the daughters are away flaunting (without even a brother at their side), and taking their coffee at the "*Fantasie*" or the "*Hohe Sonne*," amid a crowd of these same uproarious students. We ourselves have seen the Shabbymantle girls, and other bold, scheming young women, drinking coffee and lemonade till late at night, in company with a gang of such college boys; and noticed their old father, when he had had enough of the amusement, retire from the scene, leaving his daughters there to carouse till long after dark, with a table full of young men, to everyone of whom he was an entire stranger.

Now, we do not cite the case of the Shabbymantles as being in any way peculiar. True, they were perhaps more bold and forward, and a shade less like German ladies than the other young women who were in the habit of running after the students; but they belonged to that same vulgar, scheming, pretentious, shabby-genteel class of damsels, who are always struggling and striving to unite themselves with some person a grade or two above their own rank. They appertained, indeed, to that paltry, stuck-up race—that mongrel "genteel" tribe, who consider themselves too grand to associate with what they call common people, and who are, nevertheless, themselves, of too mean a stamp to be allowed to fraternize with gentlefolks. Hence, they must needs have resort to all kinds of tricks and schemes to push themselves into that society to which they are

for ever aspiring, and yet in which, owing to their rude, unrefined manners, they can only be tolerated, but never welcome. Thus, the life of the Shabby-mantles in Germany is the life of silly "stuck-up" scheming people all over the world—laughed at by the citizen class of which they form part, because they consider it beneath them to associate with their fellows, and yet despised by the gentlefolks into whose society they are for ever obtruding themselves; and consequently left to go through life like outcasts—the parents without any real friends, and the daughters tricked by the very gentlemen whom they were intent upon entrapping into marriage.

With this introduction to the different young ladies of Eisenach, we will now conduct the reader to a ball at the "Klemda"—the most fashionable entertainment in the town; so that he may have an insight into the manners and customs of the gentlefolks there assembled, and thus be able to see how far they differ from our own.

Such balls, we have before said, occur at least once a month throughout the entire year—the expenses being included in the three-and-sixpenny quarterly subscription. Nor are such expenses heavy, for as everybody has to pay for his own supper—if he sup at all—the actual cost of the amusement to the society is limited to the charges of lighting and music; a few pounds of stearine candles are sufficient for the former, whilst, when we tell the reader that each of the sixteen musicians employed on the occa-

sion receives but twelve groschens (1*s.* 2*d.*), for playing there from seven in the evening until one, and often two, in the morning, he himself will be able to estimate the outlay necessary for the costly banquet.*

On the day of the appointed ball, the young ladies who intend to be present remain at home, dressed in the same elegant and tidy costume as we have before described to be customary in every German household at breakfast time. Indeed, as they rise from their beds, so do they continue till the hour comes for dressing—their face and hands being unwashed, and their hair uncombed for the whole of that time, their dinners eaten in their night-caps, and with merely a woollen petticoat and a chintz sleeping jacket to cover their bodies. The morning is occupied by the young ladies, thus scantily attired, in the ironing of their ball-skirts and stiffly-starched petticoats; while the afternoon is given up to the refurbishing of some old second-hand wreath, so as to make it pass for a new one, or else in re-trimming the ball-dress, in which they have formerly appeared, with some newly-dyed ribbon, so as to make it appear as if they were able to afford a fresh costume upon each occasion.

A gentleman is hardly expected to know, or even

* As an example of the average remuneration paid to musicians in Saxony, we may mention the fact that the band at the Eisenach Theatre consisted of twenty performers, and these were paid collectively the munificent sum of 3 thalers, or 9*s*, the night, which, of course, is at the rate of 4½ groschens, or 5½*d.* per man.

to observe the petty tricks as regards dress, which are occasionally resorted to among the upstart portion of the female sex; but the father of a family cannot help hearing of such paltry artifices, and the writer can only say that never till he lived in Germany did he believe it possible for such mean shifts and evasions to be practised by the shabby-genteel members of society, as generally prevail among the showy young girls of that beggarly land.

Towards the evening, on these ball days, it is customary to see the washerwomen carrying home, on the top of a pole, some huge stiff-starched petticoat, or skirt, which, when distended to its full dimensions, has all the appearance of a monster fire balloon, made out of tissue-paper. These are for the grander young ladies, who do not themselves do the washing and ironing at home. As the evening draws in, the young ladies begin to lay aside their nightcaps, and wash themselves, for the first time that day. Then the hair is soaked in fat, so as to make it appear as glossy and tidy as if it had been brushed—for hairbrushes, so far as we could learn, were luxuries utterly unknown in the land; so that, indeed, when any young lady had occasion to scratch her head in company (a practice by no means unusual with German gentlewomen), one could not help seeing the scurf, thus raised, clinging to the pomatum as thickly as if the tresses had been sprinkled with bran. The *common* custom, with even the most fashionable young women of Eisenach, is to carry a dirty small-tooth comb in their pockets, and whenever their hair becomes in any way

rough while out in society, to drag forth the elegant article, and to pass it over their locks before your face; after which, they invariably disgust every English person by running the tip of their finger nails along the teeth, and so cleanse it of the dirt which it has accumulated.

Again, we must remind the reader that we speak of no exceptional indecency, for we know, from our own daughter, that the young ladies of Eisenach were astonished that she used no grease to give her hair the gloss of cleanliness; nor could they believe that by mere brushing a young woman's tresses could possibly be kept so silky and so neat. Moreover, to show how universal is the custom of performing the acts of the toilette *in public*, even in what is called the best society, we may cite the fact that every officer and gentleman before sitting down to a *table d'hôte* thinks it by no means an offence to persons of refinement, to drag a filthy little brush from his pocket, and to arrange his hair almost over the very table at which you are eating; while in the intervals, between the dances at every ball, you will see these same military gentlefolk scrubbing away with something like a nail-brush at their head and moustachios; and the young ladies as diligently occupied with their filthy small-tooth combs, separating the tresses that in the heat of the dance have become matted with the grease with which they are saturated.

When the young lady's toilette is finished, and the

crowning touch of elegance is given by dusting some powder of ordinary washing-starch over the face, neck, and arms, then a handkerchief is covered with the same choice powder, so that the sweet creature may be able to flour herself as white as a plaster cast several times in the course of the evening.

At the conclusion of the above elegant operations (and the cunning reader will detect how much the writer is indebted for the observations of English ladies upon the matter), the mother proceeds to pack a small berlin-wool-work carpet-bag full of such articles as she believes her daughters may stand in need of during the dances. The articles thus stowed away generally consist of some three or four pocket-handkerchiefs, as many small-tooth combs as there are girls, relays of gloves, a small stock of peppermint drops or lozenges, a packet of pins, and some two or three needles and thread—the uses of these several articles will be seen hereafter.

At the hour of seven (or a little before) the mother and the daughters proceed to walk through the streets, all with bare heads, and muffled up in dirty old shawls, (there was but one opera cloak in the whole town), and with the servant carrying a lantern before them; for, owing to the deficient lighting and paving of the city, it is impossible for the visitors to the ball to avoid the puddles which lie in the road without some such appliance. The serving-maid is also provided with a basket, in which she carries an old pair of boots for the young ladies to put on when returning home;

though, why such economy should be necessary we could never understand, seeing that each of the girls was in the habit of dancing in black boots, or else in servant-like black-stuff shoes and sandals.

Upon arriving at the club-house, the party make their way to the *garde-robe*, as it is called, and proceed to shake out their dresses, &c., in the presence of any gentlemen who may happen to be there, previous to their entering the ball-room. Indeed, it is impossible for an Englishman to give his own country-people a notion of the utter indelicacy of this arrangement in Germany; for we ourselves have seen German ladies sit unabashed as they laced their boots, with their foot over one knee, before our very eyes—and it should be remembered that German men have not the same sense of respect for females as English folk. We have heard, too, at this same *garde-robe* of the most fashionable place of resort in Eisenach, coarse remarks from the "gentlemen," who happened to be present while some lady was arranging her dress, that have made our ears tingle for very shame that a woman could be subjected to such indecent insults. Moreover, every man of the world knows that, at such times, secret offices have to be performed, and yet at this same fashionable club of Eisenach there were no means taken to prevent the commingling of the sexes. In fine, it is utterly impossible for an English gentleman to express in print the bestiality (there is no other word for it) that prevailed on such occasions; or to give English women a notion of the utter in-

delicacy of their own sex, but a few miles removed from them on the other side of the Channel; as well as of the gross want of chivalry on the part of the men who can make a joke and a sport out of those private functions in which the commonest person in our land would blush to the roots of his hair to detect a woman.

The Klemda Club-house itself is a tumble-down, rotten old building, not unlike the deserted giraffe-house on the road to Turnham Green. The ball-room is about the size of an ordinary county-court, and certainly not as large as the general run of riding-schools —the only furniture being a few red-calico curtains before the windows, as well as a few chairs and benches about as elegant as those at our Highbury Barn. At one end is a small gallery for the musicians, and at the other a larger one, where the servants of the families present are allowed to wait, and to witness the dancing until they are wanted. Beneath the one gallery is the card-room, and under the other the supper and wine-room; while beyond the latter is the beer and smoking-hall for the accommodation of those chandlers and shop-boys present at the ball, who prefer to indulge in the luxuries of sausages, small beer, and tobacco! The attendant at the cloak-room is allowed the privilege of selling for a penny apiece small strips of paper, on which the order of the dances for the evening is inscribed. Many of the more penurious of the young ladies, however, are in the habit of tricking the attendant of the dues by writing down

beforehand the titles of such dances as they know to be usual on those occasions, and affixing the numbers indicative of the order for the evening, by copying them from some one of the lists that have been purchased by their friends. It is customary with the young ladies who are anxious to be engaged for every dance throughout the night to go as early as possible, and many are there at least an hour before the appointed time; so that they may have their lists filled up with partners before the greater portion of the company arrive—it being the custom of the gentlemen who request the honour of the young lady's hand for such and such a dance to inscribe their names on the programme she has ready with her, and many of the tom-fools of *vons* thinking it necessary to write their names down with the whole acre of petty titles belonging to them, till the *Tanz Ordnung* often runs as follows :—

1. Polonnaise.—Hugo Baron von Stinging-Nettle-leaves.
2. Polka.—Rudolph Freiherr von-und-zu Kuhaus.
3. Tyrolienne.—Herr Regiments-Artz Freveler.
4. Française.—Herr Laden-deiner bei Eischels Farbenfabrik Klöse.

and so forth.

Upon grand occasions, such as the anniversary of the founding of the Club, and during the Christmas and Easter holidays, the ball is usually commenced by dancing the "Polonnaise" as it is called, and in this almost every person present takes part. The ladies and gentlemen at first walk round the room hand in hand in procession, forming one long line of couples,

and moving along as stiff and stately as was the custom in the days of the old *Minuet de la Cour*. When the tour of the room has been thus made, some two or three times, to the air of our "God save the Queen," (which the Germans have appropriated to themselves under the title "*Heil dir des Sieges Kranz,*") the ladies and gentlemen, following the course indicated by the first couple, separate—the ladies filing off in one direction, the gentlemen in another. Then they proceed to describe all manner of curious devices and pretty figures—the long line of the procession, as they walk slowly along, now seeming to undulate like a moving snake, and now to form some ingeniously-arranged maze; until, after some quarter of an hour or twenty minutes of continually-changing figures, the measured strains of the music suddenly cease, and some lively polka is substituted; whereupon the several couples set off jigging round the room as a sign that the evening's festivities have commenced. On the occasion of the Schiller Feast in Eisenach, some three years ago, this same "Polonnaise" was danced on the Market Place—almost the whole of the citizens taking part in the ceremony; upon which occasion the letters of the Poet's name were formed by the long line of persons, in the course of the figures.

The dances which usually succeed the Polonnaise at the Klemda ball are polkas, waltzes, Tyroliennes, and galoppes—the Mazourka and Schottise being seldom danced in Eisenach. The old English quadrille, however, is danced some two or three times in

the course of the evening, for this the Germans believe to be a great novelty recently invented in France, and therefore known by them under the title of the "Française."*

* It is curious to note that this same quadrille is either directly or indirectly of English or Scottish origin. The term quadrille (or more properly speaking, quad-*reel*) evidently means nothing more nor less than a four-handed reel, and the majority of the figures introduced, such as the *chaîne des dames, l'été, pastorale*, &c., are clearly simple modifications of those performed by the border races of England. At a peasant's merry-making in Cumberland, we remember seeing danced at one of the taverns there many varieties of the reel, which reminded us strongly of those figures which fashion, within the last century, has made popular in the drawing-rooms of gentlefolk; and an old Newcastle friend of ours, who, unfortunately, is now no more, and who was one of the liveliest and best of companions, was wont, at such times as Christmas and other holidays, to delight in such reels, and to dance as though the border-music of his country made the blood in his veins like so much quicksilver. We doubt very much, too, as to whether the old English country-dance is not essentially of English origin. True, etymologists insist that our term is but a corruption of the French *contre-danse;* but we ourselves see no reason why our French neighbours should not have borrowed the title from us and have corrupted it in their turn. Assuredly such a dance is more national in our land than in France, and the figures, again, partake much of the character of those same reels which constitute the common dance throughout our country. Nor do we see in the amusement anything like French forms about it. Who that has lived in France ever saw anything approximating to the fine genial mirth of the dance we call "Sir Roger de Coverly?" Whereas, be present at any country-gathering or harvest-home in our own provinces, and you will find that something like this dance is sure to be indulged in. So far as our knowledge goes, the hornpipe would appear to be of Welsh origin—indeed, the very philology of the term (Welsh *Pib-corn*) teaches us as much; whilst the reel would seem to be of Scottish extraction; for though we lived some part of our life

Twice at the "Klemda" we saw the Lancers attempted to be performed, and a more wretched

in Wales, we never saw that form of dance indulged in by the peasants there. The jig, on the other hand, may be taken as the Irish form of the same kind of revelry; whilst the old English country dance is either of Saxon, Danish, or Norman origin, we cannot say which. We incline, however, to the belief that it has come down to us from the old Saxon *Glig-men*, who were the minstrels of former days, and who were in the habit of encouraging the people to song and dance whenever they visited their houses. If, however, this same *country dance* (though the word country is by no means a Saxon one) was introduced into our land by the followers of Hengist and Horsa, it is curious to note that no vestige of that dance is to be found among the Saxons located in Germany at the present day. For though we have attended many a *Kirmes* during our stay in the fatherland, (and, indeed, delight far more to witness the festive gatherings of the people, wherever we are, than to be present at the would-be fashionable displays of the gentry; for fashion, more or less, is the same stupid, pretentious tom-foolery in every land,) we never saw any dance but the waltz, or that Polish form of it called the polka, indulged in by the folk on such occasions. Indeed, there is no doubt that the waltz is purely of German origin, the word being coined from the word *walzen*, to roll; Latin, *volvere*, to turn, and of which the radical letters are found in the English word *wal*low. And as the young horses of the Andes take naturally, and without training, to that form of ambling to which their dams and sires, when newly introduced into the country, had to be educated; so would it appear that the German peasants know how to waltz instinctively. Whilst the common people of our own land would require years of training with their feet to teach them to keep pace with such a measure, the *bauer* boys and girls are enabled to do so almost without tuition, —and that as elegantly as any of the gentlefolks in the best ball-rooms of England. Indeed, it is not an unfrequent sight to behold two little things who can scarcely toddle start off the moment they hear the welcome "dance-music" of their country, and begin whirling each other round as prettily as fairies upon the grass, and as knowingly as if they had drunk in a know-

jumble of figures, where the partners went here, there, and everywhere, we never witnessed at any dancing academy in our own country. True, these same "*Lanzaires*," as the Germans call them—believing this dance also to be of Parisian origin—have been introduced but within the last year or two into

ledge of the steps with their mothers' milk. The geography of dancing, so far as we know, is a point to which little attention has been given. The polka is clearly of Polish origin; the "Mazourka" and "Cracovienne" are obviously Russian; the more-animated and rapid "Bolero," accompanied with the crisp clack of the castanets, is manifestly Spanish. The dances of the "Natch-girls" in India, with their lascivious posings, are, again, distinct from the dances of any other land; the waltz belongs to Germany, the jig to Ireland, the reel to Scotland, the hornpipe to Wales; but as to what are the dances peculiar and indigenous to the people of France, Italy, and the great Scandinavian multitude located in Denmark and Sweden, we are candid enough to confess our ignorance. We have lived for some time in France —and lived, as we always do, wherever we are, among the people; but we never yet saw any dance performed there that we could trace as being of purely French origin. Were, then, our lively French neighbours originally a non-dancing folk? and had we sober, steady, sedate Englishmen the greatest number of peculiar or original dances of any nation upon the face of the earth? Surely in these days of international everything it might answer the purpose of some public ball speculator to institute a world's dance, where we might see the geography of this form of amusement carried out in the best possible manner; and compared with which a ballet at the Italian Opera, with its stupid gymnastic feats of twirling on one toe for several minutes together, like teetotums, and springing into the air after the fashion of the caprioles of goats, would be regarded rather as the feats of acrobats and trapezes than that delightful and elegant pastime which has been well termed the poetry of motion; and which, in its highest sense, should be the outward and graceful muscular expression of some inward emotion of sudden gladness stirring and animating the frame.

Saxony; but we had happened to have seen them in our teens danced at every party we were in the habit of frequenting as a young man, and knew, moreover, not only that each of the pretty figures was of English invention, but that every one of the lively tunes which accompanied them were airs taken from our own "Beggars' Opera." For many years, however, this dance disappeared from English ball-rooms; but recently some clever Frenchman who had become acquainted with the measure, introduced the "set" into the ball-rooms of Paris, so that it came back again even to our own country as the last new French fashion; and educated people, even with us, were heard to praise the liveliness of the French people, who could devise such pretty and various figures, and accompany them with airs of so *spirituel* a character. The dance, however, so far as we know, was invented in England some thirty-odd years back, when the cavalry regiment from which it borrows its name was considered to be the most fashionable and select among us. Who designed the figures or arranged the music we know not, but we remember our old dancing-master, Monsieur Giani, of Foley Street, Portland Place, in his tight pantaloons and pumps, and with his little fiddle on his arm, expatiating warmly to us, when a boy, upon the beauties of the whole composition.

CHAPTER III.

A BALL AT THE "KLEMDA" (CONTINUED).

THE most peculiar dance performed at these "Klemda" balls is that which passes by the name of the German *cotillion*, and which consists of a series of games, rather than figures, superadded to the old French measure. This dance is always reserved for the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, when the ladies and gentlemen draw their chairs from the side of the room, and seat themselves in a large circle towards the centre of the dancing hall; after which some of the young ladies proceed to tie a knot in one corner of their handkerchief, and then, doubling the knotted end into the form of a bow, do the like with the other three corners, in which no knot has been made; so that the several ends being held in the palm of the hand, it shall be difficult to tell which is the knotted corner, and which the unknotted ones, belonging to the bows left projecting above. Thus prepared, the damsel approaches any gentleman whom she may please to seek for a partner, and, presenting to him the several bows of the handkerchief, he selects one of them; and while the lady holds the ends still firmly clasped in her palm, the gen-

tleman is thus led, with his finger and thumb grasping the bow he has chosen, towards a second partner, to whom the handkerchief ends are in the same manner presented. When *he*, in his turn, has taken hold of another of the bows, the couple are conducted by the lady as before to a third cavalier; and immediately this one has grasped the remaining bow (for the lady keeps one of the unknotted corners for herself) the ends are drawn from the hand, and the gentleman who has selected the corner with the knot to it is claimed as the lady's partner for the dance. The others are left to try their luck once more with some other Fraulein, or else to console themselves with the brief pleasure of an "*extra tour*," as it is called, during the pauses of the dance; for it is the custom in Germany for gentlemen who are unable to procure partners for the waltz, or polka, that is about to commence, to wait until some of the couples halt for a few minutes' rest, and then to approach the gentleman to whom the coveted lady is engaged, and beg that he may be allowed—if the Fraulein be not too tired—the honour of dancing an additional round or two with her.

Another pastime indulged in during this same *cotillion* is to lead one of the most admired of the German coquettes out into the middle of the room, and to arrange a table and toilette-glass there, in front of which the saucy, clumsy flirt is seated. Then the gentlemen are brought forth, one by one, and presented to her behind her back; and as she sees their figures reflected in the mirror before her, she either

shakes her head or bows towards the looking-glass as a sign that such company is either displeasing or acceptable to her. It usually happens, however, that the head is shaken as repeatedly as the gentlemen are successively presented to the damsel at her back; for the vain young boor of a Fraulein loves to hear the titters and jeers of the people in the room, as the hand of each swain after the other is indignantly rejected by her. Indeed, for the mere sake of displaying their power on such occasions, some of the more bold young ladies will shake their head at a whole roomful of gentlemen successively, as much as to say they considered there was no one present who was worthy of being their partner—even for that brief occasion.

A third sprightly variety of the same dance consists in the removal of the toilette-glass, and in placing upon the little table before described a large *papier mâché* model of a heart, a small velvet slipper, made after the fashion of a watchpocket, and a tiny basketful of artificial flowers. Then the lady being seated in front of these three different articles, a fresh triad of gentlemen are conducted to the table before her, when she presents the slipper to the one whom she thinks is likely to be ruled by his wife—the monster brown-paper heart to him with whom she desires to dance, and the basket to the one whose hand she wishes to reject with scorn; for in Germany it is the same insult—in the vernacular—to give a gentleman "the *corb*," or basket (since it is supposed to be the special office of women only to carry burdens in that

country), as in our own land it is—vulgarly speaking—"to give him the sack." *

* It is difficult to understand the origin of this now "slang" idiom of the English language. In such phrases, perhaps, we find a remnant of obsolete customs, once general throughout the folk of our country. Could it have been customary, in the olden times, for the women with us to carry loads in sacks, rather than in baskets at their back; and the office, therefore, have come to be considered as great an indignity as the carrying a basket on a man's shoulders throughout Germany? Or did the idiom arise in the early days of the Reformation, when the monks were held in the greatest contempt; for in the old Catholic times we know well, from the ancient records, that the cry of the brothers was continually "*saccum per naccum*" (that is to say, the sack at the back—the word *naccum* being a barbarous corruption of the German *nach*, after or hinderwards). We, however, incline to the belief that the word sack, in the popular phrase above quoted, is merely a dialectic form of the fine old Anglo-Saxon term *saca*, which means "*sake*, cause, reason, or thing." This word is found chiefly, at the present day, in our Common Prayer, where "for Christ's sake," *i.e.* for the reason of Christ's sufferings, is a common expression. In German, the equivalent expression is *Sache*, which the *Wörterbücher* explain as meaning thing, matter, business, affair, case, cause. "*Geben Sie mir meine Sachen*," "Give me my things," is a common phrase in Germany to this day, when any apprentice or servant wishes to seek another place; and hence, we are of opinion that the phrase to give a man his things, or in old English, "to give him the sack" (German *Sache*), came at length to be equivalent to giving him notice to quit. It is peculiar, indeed, how many of the modern English slang terms are merely remnants of the ancient Saxon language, the meaning of which has come, in the course of time, to be lost to the people. But a few years ago, a phrase was current among the "fast men" of England, which is a curious example of the philological fact we are here enforcing. "It isn't the cheese," one gentleman in the Haymarket would say to another; and then because such an idiom was supposed to be utterly unmeaning, it came to be rendered by such "gents" as had passed a few weeks in Paris or Boulogne, as *ce n'est pas le fromage*. This expression, however,

The other forms of the German cotillion are hardly worth mentioning here, since they consist of rude

there is no doubt, was compounded of the old Saxon term *Cyse* (choice), from the verb *ceosan*, to choose (French *chosir*) for Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," has the line

"To *cheese*, whether she wold him marry or no."

Hence the modern slang phrase of "It isn't the cheese," meant merely, "it isn't what I should choose, or what is agreeable to my choice"—the old English term having been preserved for years among the vulgar of our land (for Dr. Latham has well said, that the common people of every country are the conservators of the primitive tongue), and at length bubbling up into decent society—owing to the modern intercommunion of gentlefolks with prize-fighters, sharpers, and beggars—as a form of fast life, at a time when the use and meaning of the old English word had become utterly lost to us. In the same manner, Dr. Pusey—though he is a strange authority to quote as to the origin of English slang terms—has suggested, with no little shrewdness, that the word "patter," which, in the English argot means merely to talk, was originally introduced into the vulgar tongue, owing to the custom, in former times, of beggars to chant a "*pater*-noster" or Lord's prayer outside the doors of the houses where they were seeking alms. Indeed, it is beyond question that the "*cant*" language of the beggars originally meant the *chanted* or intoned language (Latin, *cantare*); for on the Continent it is common to this day, in Catholic countries, for mendicants to enter your *vor-saal*, and begin singing their Latin prayers, in the hope of extorting a few copper coins from your purse by their affected piety. In fine, so far as our experience goes, there is not a vulgar idiom extant among us that is not the remains of some form of expression once current among the people; and, indeed, the *Roth-sprache* (red language, as the Germans call it) of every country would appear to be merely a *galimaufry* of obsolete phrases, as well as of snips and gatherings from every other land on the face of the earth. The English slang we know, from our own researches, to contain some few Hindostani words, got from the gypsies; Italian, obtained from the old

pranks, such as one would expect to find indulged in by boys in the playground of a school, and are certainly not such ceremonies as polite ladies or gentlemen would dream of introducing into the sphere of any decent ball-room. These boisterous frolics are carried on only at a late period of the evening, when the gentlemen have become flushed with the wine or beer they have drunk during supper; and it is by no means unusual, even for a gentleman in the army, at such a time, to be so intoxicated as to fall with his lady partner flat on to the floor, while waltzing with her round the room. Such wild antics consist in the half-tipsy cavaliers clasping each other's hands and rushing round the ladies in a ring, like a troop of wild Indians; while each tries with all his force to break the chain at some particular point—the upshot of the clownish foolery being, that whenever the hand-links are broken, the gentlemen claim those ladies for

Punch-and-Judy showmen; Latin words, borrowed from the old Catholic prayer-books; Saxon words, preserved from the time when that tongue alone was spoken in our land, and, in a word, a little bit of every form of speech all over the globe—as if a very Babel were revived among us. Hence we incline to the belief that the vulgar English phrase *to give a person the sack* is, as we said before, but an old forgotten English one, signifying the desire of the master to hand over to the servant such *things* as belonged to him, and therefore being equivalent to a notice to quit on his part; for we have no knowledge that it was ever customary in our country for women to bear the heavier burdens, as it is in Germany. Consequently, the English idiom to give a person the sack cannot possibly be considered as an equivalent rendering of the German one "to give a man the basket" —so utterly different is the respect for women between the two countries.

their partners opposite to whom they may have happened to have halted at the end of the sport.

Such are the principal dances usually indulged in at these same balls at the "Klemda" in Eisenach. Of the company, the manners, the refreshments, and the ordinary style of costume, we have still to speak.

The balls proper last only throughout the winter months of the year, and during the summer-time such balls are changed for what the Germans call "*Tanz-Vergnügen*" (dancing amusement), rather than a formal party. On such occasions, after coffee or tea has been partaken of in the gardens, where the band plays from about four till eight, the company retire to the ball-room, where polkas, waltzes, and Tyroliennes are kept up till midnight. At these parties the costumes, both for ladies and gentlemen, are such as it would be impossible to find in the lowest casino in London—the gentlemen appearing in any kind of speckled or coloured pantaloons, with the dirtiest possible boots and gloves—if indeed the latter luxuries be thought in any way necessary—and the ladies being attired in the commonest cotton print dresses, made with low necks (for such is thought to be the high touch of summer fashion in Eisenach), and each wearing some dowdy trumpery wreath on her head. So that an English person, when he first witnesses the entertainment, cannot help believing that he has tumbled, by accident, into some servants' hall, where the valets and the footmen are having a hop with the ladies'-maids and other serving-women

of some English nobleman's establishment—though we doubt very much if, in this comparison, we do not libel the servants of our own country, since the better class of English domestics would, on such occasions, assuredly look far more elegant, and less tawdry and dowdy, than these same German gentlefolks when "out" for their summer's holiday.

Upon other and grander occasions, the cotton-print low-necked ball-dress is laid aside for one of "book-muslin," or bright-tinted tarlatan; for your German young ladies have the same propensity for vivid colours as negro girls, and love to throw as much possible show into their dress for the least-possible amount of money. Hence, every young lady appears a mass of green, or pink, or bright yellow, or light blue, and with their dresses trimmed merely with braces or Medici girdles, in sarcenet of the strongest possible contrast; so that damsels in white delight to deck themselves out in black ribbons—those in pink with green ones—bright yellow with red trimmings, and so forth; for taste in such matters is utterly unknown to the young ladies of Eisenach. Add to this a pair of black stuff boots to dance in, and a wreath about as trumpery and as conspicuous as that worn by the ladies of the *corps de ballet* at the Italian Opera in England, and the reader may perhaps conceive the amount of display and frippery prevalent on such occasions. The gentlemen, we must in all justice admit, appear far better dressed than the members of the fair sex at such grand ceremonies. True, they have one and all very much the look of English

waiters—white waistcoats and white cravats, and black coats and trousers being the order of the day. Nevertheless, there is no attempt at petty finery on their part, and assuredly the commoner classes of men in Germany dress better, and behave themselves better in ball-rooms than the same members of society in our own country. At the balls of the "*Lieder-Tafel*," indeed, we have seen barbers, and bootmakers, and butchers dressed as neatly and unostentatiously, and found them dance as well, and behave as politely as even gentlefolks with us; for, to be candid, the artizan and lower classes of Germany are as far ahead of our people in this respect as the German gentlefolks are behind our gentry in the same quality; and we can assure the reader that we never entered the ball-room at the "Klemda" but we felt the same melancholy state of depression at the sight of the paltry finery of the young ladies marching up and down the "*Saal*," as every decent-minded person must have experienced at witnessing the wretched showy women parading the platform outside some dancing-booth or circus at a fair.

Nor is this all. If the shabby show and tawdry finery of the girls themselves on such occasions be hateful to every person of the least taste and refinement, assuredly the wretched dowdy appearance of the old mothers who accompany them, and sit ranged against the wall—each in a dingy black stuff gown and a bit of black net on her head by way of cap (as grubby as that of an English servant-of-all-work in the morning), and with her large carpet-bag-like

reticule lying in her lap—constitutes a sight as strange as it is pitiable to every English gentleman when he beholds it for the first time. Gracious Heaven! never was such an assemblage of old widow-like charwomen collected together in any other part of Europe that we have seen. The basket-women at Covent Garden Market, as they sit grouped together waiting for a job, are the only congregation of elderly females to which we can compare them. Such yellow, haggard faces—such teethless mouths—such goitre necks (for almost every one of the old women has the "*Kropf*," as the Germans call it, and wears a bit of black net about her throat to hide the pendulous flesh-bag), never did we see collected together before in our lives; for, as we have already said, it is the peculiar characteristic of a German mother to delight to see her daughter dressed to death—as showily as the ladies in the upper boxes—while she herself finds it no disgrace to appear as shabby as the old hag who, in England, is generally found attendant upon such damsels. And there these wretched funereal-looking, under-fed, shrivelled old crones sit against the wall the long evening through, with that huge ugly carpet-bag upon their knees, their only vocation being to pull out the stiffly-starched skirts of their daughters after each of the dances—or to hand them a fresh pocket-handkerchief to mop up the perspiration streaming down their greasy skins—or to give them the small-tooth comb to arrange their tresses, and then to run their finger-nails along the teeth, after each particular dance.

Another peculiarity of such balls at the "Klemda" is, that never a father of a family is to be seen in the dancing-hall. The mothers are there, Heaven knows, to a surfeit! each ready to wait upon the daughters whom they have accompanied; and the sons are there dancing away with their female friends of the town, but the fathers are all at the beer-houses, playing "sixty-six," and drinking their penny glasses of ale.

Thither came the Frauleins Giraffe night after night with their mother, as like an English monthly nurse as could possibly be; but the father, who was one of the physicians in the town, we never saw within the doors of that same ball-room. There were the Frauleins von Frisky dancing the boots off their feet in the hope of obtaining a partner for a longer term than a mere polka or waltz, with their mother, who had just left off scrubbing the floors, ready in a corner with a needle and thread, stowed away in that mysterious carpet-bag, to sew up any tear that might occur in the flimsy skirts of the young ladies. But the old Baron von Frisky, or Whiskey, was up above in the drinking-room, quaffing his *Schnapps*, and thinking it far more pleasant to look after the bottle than his own children. There, too, were the Frauleins Shabbymantle laying bets with the other young ladies who were engaged to waltz with the "Forst-Pratikants," as to which should dance the fastest and keep up the longest round the ball-room; and twirling away at such a speed that their crinolined petticoats became distended so high

that even the German mothers round the room (and German mothers are not the most modest ladies in the world) had occasion to tell the girls that the officers were making unseemly jokes at the nudity of their limbs. But, nevertheless, their old hypochondriac father was anywhere rather than there, believing it better to sip sugar-water than to superintend the morals and conduct of his girls. Indeed, we verily believe we ourselves were the only male person with a grey head in the room, and perhaps the only father in the town who thought it worth while to lay aside his own particular pleasures, so that his daughter might, under due supervision, partake of that amusement in which the young find special delight.

Now, we will have supposed the Polonnaise to have finished, and then, in the pause between that and the next dance, Heavens! what a clatter of shrill, ugly voices immediately affrights the ear. Women are laughing at their loudest, and talking at their loudest, and in such a strain as no Englishman ever heard outside of a "cock and hen club" in his own country.

"Almighty God!" cries the Frau von Bärgarten, as if she wished the whole room to hear the oath, for the noble dames in Germany delight to swear like troopers in England.

"Blessed God in Heaven!" roars another titled lady.

"Lord Jesus!" shrieks a third; and "O Jimini!" bellows the Frau Tax-superintendent Shabbymantle; for this lady always rejoiced in calling upon the

heathen deities whenever she heard anything of an astonishing character.

Then as the conversation grows warmer and louder, if possible, on every side, you hear the polite dames exclaim to those from whom they may happen to differ in opinion, "That's not true" (*Das ist nicht wahr*)! or cry aloud, "You're a liar!" Or else you will see some of the more playful ladies, such as the young wife of the Captain Winternase, put her fingers to her nose in the middle of the ball-room, as if she thought it one of the most elegant antics that the daughter of a Berlin banker could indulge in, to "take a sight" at the gentleman with whom she happened to be in conversation. Or maybe you will notice the Mrs. Doctorin Kreuzsprünger performing the pantomime of scraping a carrot as she projects the forefinger of one hand, and rubs it with the forefinger of the other, right under the nose of the officer and gentleman with whom she may chance to be jesting—crying the while "*Schabe! schabe Rübchen!*" (scrape! scrape a carrot!) after the fashion of the boys in the streets of Eisenach.

Now, the English lady who reads these lines must not imagine that the above is, in any way, an overdrawn picture of the manners of the women in polite society in Saxony. We have been too long trained in philosophic modes of observation to dream of drawing general conclusions from isolated facts; for no matter what might be our contempt for the habits of gentlepeople in Germany, we have a sufficiently

high sense of our vocation as a literary man to make us abstain from noticing such traits of character, were they in any way unusual among the gentlewomen of the capital of Thuringia. So far from swearing, however, being the exception with the Saxon ladies, it is rather the *rule* for every young as well as old gentlewoman to utter an unmeaning oath, calling upon either God or Jesus, whenever she is astonished at what she happens to hear. Nor did we ever find the highest gentleman or lady in the land *civil* enough to do other, when they chanced to doubt whatever you might communicate to them, than tell you, to your face, such a statement was not true, or that it was a lie—for such polite forms of expression as "I beg your pardon," or "you must have been mistaken," or "are wrongly informed upon the point in question," are, so far as our experience goes, utterly unknown, even in the highest classes. We should, however, on the other hand, admit, in all candour, that the vulgar antics of "taking a sight" and "scraping a carrot," which we have above described as being performed by ladies in the faces of gentlemen, are generally considered to be inelegant; nevertheless, we speak of what we have seen done by women holding a high station in the town; and that not once or twice, but often in the middle of the quadrille, without even a shrug of the shoulders, or any other expression of astonishment, but rather a titter of approbation from the company, who happened with ourselves to witness the extremely lady-like gestures.

Now, the master of the ceremonies comes forward, and claps his hands as a signal for the first waltz, whereupon the *infantry* officers begin to unbuckle the long *cavalry* swords with steel scabbards, which they delight upon all occasions to drag along the ground (for these worthies never appear in plain clothes upon such occasions); and after having brushed their hair in the middle of the ball-room proceed to claim the partners they have engaged for the dance; while the shop-boys at the money-changer's, or the clerks at the colour factory, approach those damsels whom they have chosen, and with a stiff, formal bow, after the fashion of English youths at school, beg that they may be allowed the honour, &c. Accordingly, the Frauleins give themselves the last rub up to the roots of their hair, and even behind their ears and under their chin, with the pocket-handkerchief they hold in readiness in their hand, and then throwing the pappy *mouchoir* to the dowdy old mother behind them, away the sweet creatures go twirling round, till their crinolines, and their absence of under-clothing, reveal such sights as a person of any refinement blushes to behold in any decent assembly in the world. Indeed, we are sure that in the Argyll Rooms in London (and we make no bones in confessing we have been there many a time and oft), the English grisettes there assembled are not only more lady-like in their behaviour, but dance with far greater decency than do the highest ladies of the Thuringian capital.

The waltz being ended, the young ladies are brought

back to their mothers, while the gentlemen and officers go off to talk to their male friends as before; and then begins, again, the same Babel of screaming women as previously described. Each mother has now drawn from the abyss of her carpet-bag a fresh and dry pocket-handkerchief in readiness for their daughters after the exertion of the dance.

"Dear God!" cries one elegant young creature, as she stands gasping after her long waltzing, "Give me the handkerchief, mother, for I am *sweating* frightfully" (it is impossible for a young lady to say in German that she perspires freely); whereupon all the darlings begin literally mopping the moisture off their face, neck, shoulders, and arms; and, so far from such an office being considered in any way indelicate to be performed in public, you have but to look round the room to see every young lady engaged in the same refined occupation—each really scrubbing themselves with the *mouchoir* handed to them, and rubbing away—in at the creases under their chin and round their nose—as if they thought it a meritorious, rather than a repulsive, act to make their toilette in the presence of gentlemen. Then the old mothers stow away the wet handkerchiefs in the depths of their carpet-bag, and having supplied their dear girls with a few raspberry drops, and the small-tooth comb as before, proceed to shake out the young ladies' skirts and flounces—which done, the conversation takes a more general turn.

Then the Countess von Bittererde begins to tell the Lady of Hogstown (Frau von Schwein'sdorf) what

she had for dinner that day, and to assure her how she ate herself so "*sat*" (full—the common expression with ladies in Eisenach) with potatoe-dumplings and prunes, that she is really unable to taste a bit of the "gracious lady's excellent lard cake which her gracious ladyship is so kind as to offer her."

The Fraulein von Frisky comes skipping clumsily up to the little pug-nosed Appellations-Gericht-Räthin Kranky, who immediately tells the girl how beautiful she looks in that daffodil wreath and cherry-coloured dress, with the Magenta ribbons; and no sooner has the dame uttered the words than she commences rubbing each of the articles, and inquiring what they respectively cost the yard—not forgetting to inform the young lady, as the other mentions the prices, that "it isn't true;" adding, in all the extreme frankness of primitive life, that they are not worth one-half what the Fraulein states she had paid for them, and that it was a "great swindle" (*grosse Schwindel*) to charge so much for such poor stuff. And no sooner has the Fraulein von Frisky taken her departure than the Lady Town-Councillor turns to her neighbour and says, in a squeaky voice, "It wonders me how those girls can afford to dress as they do, for with butter at the price it is—and I paid as much as six-and-a-half groschens for the pound I bought at the market this day—God in Heaven knows I can hardly manage to buy a new cap-ribbon for myself." Whereupon the two dames proceed to discuss the market prices of every article; now one asks the other what she gave for potatoes, or else how much

she paid for the *Schock* of cabbages to make *Sauerkraut* with, or when they intend to kill their pig, and how many pounds it might weigh, and how much beautiful fat (*schöne Speck*) they expected to get from it.

Other ladies at the same time commence indulging in petty disparagements concerning the dresses of those present. "Look at the Frau Doctorin Kreuzsprünger yonder!" says one old crone to the other; "how grand she thinks herself in that green Persian skirt of hers, but—Ach! the thousand!" (another favourite oath with the ladies here) "it is nothing but that old summer dress that has been dyed—for she stood just in front of me, so that I had a good look at it—and it could never have cost more than ten groschens a yard when it was new."

"Oh, Jesus!" cries another of the most fashionable dames, "look at those Frauleins Giraffe—how ever they manage to dress as they do is a mystery to the whole town."

"Oh, they buy a lot of the left-off dresses from the ladies of the Court at Weimar!" exclaims a third dame in a black stuff gown. "The Fraulein von Milchsuppe has just been telling me that the elder one bought that pink tarlatan dress and fuchsia wreath she is now wearing from one of the ladies-in-waiting for a thaler and a half." In corroboration of the statement it may be mentioned that it is the common practice with the ladies of all classes to sell their old clothes to their servants, so that serving-maids have hardly been in your house a week before they ask you if

you have a pair of old boots you can let them buy of you; and when you tell them it is the custom of ladies England to give, and not to sell, their left-off clothes to their waiting-maids, the astonished girls stare at you as if they really thought there was some truth in the German saying, which describes our country-folk as being *verrückte Engländer* (mad English people).

Then the band strikes up once more, and a polka or Tyrolienne, as the case may be, is indulged in while the little officers stand with their legs astraddle—as if to make the most of themselves—and with an eye-glass at one eye, grouped in front of the supper-room doors, watching the young ladies spin round and round as if they were dancing for a wager, and nudging one another and simpering as the petticoats fly up somewhat beyond the bounds of decency. Thus the time passes till about nine, when a longer pause ensues, so that supper may be partaken of by such as please to pay for it.

Now, the English reader must not imagine a supper at the ball at the "Klemda" to be in any way similar to those elegant and expensive entertainments which are supplied by confectioners at ten shillings or a guinea a-head towards the conclusion of dances in our own country; for the "Klemda" ball-supper consists of nothing but hot beefsteaks or smoking cutlets, or baked goose and potatoes cooked in fat, to be followed, maybe, by herring salads, or a dish of raw ham or sausage; or such other luxuries as the wretched kitchen of the landlord who rents the

little club "tap" may be able to provide. However, to give the reader a more vivid notion of the delicacy of these ball repasts, we here append the bill of fare usual upon such occasions. It is copied from one of the printed lists which are left lying about on the supper-tables; and thus the reader will not only be able to see the kind of dishes generally partaken of, but, as the prices are affixed in English money, to understand also the nature of the costly banquet the visitor has to look forward to.

Speise-Karte (Allemda).

Speisen.	d.	Weine.	s.	d.
Bouillon (soup) . .	1	*Markgräfler* . . .	1	0
Pastetchen (pasties) .	1½	*Mosel*	1	4
Rehbraten (baked roe-buck) .	7	*Laubenheimer* . . .	1	6
Kalb-roulade (rolled veal) .	6	*Hockheimer* . . .	1	9
Gänse-braten (baked goose) .	6	*Ranenthaler* . . .	2	3
Italiennischer salat (Italian salad)	3½	*Medoc*	1	6
Compot u. salat . . .	½	*St. Julien*	2	0
Difteks oder Cotellettes (beef-steaks or cutlets).	3½	*Champagner* . . .	6	0

At these suppers never more than twenty or thirty people are in the habit of sitting down, and out of the score there are but two or three ladies who accom-

pany the officers and chandler's-shop keepers who mostly frequent them. The younger ladies are seldom or never invited to them. True, at the Christmas or Easter balls we have seen one or two treated to champagne on such extra grand occasions; but as an ordinary rule the gentlemen sit there alone, eating their raw herrings and potato salad, and lapping up the sauce with their knives, and afterwards washing down the meal with half a bottle of some of the cheaper and sourer wines; for a German palate is so accustomed to vinegar that ordinary Deutschers are wont to believe that the bottled acetic acid which is sold as Rhenish table-wine has all the flavour of the juice of ripe grapes appertaining to it.

During the supping hour it is customary with the ladies remaining in the ball-room to order a cup of tea (and such tea!) of the waiting-maid who attends on such occasions; while some of the younger ones regale themselves with a glass of lemonade. Then a few slices of dry white bread-cake or apple-cake are drawn from out that corpulent carpet-bag-like reticule, where it has been lying all the while, side by side with the filthy small-tooth comb, and in company with the wet pocket-handkerchiefs which the young ladies have returned to their mother, after drying their skins with them. And there the ladies sit sipping and munching the sippets of cake until their cups or glasses are empty. Sometimes these cups of tea, or glasses of lemonade, are sent by the gentlemen to the ladies; though this is so far from being usual, that the act is considered as a mark of special favour on

the part of the young man who may order such costly refreshment for his former partner in the dance.

After supper, during the interval in which the gentlemen are indulging in a more extensive and solid repast in the adjoining room, the young ladies walk about, arm in arm, in twos and threes, up and down the "*Saal*," while the shop-boys who have tossed off their penny glass of beer, in the veritable tap-room which adjoins the grander supping saloon (for in the latter nothing but wine is allowed to be drunk) these boys stand in a group in the centre of the dancing-room, talking with one another, and utterly unmindful of the ladies about them. In fine, it is the fashion in Saxony for the men *merely* to dance with the women; for no sooner is the waltz or polka finished than the lady is led back as quickly as possible and deposited by the side of her mother—the gentleman not thinking it worth his while to exchange a word with her afterwards; while, as for the old mothers themselves, they rarely receive more than a passing nod from any of their male acquaintances.

Seldom or never did we see a gentleman speak to any of the elderly ladies for more than a minute together; for the usual lot of the poor wretched things is to sit against the walls of the room without exchanging a word with a soul, except the equally desolate old crones next to them. And this is their fate every ball night, from seven till often two or three in the morning, their only occupation being, as we have said, to play the waiting-

maid—to their girls—to keep them supplied with relays of pocket-handkerchiefs, and to feed them with raspberry drops as fast as required—while their only refreshment during these long hours is a cup of the weakest and nastiest possible tea, and a slice of sweet dough-cake taken from their musty carpet-bags. What wonder, then, that you have but to look round the ball-room towards midnight to see every one of the heads of the aged dames in black stuff nodding away, as though they were so many plaster casts of cats with movable necks ranged along the board of some Italian image-seller? Nor do these miserable old women get many thanks for the ungracious offices they consent to perform; for we have heard the daughters address them, and indeed order them, with far less politeness than an English young lady would dream of exhibiting towards her regular serving-woman. Now one German Fraulein will cry, "Come, mother, quick! give me another pair of gloves! In God's name! how long you are, when you know I'm waiting for them;" and then another will exclaim, in anything but a respectful tone, "Great God! I've torn my dress; you must come with me, and sew it up in the *garde-robe*. Come along, for I'm engaged for the next Française!" Indeed, according to our experience, the mode in which the daughters spake to their parents was so utterly wanting in all sense of duty that we are satisfied that any decent English girl would have been more shocked than even we were to hear it.

But so it is in Saxony. What we said at the be-

ginning of the chapter we can but enforce at the end of it. The German mother, in the hope of getting her daughters married, as soon after fifteen as possible, begins washing and starching the girls' ball-dresses and petticoats immediately after their confirmation, and drags them about with her to every concert or dance given among her own society; while she consents to sit there, with her back against the wall, taking no more part in the amusements, and being as utterly disregarded by all the gentlemen present, as if she were one of the cook-maids in the Klemda Gallery. And though the mother begins this species of servitude the very moment her girls have left school, with the view of their catching some "man" before they are out of their teens, her bond-slavery in this way generally lasts for ten years at least; for, as a rule, the women marry much later than with us, so that the mothers are mostly wrinkled and shrivelled old women by the time their daughters' dancing days commence. Indeed, full one-half of the so-called "young" ladies who were in the habit of visiting every Klemda ball were playful little kittens of thirty, if they were a day.

"Who is that middle-aged lady?" said we, to a German friend, "who is waltzing with the officer, and spinning over the floor, as if she were some child's humming-top just let loose from the string?"

"Oh! she is the daughter of the Baron von Bettler," was the answer. "She has danced here for the last fifteen years, to my knowledge, and will have to wear many another pair of boots out, before she can

find a gentleman ready to exchange rings with her. She has no money, you see, and then the girls, with us, may dance till they are grey; but, I suppose it is the same all over the world, a lady with grey hair and an empty pocket must go to church only to pray, and pass the rest of her days in hugging the children of the poor rather than her own. Do you see that buxom lady there, in white muslin, dressed like a young girl? She is one of the pet lambs that has seen forty sheep-shearings at least, and though she has danced with as many 'forest-men' in her time as would be sufficient to clear the backwoods of America, she is but just now newly betrothed to that long thin gentleman with the sandy moustachios whom she has got so fast by the arm. And yet, poor thing, they say in the town that he is only a swindler, and has told it openly in the beer-house that he will never marry her unless she can bring him 2000 thalers (300*l.*). So what is to become of her, I do not know, since she has only 1500 thalers (225*l.*) to bless any man with. Oh, yes! we know every groschen the girls have got here; and it is no use their dancing unless we fancy we can hear the thalers jingle in their pockets as they go."

Such, we believe, in all truth, is a faithful picture of the manners and customs of the best Saxon society, as seen at these balls at the "Klemda." The fate of poor Matilda Uberreif is the fate of half of the groschenless damsels who dance there, and *faire la cour* after the forest-men and others, from the time when

their frocks are let down to their days of false fronts. Still the persevering mothers continue to dress the poor things as showily as circus-girls; still they come and sit and sleep against the wall, night after night; still they provide them with dry pocket-handkerchiefs and feed them with cake and raspberry drops to give them new life, and the appearance of freshness, for the next dance; and still hardly a man is entrapped for more than a few weeks' attentions by all their patience, perseverance, and assiduity.

The after-supper ceremonies at the "Klemda" are briefly told. Then riot, rather than refined revelry, often prevails. Those officers who have indulged in wine, and the shop-boys who have taken an extra glass of beer, begin to dance the Française with all kinds of antics; the more sprightly and fast of the ladies keeping pace with them in the imaginary sport, and practising such violent gestures as the male traveller may have seen performed at "Mabile," or in the dancing-gardens of the Quartier Latin in Paris—but certainly not in any well-conducted ball-room in either France or England. At such times it is the wont of the gentlemen, while performing the "grand chain," to rush round and round as if they were so many Red Indians engaged in some maddening war-dance. And we have before stated that it was at this period of the evening that we ourselves saw one of the drunken military surgeons, while waltzing, fall with his partner prostrate on the floor. Such an offence might be an accidental one, though, in the whole course of our experience, we never saw the

like—and yet we have, in our time, been present at costermongers' balls as well as at "friendly leads," or dances given by London pickpockets; we have seen the dancing at Cremorne, and at the several Casinos of the British metropolis, and have watched the frolics of the Parisian students and grisettes at the Château des Fleurs, and other similar places in the French capital. But we never, in all our life, even in any ball-room of the vilest possible character, witnessed so disgraceful an outrage to any young woman as this. And yet, what think you became of the "officer and gentleman" who was guilty of it? Why, he was picked up, and quietly conducted home by his comrades; and the next ball, there the fellow was, admitted into the same company, and dancing away with the very same young lady—as if neither men nor women considered that any indignity had been offered to their society.

These balls, we repeat, always conclude with the German *cotillion*, the dancing of which continues sometimes for one or two hours; after which it is the fashion for the gentlemen to send the ladies a cup of hot soup or coffee, according to taste. Then the ladies and gentlemen retire *ensemble* to *the* dressing-room, where the fair, but not in any way bashful, creatures proceed to place their ankles across their knees and unlace their boots under the very eyes of those with whom they have been lately flirting.

On extra grand occasions, however, the dancing is kept up till daylight, and then it is the custom for the young ladies to make parties with the gentlemen

to go up to the Wartburg to breakfast; and there they sit drinking beer or coffee, and eating sausage in the common room of the public-house until the sun is high above the horizon. And when you happen to meet the elegant damsels in the course of the next day, they do not blush to tell you, in the vernacular of their country, that they are suffering from "*katzen-jammer*"—literally "cat's misery" (or, as fast gentlemen would phrase it in English, "blue devils")—that being the German term applied by inordinate beer-drinkers to the sensation which succeeds over-indulgence on the previous night.*

* While these pages are passing through the press, an entertaining little dramatic scene has been enacted in connection with the elegant institution forming the subject of the present chapter, and which will serve to give English people a lively sense of the economy of that establishment.

It will be readily understood that a club where the refreshment-rooms are rented by the cook of the society (who receives no wages), and the prices to be charged for the several eatables and drinkables are fixed by the committee at the lowest-possible figures, there can be little chance of the *chef de cuisine*—who may be rash enough to plunge into such an enterprise—obtaining a living out of the speculation; especially when, as we have said, it is the custom of the ladies, on every ball night, to bring their own refreshments with them in their own carpet-bags (after the fashion of English maid-servants visiting a theatre); and when, moreover, even the few gentlemen who *do* sup on such occasions, seldom go beyond the luxury of a threepenny-halfpenny beefsteak and a halfpenny plate of salad; unless, indeed—in a moment of the wildest prodigality—they rush, maybe, into the German-princely extravagance of a sevenpenny plate of baked roebuck, or a sixpenny leg of roast goose. True, we repeat, some of the richer or more reckless, of the young officers (emulating the sumptuousness of Prussian lieutenants, who, on festive occasions, are said to call for a bottle of champagne and eighteen glasses), are gene-

rally in the habit, at the fortnightly balls, of clubbing together to enjoy, *among* them, a one-and-fourpenny bottle of Mosel wine; or else of getting up a small company, "with limited liabilities," in order to raise the capital necessary for a one-and-ninepenny bottle of Hockheimer. Nevertheless, when such thoughtless dissipation does not extend, on ordinary occasions, beyond a dozen people at the utmost, and the majority of the other male guests at the Klemda balls—such as the shop-boys and the chandler's-shop-keepers—are wont to restrain their appetites, and their expenses, within the frugal bounds of a penny glass of beer and a penny sausage-sandwich, it will excite but little wonder on the reader's part to hear that the wretched "*chef*," who had been insanely-sanguine enough to believe that he could subsist upon the profits of such costly banquets, should invariably find himself, at the end of the first year of his stewardship, on the threshold of either the Court of Bankruptcy or the Workhouse; according as he had taken credit or paid ready money for the stock of sausages and sauerkraut, wine and beer, he had laid in, but never sold, for the "entertainment of the men and beasts" belonging to the society. During the time that we resided in the Thuringian capital, the club had precisely the same number of "*Wirths*" as there were years in the term of our stay—the Klemda landlord being as decidedly an annual plant as mustard and cress, and as short-lived as grass—which, in the expressive words of the Psalmist, "in the morning is *green* and groweth up; and in the evening is cut down, dried up, and withered."

What became of the first of the ruined "*chefs*" we know not; whether, like the distracted Vatel (when the fish did not arrive in time for the second course of one of the royal banquets he had to prepare), the poor deranged cook slew himself with his own carving-knife; or whether he retired from public life with his stock of unsold polonies and saveloys, and is now roaming over the earth—a wretched restless vagabond (like the Wandering Jew of old) with nothing but his stale sausages to solace him, we cannot undertake to say. All we can vouch for is that, at the expiration of his year of office, he disappeared as suddenly as an ex Lord Mayor, and was never heard of afterwards. Rivers were dragged, wells inspected, forests searched, and advertisements inserted entreating him to return or to send back the keys of the wine-cellar; but to no avail. His fate is as much a mystery as

that of the young Dauphin who was carried off in the first French Revolution; though the general belief is that the poor ruined man, in a fit of despondency, poisoned himself—with some of his own "*echte Jamaica Rum.*"

The second Klemda Wirth (landlord) met with hardly a less melancholy and rapid end; but *he* faced his destiny with all the courage of a Stoic or a British-Bank Director. Months before the fatal twelvemonth had expired, the people in the town foresaw that the wretched man's dissolution was fast approaching. The worst symptoms, indeed, had set in after he had been six months in the place: nine dollars' worth of meat had been cooked for a grand festive occasion, and only twenty groschens' worth sold among the company; so that the rest of the roast had to be hawked round the town the next day, and disposed of among the few meat-eaters at less than half the prime cost. Casks of wine were obtained upon credit, and sold within twenty-four hours after delivery, as a means of getting a *little* ready money (for even the few 3½*d.* beefsteaks he disposed of were not paid for immediately) at fifty per cent. under the wholesale price. At this crisis the legal physicians were called in; and then, of course, there was no hope of the fast-failing man ever getting on his legs again. Dr. Kreuzspinne bled him, Herr Katzenbalgen blistered him, and Messrs. Powder and Shot physicked him with no end of processes, till he could not hold his head up any longer. Accordingly, before many weeks had passed, he was declared bankrupt, and the small remaining stock of eatables and drinkables was seized by the hungry officers of justice, the several members of the club struggling with one another at the sale for the possession of the impounded ham and sausages, pickles and preserves.

Now, the abrupt termination put to the career of the late landlord of the principal club in Eisenach made so profound an impression upon the united cooks and waiters of the city that no one, after the immolation of the last victim, could be found willing to sacrifice himself, on the altar of the Klemda kitchen-fire, for the delectation of the members as before. Hence, the committee were obliged to offer to let anyone, who might be bold enough to take the questionable good-will of the confirmed bad business, have possession of the premises free of all rent whatever—a proposition which, seeing that they had never yet been

able to get so much as a peppercorn for it out of the empty cruet-stands of the previous occupants, would hardly make much difference in the prospects of the future tenant. However, one desperate drowning man, ready to clutch at the veriest straw, was caught by the apparently liberal announcement; but even he soon began to cry out, in the solitude of the supperless supper-rooms, "*Peccavi! Peccavi!*" He had hardly been in the place a week, before he found out that it was utterly impossible to live upon the profits of five three-farthing glasses of sugar-water, a dozen penny glasses of beer, and three halfpenny glasses of *Schnapps* (the latter supplied to the Lord Chamberlain), which constituted the extent of his daily custom—and perhaps some half-dozen 3½*d.* beefsteaks and one bottle of wine on the grand ball nights every fortnight. Accordingly, the poor man petitioned the committee to be allowed to have his fuel and light gratis, saying that, without this, it would be impossible for him to remain in the desolate place any longer. Whereupon, the puddle was all in a storm; a whirlwind raged among the "wind-bags" of the club. Some sided with the wretched "Wirth," while others vowed it was impossible to make any other concessions, and that it would be better to sell up the entire society. Others, again, were for raising the subscriptions rather than razing the whole establishment—a proposal which created another tempest in the wash-tub; for then everybody was asking everybody whether they ever heard of such audacity, and whether 2*s.* 9*d.* a quarter was not enough in all conscience to pay for the finest club in the world? and whether, moreover, anyone thought it possible to find six people in all Eisenach who would, or could, give any more? In the height of this fury, letters were sent to the newspapers, and as these afford much better illustrations of the character of the people in the Thuringian capital than we could possibly give, we here append a translation of one of them, taken from the "organ of the *progress* (!) party,"—the said organ being as weak and cracked an old hurdy-gurdy as we ever listened to, and the "progress party" consisting of such wild innovators as were for the abolition of spittoons and the introduction of foot-baths into the land—the "progress" newspaper itself, too, being about half as large and about as elegantly printed as an English playbill, and written in a style closely allied to "stump-oratory."

"We ask every member of the Klemda Club," says a cor-

respondent of the "progress" paper, "for the sake of his own interest, to attend the general meeting of that society, to be held on next Tuesday. According to the order of the day, an attempt is to be made to raise the amount of the subscription. This is rendered necessary, it is said, on account of the present landlord, *who pays no rent*, declining to remain, unless on the condition that his expenses of lighting and heating are borne by the society; since it is impossible for him, it is alleged, otherwise to exist, and much more to profit in any way by the undertaking. It is a disputed point whether clubs (*geschlossene Gesellschaften*—literally, closed societies) are adapted to the present time; but that the Klemda Society is not fitted to the age in which we live must long have been clear to every member, since it is scarcely capable of existing. Whoever doubts this need only go to the place itself, and there the frightful desolateness of every room will soon convince anyone that a society of more than 200 members which can maintain a landlord only at the greatest sacrifice is unworthy of further support. The committee have done all that lay in their power to make it a pleasant place of resort for the members, but they have not succeeded in drawing the public to it. The only thing that appears advisable is the breaking up of the establishment and selling off the house and grounds, for which some purchaser would be sure to be found. Any increase of the subscription is useless; it is merely subjecting many to annoyance in order to gratify a few."—(*Thüringer Landes-zeitung, Organ der Fortschrittspartei*, Sunday, the 26th July.)

It is exquisitely comic to find the "progress" advocate informing the poor benighted Eisenachers that "*it is a disputed point whether clubs are adapted to the present time!*" (*Es lässt sich streiten über die Zeitgemässheit der geschlossenen Gesellschaften*), when we in England date the improvement of society from the commencement of such institutions; since they assuredly have done more to withdraw gentlefolks from coarse tavern-life than any other social appliance. In Germany, however, where pot-houses and pot-house amenities prevail on every side, it is evident that a society in antagonism with such practices must find it extremely difficult to prolong its existence. In a hundred years hence, perhaps, the Germans *may be* fit for such institutions; but that the Deutschers of the present day are not adapted for a club-life (as opposed to a public-house one) we perfectly agree with the organ of the "progress" party in Eisenach.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE THURINGIAN PEOPLE.

In the present chapter we purpose, not only setting forth what are the principal forms of enjoyment, after the day's business has come to an end, among the modern Saxons, but also estimating, as we run over the different modes of pleasure, what proportion of the average income of the middle classes is devoted to the several items of *unnecessary* expenditure.

Labour and amusement are, of course, the two opposite extremes of the economical scale: the former being the main means of producing wealth, and the latter that of consuming or destroying it. Human necessities involve a certain amount of consumption truly; but the food and commodities thus dissipated can hardly be said to be annihilated; since, if it be one of the primeval laws of human life that "he that will not work, neither shall he eat," it is an equally fundamental canon of nature that without food, labour cannot be sustained. Hence the wealth expended in proper nutriment, raiment, and shelter, is by no means lost, either to the individual or the community, but comes back in the form of renewed strength, and that fitness for future exertion, which, indeed, is the working man's only capital. The money, however, devoted

to mere amusements is utterly squandered; unless such amusements partake of the character of those recreations, which often serve to re-invigorate exhausted nature more even than brute rest itself. Many amusements, however, so far from being refreshing to the frame, tend to render it less, rather than better, fitted for the next day's business of the world; not only by producing the same amount of lassitude as labour itself, when carried to excess, but by making hard work appear even harder, and therefore more naturally distasteful to the workman.

Hence, in a country where amusements prevail to an inordinate degree, poverty must likewise prevail among the people to a large extent; not only because they squander more in unnecessary indulgences, but, because of their squandering more in such a way, they become more indisposed to the irksome toil of prolonged muscular exertion, and are therefore prone to earn less than such folk as are more industrious and less voluptuous. Nor is this all: the wealth expended in substantial food, sensible clothing, and comfortable housing returns, as we have said, with profit to the individual, in the shape of increased activity and energy, and the consequent capacity for the production of even a greater amount of wealth than has been consumed. But where an undue proportion of the earnings is lavished on what is unnecessary, it is obvious, there must be a correspondingly-undue proportion left for the supply of what is *necessary* for human existence; and thus the wholesome quality of the food and the housing has to be reduced, to such an

extent, that the health and strength of the labourer, as well as that muscular irritability which is the physical cause of industry, get to be gradually lowered; till at length such is the continual lassitude of the frame, that workmen go about their work like slaves, whom nothing but the sharpest goad can rouse to the least exertion—rather than as freemen having to live by the sweat of their brow, and labouring for their own benefit.

Whether beer-drinking, and smoking, ought to be ranked under the head of amusements, we leave others to say. Certainly, such indulgences cannot be classed among the necessities of life, nor do they belong properly to those creature-comforts which even an ascetic now-a-days admits as being pardonable indulgences. Fanatic teetotallers, of course, consider every kind of stimulant as a wicked waste of money. Such opinions, however, are adopted by but few of the calm reasoners of the present day; nevertheless, all decent-minded persons must allow that the squandering of a large proportion of the income in such coarse pleasures is no slight evil in a country, where the practice prevails to such an extent as to be the ordinary rule, rather than the extraordinary exception.

Germans are in the habit of speaking of the poverty of their nation as if it formed part of the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and was in no way connected with the faults of their countrymen, or the shortcomings of their rulers. There is, however, one simple explanation to be given concerning the beggarliness

of the German folk, individually considered—and that is the common-sense rule of poverty all over the world, which teaches us that those who are continually expending the greater part of what they earn in sensual indulgence, and consequently earning less than they otherwise would, must ever remain steeped to the very lips in social degradation. So far as our experience goes (and we have endeavoured to test individual observation by the collection of general statistics on the matter), a German spends at least double and treble what an Englishman does upon amusements; that is to say, a larger proportion of every German's income, as a rule, is devoted to unnecessary things, and consequently a smaller proportion left for what we consider essential to the maintenance of home, as well as for after-use in the different enterprizes of commerce. If a man consents, for the mere momentary gratification of his eye to blow some pounds sterling away into the air, at repeated intervals, in the shape of fireworks, common-sense teaches us that the money so expended is utterly lost and wasted; whereas, if the same amount of wealth be devoted to the fertilization of the soil, the same common-sense tells us that the wealth invested in the labour will never disappear, but come back again, year after year, with a considerable sum added to it, as profit for the undertaking.

With drinking and smoking, however, and indeed with every form of idle amusement, the money devoted to the luxury is not only wholly lost to the community —vanishing as entirely from the nation as if a blight

had come over the land—but the worst of such wasteful expenditure is, that the persons indulging in it are generally unfitted for those after-exertions which are the only means of replenishing the pockets. Recreation, of course, is a *necessary* enjoyment; for not even rest re-invigorates the faculties, when exhausted by prolonged labour, so much as relaxation—or the indulgence in those light mental and physical pastimes which make up the decent amusements after work, and which are aptly termed the *diversions* of a people. When the energies are flagging, too, perhaps even a gentle stimulant may be regarded as a natural restorative. In England, however, where the people work at least twice as hard, doing certainly double the work in the same time, as the men of any other nation, assuredly not half the proportion of the income is spent in such stimulants as among the German people. Where, however, a large amount is devoted to drink, a smaller amount necessarily remains for the purchase of wholesome substantial food; and an under-fed workman, growing tired over his labour sooner than a well-fed one, begins to crave for stimulants to put fresh temporary energy into his muscles, oftener than does the strong healthy artisan; so that thus a continually degenerating and degrading process goes on. Debilitated and emaciated by the want of proper nutritious food, the workman is, in a measure, compelled to resort to such restoratives as will, for the time being, supply him with energy enough to get through his day's task; and is consequently left without the means of obtaining such

solid nutriment as can alone enable him to acquire a sufficient stock of *permanent* strength to perform his labour without having recourse to repeated drams.

Now, the Germans, from the date of their earliest history, have been notorious for their drinking habits, and to this day the quantity of beer and *Schnapps* swallowed by them affrights every Englishman, when he comes to be acquainted with the general custom. True, there is less *surface* drunkenness than in our own country; for it is an unusual sight to see a tipsy man in the streets of any German city. Certainly, we have, during our residence in the "fatherland," witnessed schoolmasters tumble off their seats because their head had become heavier than their heels; and clergymen on the Sunday night fall flat on their stomach directly they attempted to rise from their chairs—and we assuredly never saw the same extent of intemperance among the same classes in our own land. Nevertheless, we repeat that such sights are by no means common, and the rule is *apparent* sobriety throughout the nation.

But we have elsewhere said intoxication is the outward and visible sign of occasional, rather than habitual, intemperance. At wine parties it is always the *young gentlemen* who are unused to such excesses, that are the first to disappear under the table; the old seasoned drinkers, who love to boast that they can take their two bottles of port without being in the least excited by the drink, being able to sit the night through, and yet walk home as steadily as tight-rope dancers. The same rule holds good in Germany.

There all the people are accustomed to excessive drinking, and therefore few, or none, ever appear drunk. In our country, however, where working men drink hard on the Saturday or the Monday after receiving their wages, intoxication is far more common; simply because hard drinking is far less general than among the German folk. And when we tell the reader that many a German student delights to brag that he can drink more glasses of beer at one sitting than he is years old, we leave decent people to conceive what must be the state of things in a nation where youths at universities consider the consumption of two-and-a-half gallons of beer in an evening to be their greatest glory; and where every father of a family drinks between four and five gallons of the same fluid in the course of the week. The labourers at the brewhouses in Eisenach, where they are allowed as much as they can swallow gratis, often drink as many as eighty pint-glasses, or ten gallons of beer during the day. Indeed, a true German will live upon anything, and sleep and dwell anyhow or anywhere, in order to have money enough to spend in the beer-house or tavern at nights, and to waste upon such pleasures as the customs of the country have taught him to delight in.

Let us now, therefore, proceed to give the reader a detailed account, not only of the ordinary amusements of the German people, but also to show him how large a proportion of their petty incomes is devoted to unnecessary enjoyments; and then, by letting him see how

little remains for the common necessities of life, teach him why it is that potatoes and black bread, and straw beds and bare floors, are the usual comforts of a German gentleman's home. It must be borne in mind that 300—400 thalers, or 45*l.*—60*l.* per annum, is by no means a *small* sum of money for a gentleman to receive yearly in the Thuringian capital. It will hereafter be seen, by the official accounts, that the city judge (the *Stadt-richter*, or deputy-magistrate) gets no more than 60*l. per annum.* We should add, too, that the statements hereafter given, as to the average expenditure of each father of a family, or grown male person in middle-class life, have been prepared in company with Germans themselves, and that whenever two different sums have been mentioned as to the amount devoted to this or that particular enjoyment, we have invariably preferred to adopt the lower figure, so that the general expense might be kept as moderate as possible.

First and foremost, then, come the items of beer-drinking and smoking, which, at the lowest calculation, must be taken at five groschens, or sixpence a-day, for six days in the week, and this gives us a gross outlay of 52 thalers, or 7*l* 15*s.* in the course of the year. After this, we have the expenses of the Sundays, and these, in almost every case, amount to 15 groschens, or 1*s.* 6*d.* throughout the day; for it is the general custom in Eisenach for the citizens to begin dropping into the beer-houses at ten in the morning. Indeed, hardly a grown man in the town ever dreams of going to church—the congregation

consisting almost entirely of the old women and children. After the mid-day dinner, a walk is usually taken to the suburbs, and a halt made at one of the beer-gardens in the neighbourhood, or else a visit paid to the concert at the "Fantasie" (a tavern in the outskirts so called), where, of course, more beer is drunk.

Indeed, it will be seen, by the extracts hereafter given from the journals of Thuringia, that Sunday is the principal day for amusements, for on the Sabbath not only are all the grand balls held, but the principal concerts given, *e.g.*:

On Sunday, the 26th October, in case of good weather, Concert-music in the Saloon of the Fantasie.

C. Henning,
Bandmaster.

After this the gentleman returns home to his supper at six or seven; and immediately this is swallowed he retires to pass the remainder of the evening, drinking, smoking, playing cards or billiards, either at the "Felsen Keller" (Rock-cellar), the "Rath's Keller" (Town-councillor's cellar), or the "Zahn-Lücke" (Hollow-tooth), or the "Garküche" (Cook-shop), or the "Gansens Ei" (Goose-egg), or the "Dunst" (the Fog), or the "Mohren" (Blackamoor), or the "Löwen" (Lion), or the "Stadt Graben" (the Town-ditch), or the "Engel" (Angel), or the "Krone" (Crown); or, indeed, at any one of the forty different taverns in the town where he has been informed a good glass of beer is to be obtained. The gross sum of money thus expended on the Sundays amounts to 26 thalers, or

3*l.* 18*s.* per annum, over and above the sum which is laid out for beer during the week-days.

Next in the list come the holidays, of which there are thirteen entire days in the course of the twelvemonth; and such is the general cessation from labour, that not even bread is baked at such times. Of these holidays three occur at Christmas, one day at the New Year, three at Easter, three at Whitsuntide, one on Ascension-day, and two on certain ordained days of so-called penance and fasting (*Busse-tage*)—the penance and fasting consisting, like the enjoyments on other holidays, in universal beer-drinking, smoking, and gambling. It is true, that divine service is performed in the churches, but the pews are empty, while the beer-house tables are crowded on such occasions. The bay window of our lodgings happened to overlook the entrance to one of the principal churches in Eisenach, and (excepting on New Year's Day, when the majority of people seemed to consider that attendance at Divine Service *once* in the year was a necessary "example" to be set to the younger and poorer portion of the community,) we can avow that we never saw more than a dozen grown males leaving the church-doors at the conclusion of the service. Those who think church-going a test of the morals of a country (and Sir John Dean Paul, be it remembered, visited a place of worship three times every Sabbath) may take this fact for what they consider it worth; but we cite it here to show merely that the worship of Cambrinus (the German god of beer,

whose portrait hangs in almost every tavern) is the chief idolatry of the country.

So early on these "feast-days" do the merry-making ceremonies begin, that it is the usual practice for the people at Whitsuntide to go out into the woods before it is light and breakfast upon some hill-top at sunrise; nor can you get a servant to remain in the house during the holiday-time. At every one of the lower taverns during the feast-days, balls are given every night—balls that the reader may form some notion of, when he is told that the common name for them is one of the most opprobrious description; and where, indeed, a Londoner who has seen every form of vice and crime in his own country is shocked by the sights of such indecorum, as it would be utterly impossible to witness at the lowest "friendly lead," or costermongers' "hop," in the British metropolis. To one or other of such balls every Saxon serving-maid *insists* upon going; nor is it usual for the girl to return home to her bed till early the next morning.

Here is an advertisement concerning the opening of a new "dance saloon," resorted to principally by the servant-girls and common soldiers of the town. It will be seen that the "inauguration" of the Assembly Rooms was fixed for the first *Feier-tag*, which literally signifies the first consecrated or holy rest-day; for though we have rendered this word as "holiday," simply because there is no equivalent term in the English language for the phrase, it must be borne in mind that such *Feier-tage* are distinct from

ordinary English holidays; for in Thuringia not only is all worldly work legally forbidden upon such occasions, but divine service is performed in each of the churches at least once a day during the time.

For the inauguration of our new Saloon, and the lighting of the same with gas, we hold, on the first holiday evening, a large Concert, which is to be given by Herr Henning, to which the highly-honored public is hereby most friendly invited. Admission, for gentlemen, 2½ groschens (threepence English), for ladies 1½ groschens (1½*d.*) Commencement at 7½ o'clock.

Sophie and Anna Hartung.
Hotel zum "Möhren."

N.B. On the second and third holiday a Ball will be given in the "Mohren" Saloon, to which admission will be refused to all those dancers who nails in their boots have!

The latter part of the above advertisement will afford the English reader a vivid idea as to the polite nature of the guests congregated together at such dances. We should add, however, in all fairness, that so far from such dances being a type of the more respectable assemblies of the town's-folk, that the public prohibition of nails in the boots of the dancers, by the landladies of the tavern, was considered an excellent joke in the city; and roars of laughter ensued at the theatre when the low comedian, in allusion to the announcement, assured the audience that a blacksmith was kept at the doors for the purpose of extracting the hob-nails from the boots of the ladies and gentlemen, previous to their waltzing.

For weeks before these holidays occur every kind of privation is submitted to at home in order to save up for the enjoyment—the common remark

being; "Oh! we must be sparesome now, the feast days are near at hand." Among the better-to-do, at the holiday time, it is the practice to club together and hire a cart, along which planks are arranged, so that some eighteen or twenty persons may be seated in it as in the pleasure vans—popular among our working-classes and school-children—and these go off for a day's excursion into the country. Many of the younger men make up "walking parties" into the Thuringian Forest, or to the top of the Inselsberg; while those who remain behind wander out to the taverns in the outskirts, at some one of which there is sure to be a concert, and at others a ball. On such occasions we are informed that every grown male in middle-class life spends, at least, one thaler the day; and this for thirteen such days makes a gross expenditure of thirteen thalers, or 1*l.* 19*s.* in the course of the year.

Another grand feast, held in every German town in the course of the twelvemonth, is what is termed the "bird-shooting," at which a large wooden image of an eagle is the target; and he who shoots away the last remaining portion of the bird is proclaimed king of the shooters for the next year, and becomes the winner of a small prize. Any person who pleases to pay 20 groschens for the sport, may have the pleasure of shooting at the carved block of wood, and for this sum he gets either one or two shots, according to the number of subscribers on the occasion. The skill displayed at such times is but poor school-boy work at best, and the rifles used almost as lumber-

ing as blunderbusses. Everyone shoots with a rest, and the top of the gun is generally fitted with no end of optical apparatus, such as telescopic glasses, and three or four sight-holes along the barrel to ensure a perfect aim; but notwithstanding all this paraphernalia, the majority miss the mark—it taking at least six days' continual firing before every bit of wood is brought to the ground, although the distance is but a hundred yards at best. Indeed, the German riflemen will hardly credit that our volunteers are in the habit of shooting, aye, and hitting the mark, too, at from 600 to 1000 paces; and one gentleman, who professed to have been a celebrated German sportsman (!) in his day, obliged us by telling us that it was not possible to make a gun that would carry a bullet, with anything like certainty, at such a range.*

* We append a literal translation of the advertisements which appear in the papers at such times.

Programme

Of this year's Chief-Birdshooting in the Marien-valley.

Saturday the 10th August, 6 p.m. Setting up of the Bird with Music and Mortar-firing.

Sunday, the 11th August, ½ past 2 p.m. Procession of the Shooters from the Market-place to the Marien-valley. At 4 p.m. beginning of the shooting from all the stations.

Monday, the 12th August, 9 a.m. Continuation of the shooting till 7 p.m.

Wednesday, the 14th August, 9 p.m. Lampstar-shooting.

Thursday, the 15th August, 9 a.m. Continuation of the shooting till noon. At 1 Table d'hote in the booth of the Restauration of the "Blackamoor;" at 3 continuation of the shooting till 7 in the evening.

Sunday, the 18th August, 3 p.m. Continuation of the shooting. Procession of the King of the Shooters. In the evening a firework (!)

During this same bird-shooting, a small fair is held in the outskirts of the city. Here large drinking-booths are erected, circuses and "round-abouts" set up, dancing bears brought, peep-shows established, and sheds put together for gambling at "loto;" for, during the whole week, it is the practice for the entire townspeople to retire to the scene—some immediately after dinner, others later in the evening—and to stay out there drinking and gambling till late every night. Indeed, many a person then does not think of returning home until one or two in the morning. On such occasions, we were informed, it is customary for almost every grown male in the town to spend 20 groschens, or 2*s.* daily, and this for six days brings the amount to 4 thalers or 12*s.* devoted yearly by each of the citizens to this form of amusement.

While dealing with the tavern habits of the Saxon

Monday, the 19th August, 7½ p.m. Grand festival-ball in the Salle of the "Recreation" (Erholung) Club.

On all the principal days (morning and afternoon) Band-music at the shooting-ground.

The Committee of the Shooters-guild.

To all the ticket-holders we address the friendly entreaty, on Sunday the 11th of this month, in the appointed procession from the market-place to the Marien-valley, to take part.

The Committee of the Shooters'-guild.

To an honored Public the respectful announcement, that we, for this-year's Bird-shooting in the Marien-valley, a Restauration, arranged in the best manner, have; and to-day, Saturday, the 10th August, in the evening, with a concert open. For good eating and drinking will the greatest care be taken, and we beg a plentiful attendance.

Sophie and Anna Hartung,
Of the "Blackamoor" Hotel.

people, it is important that we should not omit to mention the sums of money they are in the habit of spending either in cards, billiards, or skittle-playing. Most of the citizens in Eisenach belong to some skittle-club, the meetings of which are held once in the week at one of the taverns in the neighbourhood—and among the forty beer-houses in the town there are no less than twelve skittle-grounds—so that the reader can imagine how general the game must be among the people. Now each of such games costs one penny (even when no money is played for), and some two or three groschens are often lost or won at that peculiar form of the game, which the Germans call *Breit*. Moreover, there are, at least, eight billiard-tables distributed throughout the forty taverns. Here, again, each game costs a groschen, and when "pool" is played, as it often is, in the evening, the stakes are three-halfpence each player. Further, card-playing at everyone of the beer-houses is so common, that it certainly is the exception with the tavern frequenters not to play their two or three games at "sixty-six," or "*Scat*," for stakes which range from the twelfth to the sixth of a penny English; nevertheless, small as the stakes may seem, many a groschen exchanges hands in the course of the evening. This universal gambling, indeed, is another of the evils begotten by the universal pot-house practices of the Saxon people. A man cannot sit drinking and talking snip-snip all the evening through; and therefore, to while away the time in the tavern, cards and every other low art are introduced, so that the

beer-drinker may be seduced into sitting longer, and drinking deeper, than he otherwise would. After consulting with the best-informed Germans as to the amount of money thus wasted by their countrymen in the course of each week, we are assured that 10 groschens, or 1*s.* a man, is a very moderate estimate; but even this sum, small as it seems, amounts in the course of the year to 2*l.* 12*s.*, which has to be added to the other unnecessary expenses before mentioned.

But even as the beer-house habits of the Germans naturally beget habits of card-playing, billiard and skittle-playing, and, indeed, all those low forms of gaming, which the louters at public-houses delight to indulge in; so does the love of gambling thus engendered give rise, in its turn, to an utter distrust in those forms of industry and enterprise as the means of obtaining wealth, which are the marked characteristics of our own countrymen. In Germany, however, the people, thus educated night after night in the taverns, have lost all belief in self-reliance, and put such faith in lotteries, as the means of amassing riches, that there is hardly a well-to-do man, or merchant, who does not spend his five thalers a-year in the purchase of an eighth share in some one or other of the Government wheels of fortune throughout the country; and so jealous are the petty rulers of the Principalities lest the people under their despotic control should gamble in any lottery but *that* in which they have some special interest, that there is generally in each community a law restrict-

ing every person from gambling in any other than the Grand Duke's own particular "hell." This was the case in Saxe Weimar. Every person who played in any other lottery than that of Leipzig (which belongs to the King of Saxony) was liable to a heavy fine; but in that he was welcome to beggar every person belonging to him, because the heartless authorities happened to be enriched by such means.

Nor does the love of gambling thus begotten end here. In the neighbouring capital of Gotha, at the time of the "bird-shooting," a roulette table is allowed by the brother of our own Prince Albert, from which the Grand Duke Ernst thinks it no disgrace to derive 2000 thalers every year; and thither the Eisenach citizens and master tradesmen, and, indeed, even the journeymen, were in the habit of wending their way; but, though we heard of many a one who was obliged to walk back, because he had not even the money left to pay his railway expenses, we never knew of one silly gambler who had gained even a thaler or two by the trip.

Thus much for the money spent in drinking and gambling by the Eisenach burgers. We have purposely set down the amount of money lost in such transactions at the smallest sum possible, because everyone of our friends told us it was difficult to arrive at anything like positive information upon such a matter; and we, therefore, have enumerated only such expenses as are *known* to be incurred by the generality of the better-to-do classes in the town.

CHAPTER V.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE THURINGIAN PEOPLE (*Continued.*)

We now come to the expenses incurred by the female members of every German household in connection with beer-gardens and taverns; for, though it is not the custom with Saxon ladies to visit public-houses at night-time, it is considered to be by no means unladylike to frequent the same places in the afternoon. Indeed, it is the invariable custom for the wives of officers, daughters of judges, and even for the family of the lord chamberlain and the mayor and deputy-mayors to stroll out twice or thrice a-week to one or other of the suburban taverns, and there drink their coffee, or glass of beer, with, it may be, a half-pint of raspberry lemonade as a finish to the entertainment. But even in these boorish practices there is a would-be fashion; for you are told that no lady can be seen at this public-house on a Monday, though on a Tuesday or a Thursday it is considered the "correct thing" for a gentlewoman to appear there. To the tavern at Fischbach all the most "elegant" ladies in the town were in the habit of flocking every Tuesday and Thursday. To the little drinking cabin on top of the mountain, called the "*Hohe Sonne,*" it was the

mode to pay a visit every Monday and Friday. In the summer time it was thought fashionable for the ladies to frequent the beer-house called the "*Fantasie*" every Tuesday and Saturday; and so it went on, there was a particular day for each of the gentlewomen to visit each of the public-houses in the suburbs. These visits usually occur between the hours of three and six, it being the custom to assemble there shortly after dinner, and to remain until nearly supper time. On such occasions, the ladies generally take their cake or their rolls and sausage wrapped up in paper in their pocket, and these they eat with their coffee; it being the common custom at such times for the gentlewomen, both young and old, to throw a lump of sugar into their mouth, and then to suck the coffee through it; and, when this elegant operation has been gone through, to dip the sippets of cake, or the bits of rolls they have brought with them, into the cup, and lap up the wet mess until the whole has disappeared. After this a glass of beer, or raspberry lemonade, is the usual beverage partaken of by the sweet creatures; and there they sit knitting and talking scandal in the public-house till, as we have said, the hour for their "man's" supper draws near.

In this manner we are convinced, and moreover confirmed and upheld in our opinion by many of the most respectable citizens of Eisenach, that at least between five and ten groschens are expended by every well-to-do family in the week. At such times the mother and daughter are present; and

saying that the ladies resort only twice in the week to the beer-house, and spend only 2½*d.* each on either occasion, the sum-total amounts to the larger sum before mentioned. However, to be within the mark let us adopt the lower estimate, and we thus come to the conclusion that at least 8 thalers, 20 groschens (or 1*l.* 6*s.* English) is squandered every year by every German household in this manner. Remember, we are not speaking of individual practices but national customs, and in the estimate we adopt we have again preferred the lower to the higher calculation.

Moreover, every person above the grade of a working man in Eisenach belongs to one or other of the two clubs in the town, the "*Klemda,*" or the "*Erholung,*" as they are called, the former being the institution of the gentry, so to speak, and the latter of the citizens; though the one seems to be in the same state of bewilderment as to where gentry ends and citizenship begins, as the other is as to the ultimatum of citizenship, and the beginning of servitude. At the "Klemda," shop-boys and chandler's-shopkeepers are allowed to rank among the "superior classes;" while at the "Erholung," decent, well-conducted girls, who happen to serve in pastry-cooks' shops, are excluded as servants, even though linen-drapers' young men, acting in the same capacity, are admitted as gentlemen at the more fashionable institution. The subscription to these so-called clubs ranges from 3 thalers 15 gros., to 3 thalers 20 gros., or from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 11*s.* the year; though we need

hardly inform the English reader that such institutions are as unlike English clubs, in all their appurtenances and comforts, as a Casino is unlike Almack's, or a Music Hall unlike the Italian Opera. However, with such forms of life it is not our purpose to deal at the present moment, our object being merely to calculate the amount of money which the Germans give up to such indulgences; so, taking the subscription to the "Erholung," or lower club, as the rule, we have the yearly expense of 3 thalers 15 gros., or 10*s.* 6*d.* devoted by each head of a family to the maintenance of the Eisenach clubs in the course of the twelvemonth.

Now, at each of these clubs, it is customary to hold a ball every fortnight throughout the winter, for, as we have said before, the gentry are too poor to give such entertainments, as with us, at their own houses; and at each of these balls the average amount of expenditure is, at the very least, fifteen groschens every two weeks, and then multiplying these fortnightly dances by twenty-six, we have a gross expense of 13 thalers, or 1*l.* 19*s.* per annum.

Previous to any winter ball or summer dancing-amusement taking place at either of the clubs of Eisenach, an advertisement is inserted in the little hand-bill of a newspaper. Such advertisements are generally to the following effect; the following translations being *literatim* and *verbatim*, so that the English reader may have a sense of the odd German phraseology in such matters.

For the members of the Klemda-Club there is to be found

On Thursday, 3rd July, 1862,

from 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Garden-Music. In case of unfavourable weather, then, on the other hand, at 7½ o'clock in the evening, Dance-amusement will take place.

The Foremost Members.

The Erholung-Club.

Sunday, the 26th October, at 7 o'clock in the evening, for the Year's-day (of the Founding of the Society) a great Ball. Non-members, belonging to this town, cannot, without any exception, be introduced.

The Foremost Members.

Moreover, it is usual with each of these clubs to hold one fancy ball in the course of the year; and although we have known working butchers then pay five thalers for the hire of the costume to enable them to enjoy the small honour of appearing as Francis I. of France, or strutting as Charlemagne for a few hours, individual expenditure on such occasions is no test as to the general folly of a nation. However, we are assured that 2 thalers, or 6*s*. a head, even though the costumes are of the most trumpery description, is but a small estimate of the expenses consequent on these masquerades; for everyone of the middle classes goes to one or other of the entertainments, and everybody eats, drinks, and dances till nearly six in the morning. On the occasion of the mask ball, at least half a page of the little Eisenach gazette (that is no bigger than a baby's pocket-handkerchief) is taken up with the staring programme of the prices of admission, and arrangements for procuring tickets—duly classified, with all the pedantry of the German schools, as though it

were some profound system of natural philosophy, rather than the occasion for the whole community of jackasses dressing up for the nonce in lions' skins.

The following is translated, word for word, from the last of such announcements :—

On Sunday, the 22nd of February, 1863, there will be in the Saloon of the "Erholungs" Club,

A Great Mask Ball

held—Tickets at the undermentioned prices will be given out:

(1.) For respectable strangers and non-members at 12½ groschens (fifteen pence English) by Mr. Royaltinman, Louis Habermas;

(2.) For members' sons at 7½ groschens (ninepence English) by the Tannermaster Mr. Herrmann Fiesinger;

(3.) For members' daughters at 5 groschens (sixpence English) by Mr. C. G. Dobermann;

(4.) For members and honorary members (who will be admitted free of expense) by the Masstercarpenter, Mr. H. Duphorn.

The giving out of the tickets continues only to the 22nd of this month (4 o'clock in the afternoon); and then tickets without distinction can only at the doors be paid for at 15 groschens (1s. 6d.) each. Commence at 7½ o'clock.

To a right-strong participation in this entertainment the public is invited by

The Committee of the "Erholungs" Club.

In addition to the items above given, we must now set down the cost of attendance at the theatre —the theatricals lasting for six weeks in the year. True, the prices are about the same as those taken at our own Britannia Saloon, and the entertainment not a tithe so good—the admission to the dress-circle being 7½ gros., or 9*d.* English; that to the body of the theatre 5 gros., or 6*d.* of our money; and the charge to the cheapest places only 3*d.* During the performance smoking is not allowed, but drinking of beer and munching of sausages is carried on, even by the ladies, in the "first places," in a

manner that has no parallel but among the cook-maids in the gallery of our "Victoria." The pieces which we saw performed were of the lowest and poorest form of dramatic art; and even those which were said to have been represented in Berlin, between 100 and 200 nights successively, and to be the works of the best modern German dramatists, were such disjointed faragoes of improbabilities, that the commonest English audience would not have tolerated them even for an hour. Indeed, dramatic construction is utterly unknown in Germany, for even Schiller himself has but little of the true faculty of action in his plays, the characters often having to mouth some hundred lines of verse, during which the progressive movement of the story comes to a dead halt. The German genius is essentially of a didactic character, and in all their plays, as in all their stories, they love to prose, till those who look for entertainment and expect to be interested, rather than lectured to, in such works, are compelled to gape at the very platitudes to which they are doomed to listen. German acting, again, is mere dull sing-song declamation, and actors whom we heard professors declare to have "organs" which pierced the heart, were to any person who had seen the leading performers of England and France, but poor elocutionary puppets, lacking entirely that fire of soul and that vivid power of impersonation which belongs to a true Talma or a Kean. Indeed, the best German performers whom we listened to were nothing more than ordinary schoolboys reciting a speech at a distribution of prizes.

Upon such entertainments the Eisenachers, as a rule, wasted about 15 gros., or 1*s.* 6*d.*, each man during the season, the common custom being for each person to go thrice during the six weeks; of course, many of the officers and others were there night after night, and some of these informed us that they had subscribed for 5 thalers' worth of tickets at the commencement of the season. Nevertheless, such an outlay was by no means general; and, so far as we could learn, the estimate we have given above appeared to be a fair average of the money thus spent by the citizens.

One class of amusement is peculiar to Germany. The Choral Societies which have sprung up in England of late years are mere imitations of the singing-clubs which prevail throughout the whole of the Fatherland. In the Thuringian capital alone there were the *Sing Verein* (literally the "Singing Union"), the *Lieder Kranz* ("Song Circle"), *Lieder Tafel* ("Song Tablet"), the *Männer Chor* ("Men's Choir"), and the *Männer Gesangverein* ("Men's Singing Club"). Each of these five societies consists of between 100 and 200 members, active as well as passive; so that, as there are only 1248 houses in Eisenach, the reader will readily understand that in such a town almost every grown male belongs to one or other of the singing-clubs. Such societies are almost invariably held at public-houses, or those joint-stock pot-houses which pass by the name of clubs in Eisenach. The subscription is mostly 1 thaler 5 gros., or 3*s.* 6*d.* the year, and for this the

members are entitled to admission to the concerts and balls, which occur every six weeks throughout the twelvemonth. Such entertainments constitute the most agreeable pastimes in every German town, for everyone must admit that this people has the faculty of singing in unison with wonderful precision, taste, and excellence; and the fine German music is rendered, on such occasions, even by amateurs, in a most masterly manner. Almost every native is able to read music at sight; indeed, it is the common practice at the schools to teach the scholars to sing from notes, so that the faculty thus early educated, and continually exercised in after life, comes to be one of the most distinctive characters of the people. Wherever you go you are sure to hear some chorus floating in the air; in your walks in the woods the sounds are wafted from some neighbouring hill-top; in the valley some party is assembled at one of the little "garden-houses," and a chorus admirably sung echoes among the neighbouring rocks. In the dead of the night you hear the people singing along the streets in a band as they return from the taverns; or maybe you are aroused from your slumbers by the voices of an entire choir serenading the president of the club at midnight, on his birthday.

But if the Germans possess the faculty of singing together in exquisite unison, they assuredly lack the power of singing alone with anything like ordinary merit. We were in the habit of attending many of the concerts given by these choral societies, and certainly never had our ears pierced in so disagreeable

a manner as by the wretched execution of the solo performers. Almost everyone thinks it necessary to sing either in his throat or through his nose; and when we first became residents in the town there was a great fuss made about the vocal power of one of the young ladies belonging to the *Sing Verein*. So highly, indeed, was her musical talent appreciated that, on her marriage, an entertainment was given, in which one of the officers enacted the part of a birdseller, and entering the room with a lot of cages over his shoulder, called upon the bridegroom to give back to the citizens of Eisenach the nightingale which he was about to deprive them of. This same nightingale, however, we can assure the reader, was but a sorry lark; and, beside any girl of ordinary vocal merit in an English drawing-room, would have appeared very like a goose. But the Eisenach young ladies are not generally instructed in the piano, the custom in Germany being that the gentlemen rather than the ladies should be trained in the study of some instrument.

Well, as we have said, there is generally a ball and concert in connection with each of these clubs every six weeks, and on the anniversary of the founding of the institution an extra-grand entertainment is usually given. At the ordinary dances the gentlemen regale themselves with beer and sausages, or may be a so-called beefsteak, about as big as the palm of one's hand, while a cup of tea and slice of cake is the usual repast of the ladies. On the "year's day," however, the common practice is for

each of the gentlemen to indulge in a bottle of eighteen-penny wine and to feast themselves at supper with a portion of baked goose or hare, as the season may afford—an enjoyment for which they are in the habit of stinting themselves, or saving-up, as they call it, for many a week before. However, lumping the extraordinary with the ordinary entertainments, and assuming that only 15 gros., or 1*s.* 6*d.*, is spent at each ball every six weeks, we have a gross yearly expense of 4 thalers, or 12*s.*, thus incurred, in addition to the subscription to the club itself.

Nor is the long list of the sums devoted by the Germans to the matter of amusements yet completed. Indeed, what with balls at the "Erholung" or the "Klemda"—the balls at the different singing-clubs in the town—balls at the taverns in the city, or the suburbs—skittle-clubs, and coffee-drinkings, either at Fischbach or the "Fantasie"—card-playing and billiard-playing in the beer-houses, at night—the women as well as the men were in the habit of passing more evenings outside their houses than within them; so that a sober, decent Englishman, when he heard the fools complain of the poverty of their people, and knew how much time they gave up to pleasure, and how little to work, could hardly refrain from telling them that the penury was of their own begetting; and that so long as the mass of the people (ladies as well as gentlemen) had the habits of beggars and vagabonds, so long must they remain beggars and vagabonds in the eyes of all civilized Europe.

The cheapness of the amusements before enu-

merated cannot fail to have struck the English reader. It may appear delightful that people can go out into the country and enjoy themselves for twopence-halfpenny, or sixpence a head; that the expenses of a ball (supper included) should be limited to eighteenpence; that a night's entertainment at a theatre can be had for sixpence, or at the utmost ninepence of our money; that billiards and skittles can be played for a penny a game; and that even card-playing, for money, is limited to the twelfth, or the sixth of a penny, per point. All this appears very primitive and very harmless as we read it item by item, but when we come to sum up the whole of the petty figures, and to bear in mind, as we said before, that the income of a German gentleman is about half that of a journeyman tailor in our own country, the eyes begin to open, and the dullest brain is able to understand why even the better-to-do people in the fatherland are forced to live as hard, and to inhabit hovels almost as comfortless, as our own Irish peasants.

However, to return to our sheep, as the French say. Well, with each of these singing-clubs there are still other expenses to be set down. The custom prevails throughout Germany of holding "choral feasts" in some one or other of the principal towns, to which the several members of the other societies throughout the country are invited. The railway expenses of the journey are defrayed out of the general funds in connection with each of the invited choirs, and every member attending the general singing feast is billeted upon some person in the city where the gathering is held, and where he is boarded and lodged gratuitously.

The festivities at these yearly congresses of the several singing clubs generally last for six days, and during this time drinking and revelry are carried on to such an extent that one of the most prudent citizens in Eisenach informed us that, as a rule, not less than 14 thalers, or 2*l.* 2*s.*, were spent by each man who visited them. Once such a trip had cost him not less than 18 thalers (2*l.* 14*s.*), although he had been, he said, extremely sparing; and many he knew had laid out as much as 30 thalers, or 4*l.* 10*s.* in the course of the week, so that he was certain that the sum we have named was a very moderate amount expended on such occasions.*

* We have here enumerated only one such *feast* as occurring in the course of the year, so as to avoid excess in the above estimate. There are, however, usually two or more of these monstrous assemblies held at some distant towns; and these the Eisenach members of the class convening the congress feel themselves more or less bound to take part in. This summer, for instance, there has been a great *Tourner-fest* at Leipzig, where some 20,000 gymnasts came together to tumble in public, the Eisenach *Tourn-verein* helping to swell the numbers. This cost the Eisenachers who attended it 10—15 thalers, or from 30*s.* to 45*s.* each. Moreover, during the "bird-shooting" this autumn, there is to be a grand *Künstler-fest* (artists'-feast) up at the Wartburg, where a large temporary hall is now being erected, and which it is expected will bring some thousands of strangers to the town. On such occasions the festivities generally continue for three or four days, and often run over an entire week, the average expenses being at least 3 thalers, or 9*s.*, a-day for each person; though, to be on the safe side, we have excluded such extraordinary gatherings altogether from the foregoing calculation. The Germans, however, specially delight in such gigantic fooleries as 30,000 singers or 20,000 Tourners all performing at once. They love to walk in interminably long processions, with banners flying and a band of music (or even half a hundred

There is but one other item to be added to the above, and then we have done. In the course of the season it is usual for a travelling musician or conjuror, or puppet-show exhibitor, to visit the town; or else, perhaps, the director of the music at the church gets up a series of "symphonic concerts," to which the majority of the citizens are in the habit of purchasing tickets. But hardly one such entertainment in Eisenach ever pays its expenses; the most profitable during our time was a performance given by a small *troupe* of hand-bell ringers from London, who, though they spoke the purest Cockney dialect, were advertised as Highlanders, and who made their appearance dressed up in kilts to the great delight of the German folk, the entertainment being as strange to them as the costume was novel. These worthies drew crowded rooms for some two or three nights successively, whereas we heard that the director of the symphonic concerts lost

drummers) clattering away at their head, after the manner of little boys playing at soldiers in the streets. Such senseless displays are happily limited in England nowadays to the "demonstrations" of the temperance children, called the "Band of Hope," who are continually parading in pairs along the thoroughfares with flags and trumpets to tell the people they are going to drink a simple cup of tea together. In our own country such blatant monstrosities as thousands of singers, all roaring like a horde of prairie-bulls at once, are almost unknown beyond the naves of the not-particularly-classic Crystal-Palace Company; where, once a-year, the united children of the charity schools of the British Metropolis are wont to be brought together in one vast miscellaneous muffin-cap multitude, to squeal the "Old Hundredth" as sonorously as if some milliads of hurdy-gurdies or barrel-organs were all grinding away at one and the same time!!!

some ten or twenty thalers by his speculation. The average price of admission to such entertainments ranges from sixpence to a shilling, the latter being considered an extremely high figure. Let us assume, therefore, that every grown male in the town visits only one such entertainment in the year, and pays the lowest price for his admission, viz. five groschens, and we must still add that amount to the total of a German's unnecessary expenses.

But by the time we have come to the end of our account the reader has, doubtlessly, forgotten the beginning. We will, therefore, briefly recapitulate the several items of expenditure, so that he may have them all presented at one glance to his consideration.

	Ths.	sgrs.	£	s.	d.	
Money spent in tavern expenses during the week . . .	52	0 =	7	16	0	the year.
Do. for Sunday enjoyments .	26	0	3	18	0	,,
Do. during the 13 feast-days which occur in each twelve months	13	0	1	19	0	,,
Do. during the week of the shooting-feast, ...	4	0		12	0	,,
Do. for skittles, billiard or card playing in taverns . . .	17	10	2	12	0	,,
Do. for ⅛ share in the lottery .	5	0		15	0	,,
Do. by the ladies of each citizen's family for coffee and beer at the taverns in the afternoon .	8	20	1	6	0	,,
Do. for subscription to one or other of the clubs in the town	3	15		10	6	,,
Do. for expenses at the balls held at such clubs	13	0	1	19	0	,,
Carried forward . .	142	15	21	7	6	

	Ths.	sgrs.	£	s.	d.	
Brought forward . .	142	15	21	7	6	
Money spent for hire of the costume, &c., at one fancy ball in the course of the year .	2	0		6	0	the year.
Do. for admission to the theatre		15		1	6	„
Do. for subscriptions to one or other of the singing societies in the town . . .	1	5		3	0	„
Do. for expenses at the balls and concerts given by such singing societies	4	0		12	0	„
Do. for expenses during the congress of the singing societies in some distant city . .	14	0	2	2	0	„
Do. for admission to extra concerts		5			6	„
Total . . Ths.	164	10	or £24	13	0	

Now, to understand what proportion this annual *unnecessary* outlay bears to the general income among the people of the city, we must refer the reader to the extracts, hereafter given, from the printed list of the salaries paid to the highest officials of the town. So far as our experience goes 300—400 thalers, or 45*l.*—60*l.* a-year, appears to us to be about the usual income of the middle-class people in the Thuringian capital. Such amusements as those above-cited are indulged in only by the better-to-do middle class families, and we repeat that 45*l.* to 60*l.* the year is not only a fair sum at which to set such income down, but many of our friends believed the usual amount of middle-class earnings to be much lower than we have stated.

At the corner of the Carls Platz, in which we lived,

was the shop of a *Kaufmann*, or chandler, doing more than an ordinary run of business; and here we knew, for a fact, from the best authority, that the average takings throughout the year amounted to 1*l.* a-day. Assuming, then, the profit to be 25 *per cent.*, the gross weekly gain of such a person would be 1*l.* 15*s.*; for Sunday, at such a business, is the same as week-days in Eisenach. But out of this weekly sum a shop-boy had to be paid and fed, and lighting and rent provided, and this would cost at least 15*s.* a-week altogether; so that the clear gains of such a person could not be more than 1*l.*, or say 7 dollars the week, which is at the rate of 364 thalers, or 54*l.* 12*s.* the year. True, some other of these chandler's-shopkeepers took more than the one above mentioned; the receipts of one at the opposite corner of this same Carls Platz, we were informed, amounted to double as much daily; while the takings of another man, who did the best retail business in the town, were said to be but 4*l.* 10*s.* per diem. We have cited the first-mentioned *Kaufmann*, however, as being a type of the general body of chandler's-shopkeepers throughout the town; for though he took less than the few who had the best businesses, his receipts were more than many who had shops in the less-frequented parts of the town. Further, it may be mentioned, that 300 thalers, or 45*l.* a-year, is the income of a lieutenant in the army, so that in estimating each of the citizens, the tradesmen, the professional men, Government officials and officers in the army, to have as much as 300 or 400 thalers coming in every year, we are con-

vinced we are not very wide of the truth. How, then, stands the account? On the one side we have an income of 45*l.* to 60*l.* the year, and on the other an outlay of not less than 24*l.* 10*s.* in *wholly unnecessary expenditure;* the larger proportion being spent in drinking and gambling, while the magnificent sum of from 20*l.* to 35*l.* is left for keeping house, for feeding and clothing not only the man himself, but the several members of his family.

Now, reader, perhaps you will comprehend why so little meat can be afforded in each middle-class German family; you will understand how it is that but one pound among the whole is the usual allowance on the Sunday—potatoes, milk-soups, and barley-soups, and hard-boiled eggs, and Swede turnips being the general fare, even in gentlemen's families, on week-days. You can now divine the reason why even the judges have hardly a shirt to their back, and many a person rejoicing in the long-winded title of Herr Appellations-Gericht Rath is obliged to resort to the dirty sham of "dickeys." You will now be able to see why it is that, though white bread is but twopence the pound, none but the rich can afford to eat it, and then only as cake—the ordinary staff of life in Germany being a disgusting mass of sour, black rye dough, baked till it is the colour of ginger-bread, and as heavy and toothsome as the compound schoolboys are in the habit of denominating "stick-jaw." You will now too be able to conceive the cause why the rooms of gentlefolks should be as bare of every article of elegance or comfort as an ordinary English

tap-room; why the ladies of the town should be seen bringing home their bundles of straw from the market in order to furnish new beds for the family; and, in a word, why the people live at home like swine—*simply because they indulge like swine when away from their families.*

Think what it would be if an English gentleman, earning his 300*l.* a-year, was in the habit of wasting nearly 150*l.* of it *outside* of his house. Where would be our boasted home comforts, if the father of every family, and the grown-up sons of every mother, made it an invariable practice to pass every night of the week drinking and playing at cards, skittles, or billiards, in some low tavern?—or if the ladies of every English household, on the other hand, thought it essential to visit beer-gardens at least twice and thrice every week, and to be flaunting away at some ball or concert at least once every fortnight throughout the year? What would become of our cosy firesides then? and where would be that moral and decent training of the younger members of each family—far better than all the learning and scholastic acquirements of the world; and which, to the pride of every Englishman, is found alone in his own country?

SECTION IV.—DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

FEEDING OF THE BIPED PIGS IN SAXONY.

"WHY do we eat hares and not eat foxes?" said the author of the "*Physiologie du Gôut*" to Madame Ida Pfeiffer on her visit to the Parisian capital. "Ach the thousand!" replied the German lady with an oath, after the custom of German ladies in general, "that is merely fashion; and such a question can only be answered by another." Whereupon the lady inquired of the French philosopher with the clumsiest *naïveté*, "Can you tell me, Monsieur, why we should wash our face and never wash our feet?"

Differences of tastes and manners must naturally be expected to prevail among different races and classes of people; still, in countries professing to take rank among the civilized nations of Europe, and pretending to something like European politeness, the traveller expects to find the manners and customs distinguished by some slight trace of refinement, and

the mode of feeding and conduct at table a degree or two above that of savages.

Now, it will be seen from the little cabinet pictures of Saxon life before given, that the people of Thuringia remain in about the same condition as were the Dutch boors at the time of the two Teniers, and that the manners and customs of even their nobles, their gentry, and their middle classes are not half as refined as those of our well-to-do artizans—the only class in England, indeed, to which the better-to-do Saxons can be assimilated, being the day-labourers, earth-workers, and navigators, who alone with us consent to take their food in the same hoggish way as the professional gentry, Government officials, and master tradesmen still delight to do in the Residenz Stadt of Eisenach.

Nor is it possible to make Germans understand the difference between our country, and our life and theirs. Heinrich Heine, whom we had the good fortune to know, was the only foreigner we ever met with who had the least sense of the difference; and he told his countrymen, very truly, that English life was essentially an inner life, and not the same outside, showy, tricky, vulgar thing as that abroad—made up of parading in the streets in fine clothes by day, and dancing in public ball-rooms, or drinking and smoking in taverns, by night, while the family is left to "rot and fust" in a comparative stye at home. But on the contrary, he said, our life is a decent, comfortable, unpretentious, homely existence, where everything is sacrificed to secure the happiness and the orderly and decent

bringing-up of the household, rather than to show parade and swagger out of doors. On the Continent, however, everything is the direct reverse of this; theatrical outside display and tawdry ostentation being the rule on the one hand, and internal squalor and destitution the social law on the other.

After residing for some couple of years on the banks of the Rhine, we took with us, on returning to our country, an honest Rhenish maid-servant, so that our children might have some one with whom they might continue their German; and when the young ones stood no longer in need of such a nursery attendant, we were lucky enough to be able to procure for the girl a situation with an English lady of title. Some few months after she had left us, she came to pay us a visit at the end of a long tour with her new mistress through the midland districts of England, and she then told us that, until she had seen the English country villages—the English farm-houses, and, indeed, the English peasants' cottages, and the way in which our country people lived, she had no notion of the misery of the mass of her own country folk. And so it is: a German *in* Germany cannot possibly comprehend the squalor, indecency, and barbarism of even middle-class German life, for he has never seen or known anything better—poor wretch! The German fare must be observed with English eyes —noted by those who have been accustomed to English comforts, to the cleanliness and tidiness of English houses, and to the decency and refinement of English

feeding, as well as to the politeness of English manners —in order to be felt in all its full filthy force.

The Thuringians, as a rule, eat no more meat than the cottiers of Ireland—potatoes, vegetable-soups, and dumplings, constituting the chief food for dinner and supper throughout the country. Nor must it be imagined that we refer here only to the habits of the poorer classes; on the contrary, we repeat, what we have before stated, that the families of the middle-class folk—such as tradesmen and master workmen, and, indeed, the wives and children of many of the professional people and Government officials—live as hard and as scantily as London needlewomen, and the worst-paid portion of journeymen tailors in the British metropolis; and, we should add, neither are they so well housed, nor their rooms so decently or comfortably fitted.

When we first came to the town, it was a positive nine days' marvel among the citizens, as to the quantity of animal food consumed by our family in the course of the week; and yet our fare was simple plain English living, without even meat at breakfast or supper. At first it was difficult to understand the astonishment of our new neighbours; we soon, however, found that it was the custom even of the better-to-do portion of the community to taste beef or mutton only twice or thrice a week (like our paupers and prisoners), and that many a Burgher ate it only on the Sundays; and that, indeed, whenever animal food was partaken of, "the joint" consisted of a "bit," not more than a pound in weight, which had

to be duly distributed in pieces of an ounce or two each, among the several members of the family. Even a hare, when it is bought as a great treat, is expected to last the several members of the household for three days! though hares cost each but a shilling of our money.

Now, though one seldom sees the table arrangements of a Saxon family—such things as dinner-parties in the houses of the gentry being utterly unknown in the land — still, you hear from the different servants who come to live with you what are the habits of the people in their private household arrangements; and we know, from what we ourselves could not *help* seeing, that the milliners who lived below us, and ranked as the best *modistes* in the place, had only a scrap of meat, no bigger than the palm of one's hand, on the Sunday, and *that* to satisfy four grown women and a servant; whilst on the other side, the town councillor, who lived over our head, with his wife, fared about as plainly and closely as does a journeymen carpenter, or working turner on the other side of the Channel; for the Rath and the Räthin were accustomed to take their dinners in the dingy dismal "cooking-room," as it is called, in a style far less decent and tidy than is customary among the artizans and mechanics of England. Again, we had it from our own domestic, that the family of one of the principal officials in connection with the Government taxes, never ate any animal food, except once a week *as a rule*—the week-day meals generally consisting of all kinds of barley-

broths and "flour food," and vegetable soups, or may be of potato-dumplings and plums, or coffee and bread-and-butter; while the morning repast was merely a dry roll of bread, and a cup of black coffee, without any milk or sugar added to it. Further, it was well known throughout the town, that the High Chamberlain of the Grand Duke was wont to have the mid-day repast for himself, wife, and family sent in from the "Mohren Tavern" (his lordship having no servant to dress the meal at home), and that this was made up of only two small French portions of solid food among five people. In fine, when we tell the polite reader that the salary of this same grand ducal functionary was but 60*l.* a-year, he will readily understand, not only that no servant could have been maintained out of it, but that no more plentiful fare could have been possible on such a pittance—seeing that the said high chamberlain received merely the wages of a gentleman's coachman in England.

Still, it will be remembered that we have spoken of the Eisenachers' great love of pig-feeding; and, therefore, it may be said, if it be true that these people, as a rule, consume more potatoes than beef and mutton, what become of the fat swine that they one and all delight to rear?

The capacious vat into which every portion of pig-meat is thrown, as soon as the animal is slaughtered, to be chopped into sausages, affords a sufficient solution of the mystery—especially when the process of family sausage-making has once been witnessed by the stranger. For the greater mass of the fat of

the hog, when duly pared from the flesh, is boiled down into what is called *Speck* (the said "speck" being a dirty-coloured nasty imitation of our lard), and the entire offal hacked up with the pig-meat itself, and then dried into either liver-sausage, hard-sausage, red sausage, Savoyard sausage, and Heaven knows how many other sausages besides! True it is, that on the day of the festival on which the pig is slaughtered (and this is a time of special rejoicing among the friends of the citizens at whose house the interesting ceremony occurs) strips of the narrower layers of fat from the neck of the animal, together with the ears and snout, are boiled and served up with peppermint *Schnapps*, as great delicacies, under the name of "*Kessel-fleish*" (pot-meat) for breakfast to those favoured acquaintances who are invited to participate in the boorish banquet. But beyond such parings, hardly one bit of the meat itself ever makes its appearance as a joint of roast or boiled upon the citizens' tables. And no wonder: for the person who has once tasted and even looked at a dish of Saxon pork, and found the meat to be as different from English "dairy fed," as is the complexion of a Circassian from that of a Malay, would never dream of trusting himself to sit down to the same dish a second time; and, indeed, now that we have informed the reader as to how the Eisenach swine are generally fed and housed (and there are details connected with the process, as well as the situation of the styes, of which common decency prevents the mention), he will not marvel how flesh which with us is, generally, as white as chicken-

meat, should invariably, in a land where there is but little sense of either cleanliness or decency, be found almost as swarthy as that of hares; or how the hump of black, baked pig-meat, stripped of every particle of fat, is not a very tempting-looking, nor even a very toothsome dish, to persons of the least refinement.

Such is the solution of the gastronomic riddle in Saxony: swine are fed — not for pork — but only for the production of the filthy fat called "speck" and for the supply of the infinite variety of sausages made and consumed in the land. Indeed, as we in England term a young pig a "porker," because it is the usual fate of the daintier class of those animals to be converted into that kind of food with us; even so do the Saxon folk call a hog in his hobby-de-hoy-hood a "beautiful little sausage" (*schönes Würstchen*)—such being the invariable destiny of the animal in that country.

But the mania for swine-feeding and swine-slaying is not the only passion among this Bucolic community — the pastoral citizens having the same love of cramming and cutting the throats of geese, as of pigs; so much so, indeed, that there is hardly a wash-house throughout the city that is not devoted to the fattening of such birds at the fall of the year. At the house in which we lived the *Hof* was alive and a-fume with its farmyard appurtenances: at one time, the elegant landlady was there collecting the dung that reeked in a mound at one end of it; at another, the fashionable milliners, who rented the little hole of a shop on the

ground-floor, were out in the yard stuffing the sacks of straw, on which they slept, with the luxury of the new truss that they had just brought home with them from the market. At other times, again, we should find the wife of the town councillor, the noseless Frau Appellations-Gericht-Räthin, bringing home a couple of live geese from the market, carrying the birds by the pinions in either hand; and then the poor creatures would be cooped up in one corner of the joint-stock wash-house for the next month or so; and we should hear them cackling away, whenever any one went near the place, for the short allowance of grain, or meal, which the miserly old "lady councillor" thought fit to dispense to the wretched sentient creatures. Nor would the clatter cease, till her ladyship had decided, after the daily pinching of their breast-bones, and weighing of their bodies in her hand, that she could not afford to bestow another grain upon them; whereupon we should, most probably, the next day, stumble over the elegant Räthin in the *Hof* with a knife in one hand, and the neck of the poor cackling bird in the other, engaged in instructing her decent little serving-maid in the sanguinary and highly lady-like art and mystery of goose-slaughter.

For the first few months of our residence in the refined palatial capital of Thuringia, we were astonished at the cannibal love of goose-flesh evinced by the community. Day after day, and week after week, at Martinmastide, was this the favourite dish of the folk, so that every house reeked of its baked

goose, either at dinner, or supper-time, till educated nostrils got to be nauseated with the not-particularly-delicate odour; for though the fumes of the dish may be savoury enough for once in a way, they are rather *too* strong not to pall after a time upon refined olfactory nerves. Indeed, go into whatever *Gasthaus* you might, or even into any private establishment, you were sure to sniff the hot fuming goose-fat at the above season of the year.

In the same manner, then, as the pigs are kept for sausages, rather than pork, the geese are killed and eaten by the score at one particular time of the year, not because the citizens have suddenly acquired daintier notions than having a mass of potatoes thrown into the middle of the uncovered table for dinner or for supper; but because the great mounds of feather-beds which they sleep under (without either a blanket or a sheet besides to cover them) have to be thought of;—especially as the feathers of the plucked bird itself would cost almost as much as the entire goose does before it is fattened. It was while speaking upon this matter with a lady-resident of the town that she said, with a sigh, "Oh! I cannot tell you how much baked goose we are obliged to eat just now, for there are the entire coverlets of our growing young family to be made up;" which is about the same thing as if a farmer with us was to say that he and his household must live on mutton for the next month, because his sons wanted a new coat or two to their backs. For though the poor geese in this boorish land are plucked alive twice before being

brought to market, they are ultimately killed and devoured mainly for their third crop of goose-down; so that no sooner does the Martinmas-feast set in than you find even the Colonel's wife, and the Lord Chamberlain's wife, and the Gräfin This, and the Frau von That, coming back from the market, each with her live goose dangling in her hand; and you will see the elegant dames, a week or two afterwards, seated in the kitchen, beside the maid-servant, with their head tied up in a cloth, and their dress and face as fluffy as if they had been newly tarred and feathered, engaged in the Arcadian occupation of stripping the dead goose of its highly-prized covering.

We will however, now proceed to cite a few extracts from a class of books, which are often as good guides even as *Murray*, to the curiosities of the land in which we live, viz. the cookery-books of the country. In the lowest form of animal life, the sentient creature is a mere stomach; and the highest form of animal organism very often remains at that point also. Moreover, cannibalism, which is regarded as the most savage type of human existence, is mainly a gastronomic test as to the refinement of the country in which it prevails; and the Samoiedes are merely judged by ethnologists to be but a few degrees above the carnivora, not only from the inordinate capacities of their stomachs, but from the shocking coarseness of their food. Hence the modes of eating and drinking—the things on which the people of a country feed, as well as the manner of their feeding,

appear to us to be fair enough criteria as to the delicacy and refinement of the race. And we shall, therefore, proceed to apply such a standard to the tastes of the Saxon gentry, by making a few extracts concerning the favourite dishes of the people, from the principal Saxon cookery-book; and then leave it to the English reader to decide as to how he would like to pass a couple of years upon such fare, or as to how highly he would think of the folk who were continually regaling themselves with it.

The work from which we quote is entitled the "*Praktisches Kochbuch*" (Practical Cookery-book), for "ordinary and superior kitchens," by Henrietta Davidis, and published only some half-dozen years ago. It holds, indeed, about the same rank in Saxon-Germany as the works of Mrs. Glass and Mrs. Rundall do with us, being merely a system of domestic cookery, intended more especially for the households of well-to-do middle-class families.

First, under the head of soups, we have the following peculiar, and not very nice-sounding receipts:—*Beer soup*, made with beer, eggs, and sugar, which are to be all beaten up together, and then boiled for dinner, while the more luxurious are advised to have a few raisins, or some milk mixed with it to make it more palatable—or nasty, we should say. Then we have a *soup* made from what boys call "*hips and haws*," or the berries of the dog-rose growing in the hedges, the rind of which is to be boiled in water with bits of bread, till the latter acquire the consistence of a poultice, when it is to be rubbed through

a sieve, and some sugar, nutmeg, &c., to be added to it; after which, says the book, "it will be found very soothing to the sick and suffering"—though we should fancy rather as an external than internal application.

The same work supplies us with a recipe for "*green-corn soup*," the unripe grain having first to be boiled into a squash, and then forced through a sieve, as per last, till it assumes the appearance of the skimmings of a duck-pond; when, to make it extra good, a few lumps of white bread and boiled onions are to be mixed with it. Another very choice *soup*, we are informed, may be made from *cows' udder!* but for the proper preparation of this elegant dish, it is necessary that the "milk bag" should be first boiled in several waters; and when the boilings have been rejected, and it has become tender and white, the sack is to be cut into small strips, and cooked in butter and flour, until it is of a fine yellow; after which the epicure can add a little parsley and nutmeg (a nice gastronomic mixture!), and when the entire mess has been served up in a little weak veal broth, we are assured that the "smack" of it will be found to be most delicate, for persons of *diseased* stomachs.

After this comes a mess of soups made from "green meat," such as would create a revolution in a poor-house, if ever they were to be served out to the London paupers—some of them being *soup made out of the water in which cabbages have been boiled* —the said green-water being merely thickened with potato flour, and lubricated with lard, while into the

resulting toothsome mash, bits of black bread are to be thrown. Other such *soups*, are to be concocted in a similar way from the *water that has been used to cook potato dumplings*, and this is to be flavoured and treated after the same refined fashion.

Then we have *milk soups*—and remember, reader, these are not dishes recommended for the breakfast of children, but the delicacies which are to constitute the solid dinners of grown-up men and women; and we ourselves knew not one or two, but many of the gentry and trades-folk in Eisenach, whose mid-day meal consisted of nothing else than this same baby-pap. These milk soups the Saxon gentry are advised to make up with oats, or indeed such grain as the horses and cattle are fattened upon in England; while under the same head we are favoured with the manner of compounding "*butter-milk soup with buck-wheat grain*," or if this cannot tickle the palate of the enlightened Saxon, he can try the same *soup made with oats and dried berries*, or else with plums and raisins.

After this come the *fruit soups*, and we know, in our experience while resident in the Eisenach palatial town, of a small revolution which occurred in the household of a family (the mother of whom, an Irish-woman by birth, had married with a decently-to-do Hamburg merchant), when the boys, who had been accustomed to something like solid English fare, were asked to make their mid-day meal off cherry-soup and potato dumplings, instead of the substantial viands which had been their usual food. Under this head of fruit soups, by way of a substitute for

dinner, we have receipts how to compound the strengthening luxuries of "*apple-soup flavoured with aniseed;*" or of "*prune soup thickened with oatmeal.*"

Now, when we tell the reader once more, that these same soups, whether they be "beer-soups," or "green-meat soups," or "meal-soups," or "fruit-soups," or "butter-milk soups," constitute the main mid-day diet, not alone of the working class of Saxony, but of many of the gentry, the tradesmen, and the master handicraftsmen who live upon them day after day, knowing but the taste of meat on the Sabbath, he will readily understand the hard life, and the hard times, that the struggling people there must have to endure.

It is a faith with us, that the Government of every country is responsible, not alone for the enlightenment of the people, but for the general welfare of the community; and though we have no belief in the Utopian creed of the visionary but well-meaning Lamartine, (the pretty sentimental French poet) or of Louis Blanc (the generous and fiery-spirited socialist,) that the rulers of a nation should turn master-shoemakers, or master-tailors, or master-carpenters, or master whatever-you-please, in order to provide work for the labouring classes, nevertheless we *do* in our heart believe that the misery and the want of every nation is due more or less to the social ignorance, or the petty despotic greed, of those who have been set in authority over it.

In Heaven's name, why should we, who are now writing in a country that claims kindred with our

own, and whose ancestors every wise Englishman believes to have been the back-bone of the nation to which he belongs, live to find the very race with which our countrymen are proud to claim relationship, in such a state of squalor and destitution as has been feebly painted in these pages? Of the grandeur and the freedom of the old Saxon race, of the enlightenment, dignity, and justice of the old Saxon laws, no one who has glanced over the pages of Sharon Turner, or Alfred Kemble, can have the least doubt; and yet the English resident in modern Saxony cannot help wondering how it is that the very same Saxon element, from which Englishmen date all their manly power, and a large amount of their freedom, can be so sunk in comparative barbarism and boorishness, that there is hardly a man among them now-a-days who has a sense of the indignity of his fellows, or even an aspiration to struggle out of the mire and serfdom in which he and his countrymen are wallowing.

Granted that the Norman race has bequeathed to us some of the finest aristocracy in the world; but was Newton, was Shakespeare, was Milton, was Watt, was Arkwright, was Bacon, was Locke, of Norman extraction? Their very names are sufficient to assure an etymologist that they could never have sprung from any other than a Saxon type; and consequently, the marvel becomes why should there be no semblance, no trace of the glories and greatness of the old Saxon race in the benighted land of Saxony at the present time.

Well, such messes as those before-given, we repeat, constitute the chief, if not the only dishes partaken of at dinner—for, certainly, three days in the week, —by the majority of respectable families. Occasionally, however, another dish, besides the soup, may be added, and this may consist, according to the taste of the parties, either of a dried herring, eaten uncooked, or of a salted one, "*marinirte*," as it is called; that is to say, done up in a raw state with cream, apples, capers, and onions; and as this constitutes a favourite dish for breakfast, dinner, or supper, we annex the mode of preparing it—not because we believe the receipt will be found acceptable to any English palate, but in order to let persons of the least refinement see how coarsely the Thuringian folk are in the habit of feeding. We quote from the work of Henrietta Davidis, as before.

To prepare a marinirte herring.—The herring is to be taken out of the brine in which it has been pickled, and then soaked in milk from twelve to twenty-four hours. After which time the entrails are to be removed, and the raw fish cut up into strips, and the pieces laid in an earthen pot with layers of shalots, or small onions, capers, cloves, pepper-corns, lemon-peel, and a few bay leaves—some add slices of apples. In this state vinegar is to be poured over the whole. Then the raw soft roe of the herring is to be rubbed through a sieve, and beaten up with salad oil or cream into a thick sauce, when it is to be poured upon the pieces of the fish, onions, capers, apples, &c., and afterwards the whole turned

out into a dish for table and to be eaten in its raw state.

A special chapter of the Saxon cookery-book is devoted to what is called "potato food" (*Kartoffel-speisen*), and it forms by no means an insignificant portion of the volume; for the "earth apples," which honest out-speaking old Billy Cobbett used to call the "accursed root" (because it had contributed so much to the degradation of the labouring population of Europe), constitute the principal fare of the Saxons, even as they do of the poorer Irish to the present day. In some families, potatoes and salt are eaten for breakfast, dinner, and supper, almost every day of the week; and we have before told how, on our first visit to the burgomaster of Möhra, we found his worship, the mayoress, and family feasting over a mound of steaming potatoes, that had been rolled out on the bare breakfast table, and which they were, one and all, busily engaged in peeling and devouring with their fingers. Nor is it at all uncommon, at the present day, to find entire books advertised in the German papers, as being devoted to the all-important subject of the "Potato Kitchen," or, in other words, the thousand-and-one ways of cooking that vegetable.

In the work of Henrietta Davidis receipts are given for compounding the following unsavoury-sounding dishes out of potatoes. For example, potatoes and herrings; sour potatoes; potatoes with apples; potatoes with pears; potatoes with dried pears; potatoes with ripe plums; potatoes with dried plums, &c., &c.

As a specimen of the kind of messes that the above-mentioned dishes are likely to consist of, we will again favour the reader with the mode of compounding one of the most favourite.

To prepare potatoes with ripe plums.—One cooks some potatoes, says the book, in a little butter or fat, and a pinch or two of salt, until they are done. Then one adds as many well-washed plums as there are potatoes, so that the latter shall acquire, what the lady terms, an agreeable sour flavour (*dass die Kartoffeln eine angenehme Säure erhalten*). Let the whole cook until soft, and then stir the potatoes well up with the plums.

Next comes a scanty list of "warm and cold puddings," which are to be made of *greis-meal*, (literally, Embden-groats), rice-meal, potato-meal, black bread, or starch, and each to be eaten with a sauce of mashed fruit; and concluding with the following elegant compound.

To make a rich pudding of craw-fish.—One and a half pounds of stale white bread, three-quarters of a pint of milk, three ounces of the soft part from the heads of some crawfish, ten fresh eggs, four ounces of powdered sugar, half an ounce of bitter macaroons, or the rind of a lemon, seven ounces of finely-chopped kidney-fat, and the tails of as many fish as possible cut into small pieces, are to be mixed in the following manner: The crust is to be cut off the white bread, and the crumb soaked in the milk; then the soft part of the head of the fish is to be rubbed till smooth, after which the yolks of the eggs are to be

gradually added; and when this is finished, the sugar, the macaroons, and the kidney-fat, and the chopped pieces of the tails, are to be stirred up with the above. Lastly, the whites of the eggs are to be beaten to a thick froth, and poured over the whole, and the pudding is to be baked two-and-a-half hours. When cooked, it is to be served with a sauce, made up of the soft part of the craw-fish, with cream or milk, and yolk of egg—all boiled together! ! !

Before quitting this part of the subject, however, we should, again, impress upon the reader that even such simple delicacies as potato-meal, Embden-groats, and starch-puddings are seldom or never partaken of after a substantial dinner, but that they, in most cases, constitute the entire mid-day fare; it being the rule, we repeat, with the commoner Eisenach citizens to eat meat (with the exception of a bit of sausage, maybe, for supper during the week) only on the Sunday.

But a few days ago our son was invited to stay to dinner with a middle-class family, when the entire fare consisted of pancakes as thick as buckskin, accompanied with a sauce of wild bilberries. Many of the shopkeepers, moreover, we knew often partook merely of unsweetened black coffee and sweetened white bread for their dinner; while the female members of our family, when pressed to stop and dine with the wife and daughters of one of the principal Government officers of the town, have found the repast to consist merely of prune-soup and potato-dumplings; and on other occasions of white-bread pudding and mashed plums.

But, to let English folk see what is the *usual* fare of the burghers in the capital of Thuringia, we have thought it better to obtain from one of them a definite statement as to what the dinners of an ordinary middle-class family *have* consisted of for the last seven days. The person who supplied us with such particulars was one of the principal master-bakers doing as good a business as any in the town; and we are satisfied, from our own observations, that the week's bill of fare below-given is a fair sample of the character of the mid-day meals generally partaken of by the Eisenach middle-classes; such as master-tradesmen, chandler's-shopkeepers, schoolmasters, and Government officials.

SUNDAY. Three-quarters of a pound of hacked meat, baked with plenty of stuffing—among eight people!—with cherry-cake, made out of black bread, to follow.

MONDAY. Boiled French beans, thickened with fat and flour.

TUESDAY. The remains of the beans and fat re-warmed.

WEDNESDAY. "Dumpling soup," *i. e.* with shreds of a stiff paste boiled in it.

THURSDAY. The remains of the said dumpling soup re-warmed.

FRIDAY.—Boiled potatoes and raw herring.

SATURDAY. Boiled potatoes, and burnt-carrot coffee without either milk or sugar.

It would be tedious to enter into further particulars concerning the diet of a nation whose cookery has been introduced into no civilized country that we are aware of. For while *dîners à la Russe*, French

dishes, English beefsteaks and roast-beef, Italian confectionery, and even Indian curries, sauces, and preserves, have become known over the greater part of Europe, we are not aware of a single German dish that has been found acceptable to any refined foreign palate; and when we finish our analysis of the Saxon cookery-book, by enumerating merely the titles of the dishes which constitute the more solid fare of those who can afford to put a bit of meat on their table, the English reader will readily understand how such farragoes could never be grateful to any but the coarse palate of an underfed German.

How would the reader like, for instance, to taste "beef baked in sour milk," or "soup-meat with apples and raisins," or "croquettes of cow's udder," or "sausages fried in beer," or "veal and prunes," or "meat with treacle-sauce," or "liver dumplings," or "steaks with a sauce of mashed gingerbread," or "cutlets served with slices of oranges," or pork with bread, eggs, cream, onions, and cherries, all baked together—a mess that goes by the name of "cherry tablefood—" or "sausage-soup" made out of pigs' chitterlings, or, lastly, to try the flavour of a compôte of "slugs and sugar-candy" (a dish which is not only highly recommended for, but often administered to, invalids with weak stomachs), or to eat some "rolls dipped in bullock's blood and then baked;" or, if you are fond of confectionery, what say you to an "onion cake, with apples," or to "a bacon and parsley cake, with cream," or to an "oil

cake," the latter being made of the dough of black bread, mixed with beech-nut oil—for the due preparation of which filthy compounds, and many others of a like nauseous character, receipts are to be found in the small culinary cyclopædia before referred to?

CHAPTER II.

DRINKING CUSTOMS AMONG THE MODERN SAXONS.

FORMERLY the estimate as to the proportion which the rent should bear to the gross income of a well-to-do Englishman was that, to be decently housed, it should constitute one-tenth part of the entire earnings. Many believe now-a-days that owing to the general desire which exists among our countrymen for superior house accommodation, the ratio has considerably increased, and that at present it reaches as high as an eighth, or a sixth of the yearly profits —people with 500*l.* per annum mostly renting houses from 70*l.* to 80*l.* the year.

In the Thuringian capital it is difficult to calculate what part of the earnings of the people are devoted to the matter of rent; but, from a calculation we instituted, it would appear that, in most cases, it does not form one-fifteenth part of the entire income. Post-office "secretaries" or clerks, getting about 300 thalers per annum, usually pay 24 thalers a-year, or 6*s.* a-month, for their lodgings —and this is rather less than one-twelfth part of the income. Government clerks, again, who receive 12 thalers a month, generally pay 1 thaler for their

sleeping-room. Among the wealthier classes, however, it is customary for each person, who has the means to do so, to purchase the freehold of the house in which he lives, and to let out every floor of it but the one he himself selects to occupy—the tenants of such floors, of course, paying more in proportion for their lodgings than the wealthier part of the community: even as a clerk with us, who earns but a pound or thirty shillings a-week, is generally compelled, if married, to give up a fourth, and sometimes as much as a third, of his gains for the rooms or the little house which he occupies in the suburbs. An artizan again, in England, who receives 36*s.* wages every week, mostly stands at about 5*s.* weekly for rent; so that it would appear, from the comparisons we have instituted between the different classes of the two countries, that the proportion which an Englishman expends for housing is considerably greater than in Germany.

Indeed, it is but natural that it should be so, seeing that Germans care less about having a decent home over their head than "proud Britons" (as the Saxons call us) are prone to do. Rent, of course, is less expensive here than in our own country. We, for a first-floor, consisting of eleven rooms, in one of the largest houses in the town, pay 22*l.* the year unfurnished, and at the early part of our residence in Eisenach we gave for a large furnished villa 58*l.* per annum. But then the Saxon people earning less, must naturally have less to pay, so that we can only be guided by the *proportionate* part of the

income set aside for such matters by the people of different countries. The usual price given for a furnished bed-chamber and small sitting-room in Eisenach is about 6*s.* the month, and about 3*s.* a month unfurnished; while the value of large houses in the principal streets, when sold, ranges from 5000 to 10,000 thalers (750*l.*–1500*l.*) House property, however, is never expected to return more than five per cent. interest on the capital, so that the entire rent of such domiciles, *if* they could be hired, would be from 37*l.* 10*s.* to 75*l.* per annum.

The Eisenach houses at best are but large, ill-arranged homesteads, built of a net-work of timbers, with the interstices filled up either with mud and wicker-work, or else with unbaked mud-bricks, and the walls, inside and out, rudely plastered over. Indeed, this is the approved mode of building throughout the town, for there were but two brick edifices —and they were new public institutions—in the entire town; the Grand Duke's palace itself being nothing more than the same elegant "wattle-and-dab" order of structure.

Thus much for the matter of rent; and now to estimate the cost of the drinking expenses of the same people. So far as our experience goes, the proportion that an English artizan, of decent temperate habits, devotes to such matters, ranges from an eighth to a sixth part of his entire weekly wages; that is to say, a good workman earning, on an average 30*s.* a-week, spends between 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* upon porter and tobacco in the course of the seven days.

We have purposely fixed the amount, here given, at a higher figure than is common among the more respectable artizans of the British metropolis; judging, however, from the account-books of their household expenses furnished us by the better-to-do of the London workmen while we were prosecuting our inquiries among the poor of the British capital some years ago, we are satisfied that 3*s.* 6*d.* a week would well cover the weekly drinking expenses of the more decent portion of our labouring population. But then it is unfair to draw an average from this same more decent section of the class; so that, all things considered, we believe that the estimate we have given of from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* well represents the cost of the weekly sum spent in public-houses by the generality of the *better*-paid workmen of England.

It should be borne in mind, then, that the average drinking expenses of the hard-working portion of our nation vary, as a rule, from between an eighth to a sixth part of the entire weekly gains; and we believe that the same calculation would hold good even among the commonest earth-workers throughout the country; for 1*s.* in every 6*s.* is, so far as our experience goes, an *extreme* amount of money for a working man to expend in beer, and 1*s.* in every 12*s.* a very moderate sum to be expended upon the same luxury. Of course the exceptional hard-drinkers and reckless sots, who prevail in every land, are excluded from the calculation. We are here speaking only of the general practice; and when it is remembered that out of the sum left, after paying for beer, rent has to

be discharged, and food and clothing procured—not only for the man himself, but in most cases for his wife and family—it will be understood, that, as a general rule, it would be impossible for a mechanic to devote more than a sixth of his income to drink, and still maintain the decent home, which those who know the workmen as well as we do, will be ready to acknowledge is their general custom.

Now, let us look at the other side of the picture. Let us see, on the other hand, how much the Germans, on an average, consume out of their yearly incomes in the matter of beer alone. We remember talking with an English clergyman who was lamenting the dissipation and degradation of the poorer classes in the district in which it was his duty to minister, because he had discovered that there was one public-house to every five hundred souls in his parish. Let this ratio, then, be taken as the standard of extreme intemperance throughout the worst parts of our own country; and with such test firmly fixed in the mind, let us proceed to note how the same matter stands in Saxony.

Well, the Thuringian capital is by no means remarkable in Germany for the hard-drinking habits of its citizens. As a German town, it may be fairly taken as an average of all others in this respect; a drunken man is seldom or never seen in the streets, and the public-houses are *bound* to close—though few of them do so, by the bye—at 11 o'clock on every night of the week. This town has a population of not quite 14,000 souls, and for the supply of beer, &c.,

to the entire community there are no less than forty taverns within the city bounds, and some half-dozen more situate in the immediate neighbourhood of it —the landlords of the latter also deriving their profits chiefly from the citizens of Eisenach. However, rejecting the suburban "beer gardens" from the calculation, we find that forty taverns to 14,000 inhabitants is in the proportion of one such hostelry to every 350 souls of the population, which shows a state of things very nearly 50 per cent. worse than in the worst parts of our own country.

Still, it may be urged that the number of beer-houses after all afford but a slight criterion as to the quantity of beer consumed by the community, since one large tavern may draw double the amount of beer compared with ten small ones; and in order to come at the truth of the matter, we consulted a gentleman in connection with one of the chief breweries of the city, so as to learn from him exactly the quantity of beer which was consumed within the town in the course of the twelvemonth. The facts furnished to us on this occasion were as follows:—

In the course of each year there are usually 7000 *Eimern*, of about twenty gallons each (or 140,000 gallons of beer in all), brewed at the Rock brewery; and 4000 such *Eimern*, or 80,000 gallons, produced at the "Palace brewery." Of these, 500 *Eimern* are exported, making altogether a total of 10,500 *Eimern* consumed in Eisenach. Over and above this, there are 12,000 more casks of beer (each of twenty gallons capacity) imported into the town; and thus we have

a gross total of 22,500 such *Eimern*, or 450,000 gallons of beer drunk by the little community of Eisenach in the course of the twelvemonth. This amount divided by the 14,000 inhabitants, gives very nearly *thirty-two and a quarter gallons* as the quantity of beer consumed by every man, woman, and child in the town in the course of the twelvemonth. Then excluding one-half of the entire population as females, and half again of the remainder as being too old or too young to attend the beer-houses nightly, we have a grown population of 3500 individuals, each of whom must consume 129 gallons of beer throughout the year, or not quite two and a half gallons a-week!

This estimate, of course, is for the entire grown male population. The working classes of the country, however, are too badly paid to be able to afford even the luxury of a penny glass of beer after their day's labour. The usual liquor consumed by labouring men during their work is *Schnapps*—potato spirit; and of this the custom is for each man to drink a *quarter of a pint* during the day, the pint costing not quite fourpence of our money. How much may be taken after the hours of labour we are not in a position to state. If, then, we exclude from the entire 3500 persons, constituting the able-bodied male population of Eisenach, one-half of the number as appertaining to the working classes (and in the generality of communities the proletarian tribe amount to not less than three-fourths of the grown male population) as being too poor to afford to drink beer in large quantities, we shall find that each well-to-do member of the

Thuringian capital consumes hardly less than *five gallons of malt liquor weekly*—or nearly six pints every day throughout the year!

Now, to prove that this is no exaggerated statement, it may be mentioned that we ourselves knew a young German student at the Gymnasium, who, though not twenty years old, could drink his twenty pint-glasses of malt liquor at one sitting; and the gentleman who supplied us with the above information told us that he was acquainted with several persons in the town who were in the habit of drinking on "highdays and holidays" not less than twenty-four double glasses of beer, or as much as *six gallons in the course of one day!* Moreover, one of our friends, who was a clerk in the Post Office, assured us that he himself had consumed thirty-two pint-glasses (which are equal to four gallons English) during one holiday.

But now comes the rub. Who have to suffer for all this frightful indulgence? and how can the people of a country, where the earnings even of gentry and officers are not equal to the wages of clever handicraftsmen with us, afford to waste so large a portion of the income which should be devoted to the maintenance of the house, in the swinish revelry of tavern society? Let us first endeavour to give the reader an idea of the entire sum of money devoted by the little beggarly town of Eisenach to this most expensive habit. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the above facts, told us it would be perfectly fair to estimate the price of each pint-glass of beer sold in the town (taking the cost of that which is imported with that which

is brewed in the city) at one penny farthing English the pint; for, though the town-brewed beer is sold at a penny the pint, that brought in, from outside the gates is more expensive; and moreover the landlords know well how, by foaming the cheaper commodity well up at the top of the glass, to get more than four pints out of the ordinary half-gallon can.

Now, at a penny farthing the pint-glass, the gallon of beer must cost 10*d.* and 450,000 gallons at this price would require no less a sum than 18,750*l.* to meet the expense of it. This has to be shared among the 3500 people constituting the entire able-bodied population of the town, and thus shows an expenditure of 5*l.* 7*s.* and some odd pence by each individual, for the mere matter of beer alone, during the year. Or if we reject one-half of the able-bodied people as being too poor to frequent the beer-houses of an evening, and as drinking *Schnapps* as a less expensive article than malt liquor, we have the sum of 10*l.* 14*s.* as the yearly outlay for beer among the heads of the well-to-do families in the city of Eisenach; and this is at the rate of a fraction more than 4*s.* a-week, devoted to this one form of indulgence.

Even among the well-paid artizans of England, such an *average* waste of money in the matter of beer alone would be considered, by all well-wishers to their country, as a vice which demanded the greatest energies of the foremost people to check. In Eisenach, however, where the salary of the deputy-mayor and the pay of a captain in the army are less

than the wages of an English journeyman tailor in good work, such extravagance causes no consideration, and no thought as to what must be the condition of the houses even of the better class of the community, where so much is given out to the innkeeper, and so little remains for the support of the wife and children out of the petty yearly earnings.

To comprehend this part of the social problem English people should first have some sense as to what are really the annual gains of the official and professional people in Eisenach. We have before said that the Lord Chamberlain of the Grand Duke receives but 60*l.* a-year for his services, the family living in an attic, and the Lady Chamberlain, owing to their inability to keep a servant, being forced to scrub the floors of the rooms his Lordship inhabits. And yet, even this hog of a functionary, despite the squalor of his wretched wife and daughters, was in the habit of spending so much money at the taverns, that, night after night, he was either hooted by the boys of the city, as he staggered back intoxicated to his bed; or else he was carried home insensible by some friendly citizen to the bosom of his half-starved family. And the story ran, in the town, that when his "lordship" returned home drunk, he would insist upon his daughters bowing him backwards to his bed, with a lighted candle in their hand, and styling him "his Excellency!" Nor will it be readily believed that the fee for the first physicians of the town, if consulted at their own houses, is but threepence English, and that if they visit any patient

in the city they are entitled to receive the liberal reward of sixpence—a journey into the country being paid with the handsome sum of three shillings per hour; and, moreover, that an attorney gets but 2*d.* for writing a letter for his clients, and 1*s.* for a consultation.

But it is better to let the official documents of the town itself speak as to the highest salaries given to the Government officers.

Every year a printed list of the expenses of the city is sent round to the different inhabitants of Eisenach; and we, as *Schutz-bürger*, were in the habit of receiving one of these. It is from such an official document that the following statements, as to the salaries given to the chief town-officers, are taken.

	Per Annum. £	s.	d.	
To the Head Burgomaster	120	0	0	
Extra to the same in consideration of his magisterial duties	30	0	0	(!)
To the Deputy Burgomaster	60	0	0	
„ Raths-Assessor, (or "Third Burgomaster," as he is styled) in connection with the Town Council	45	0	0	
„ Registrar of the Town Council	22	10	0	
Extra to the same for other accounts kept by him	2	0	0	(!)
To the Police Superintendent (with free lodging)	45	0	0	
„ Assistant do.	27	0	0	
To each of the Police Sergeants	25	10	0	
To the Deadhouse Doctor	3	0	0	(!)
„ Servant of the Town Councillor (with perquisites)	3	16	0	
„ Master of the Markets	15	0	0	
„ Town Surveyor	23	18	0	

	£	s.	d.	
To each of the servants in connection with the old Nicolai Cloister	12	19	6½	
To the Master of the Night Watch	12	12	0	
„ First Watchman in the Town	14	8	0	
„ Second ditto	10	16	0	
To two Watchmen outside the Town	8	2	0	
To another ditto ditto	5	8	0	
To the Director of the Church Choir	9	5	0	
„ Master of the Town Band	30	0	0	
„ Organist of the Church	2	18	6	(!)
„ Head of the Principal City School	97	10	0	
„ Principal Teacher at ditto	67	10	0	
To other Teachers	45	0	0	
To others	33	15	0	
To the Servant at ditto	12	15	0	
„ Principal Teachers at the Second City School	52	10	0	
To other Teachers	22	5	0	
To the Servant	12	0	0	
„ Director of the Principal Ladies' School	67	10	0	
„ Teacher of Writing and Arithmetic	20	16	0	
„ Teacher of Natural Philosophy at ditto	11	5	0	(!)
„ Servant at ditto	1	16	0	(!)

Average Income of each of the above-given thirty-four different classes of City Officials in Eisenach (including Mayors, Magistrates, Physicians, Surveyors, Teachers, as well as Policemen, Watchmen, and Town Servants) 23*l.* 11*s.* per annum; or a fraction more than 9*s.* each per week.

Now, it will be seen by the above accounts that the highest salary paid to any of the city functionaries is that given to the mayor, who receives altogether (in consideration of his acting in the capacity of chief magistrate likewise) 150*l.*; and for this handsome income it should be added, that his worship is expected to belong to no business. Indeed the present burgomaster had to give up the little chandler's shop he kept in Weimar, on being elected for life to the

office. We should state, moreover, that the "Third Burgomaster" receives only (with perquisites) 45*l.* the year, or not quite 17*s.* the week, with free lodging for his services; the said Official's income being, consequently, less than that of an English gentleman's coachman, who has always his rooms—and rooms which might well compare with the chambers assigned to the *Herr Raths-Assessor* into the bargain.

Nor will it hardly be credited that the President of the Assizes, who in this little community is as important an officer as the Lord Chief Justice with us, receives not so much as the wages of a working engineer in London, or but 2*l.* 10*s.* weekly!

We must come to the conclusion, therefore, that the average earnings of even the *professional* classes in the Thuringian capital are not even those of earth-labourers in London; for it will be seen by the above statement that the whole of the town-functionaries taken in a lump, including many of the highest, and but few of the lowest, receive only a fraction more than 9*s.* each every week throughout the year; whilst the commonest unskilled labourer in the British metropolis is worth, at least, his 2*s.* 6*d.* the day—the farm servants even, in most of the agricultural districts, with us getting more, upon an average, than even the city authorities do, on an average, in Eisenach.

The object of the above statistics is to give the English public something like a notion, be it remembered, as to the average gains of the heads of families among the Saxon community; and we will

now proceed to lay before the reader a statement of the wages generally paid to the labouring population of the same nation.

A working engineer, who ranks in every country as among the highest of skilled labourers, is in the habit of being paid three dollars, or 9*s.* a-week, and out of this he has to keep himself and family. With us the usual wages for such handicraftsmen are as many pounds the week as dollars are given to the Saxon mechanic. A good carpenter, in Eisenach, gets 1*s.* 6*d.* a-day, and an ordinary one a penny less—and both without board or lodging. In the generality of trades, however, the custom prevails of housing and feeding the workmen, rather than giving them wages sufficient to find themselves. A working cabinet-maker receives 3*s.* a-week for his labour, provided he lives in the house of the master; but if no such accommodation can be afforded him, he is paid 7*s.* 6*d.* a week—the keep of a workman in almost all trades being estimated at 4*s.* 6*d.* weekly. The London working cabinet-makers get, in "good shops," as much as 1*l.* 16*s.* weekly wages; and we are here speaking only of the sums paid to journeymen by the best Eisenach tradesmen. A mason receives the same price as a cabinet-maker; a journeyman tailor, on the other hand, has only 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week wages, to which 4*s.* 6*d.* are added if he lives out of the house—the wages of a good journeyman tailor in London, however, are 6*d.* an hour, or 36*s.* weekly. A working blacksmith, who is always kept by his master, receives 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week like the

tailor, and the hours of labour are expected to range from four in the morning till seven at night. A journeyman tinman, on the other hand, gets 3*s.* a-week with his board and lodging, which, as we said before, may be estimated at 4*s.* 6*d.* extra.

Such, then, are the usual weekly incomes of the *skilled* workmen of Eisenach; the rate of pay ranging from 9*s.* given as wages to the *highest* handicraftsman, down to 7*s.* paid to the *lowest.* With *unskilled* labourers, however, the rate of pay is but a shade less, since an earth-worker generally receives (when *well* paid) 1*s.* a-day, or 6*s.* a-week, out of which he has to supply all the necessaries of himself and family.

As regards servants' wages, 2*l.* 14*s.* the year is considered extremely high pay; the average sum being but 1*l.* 16*s.* And the remuneration to the women attendants who live at their own homes, and come in the course of the day to "clean up" and tidy the rooms (like the laundresses at the chambers in the Inns of Court), receive 2*s.* a-month, out of which they are expected to find themselves with food, clothing, and lodging. Further, a washerwoman, who is expected to be at her work at three o'clock in the morning in summer, and to stay until the entire wash is finished—which generally occupies her until seven or eight at night—gets but 6*d.* for her sixteen hours' labour, besides her keep during the time—such keep usually consisting of a cup of burnt-carrot- (or bean-) coffee, without milk or sugar, and a farthing roll the first thing in the morning; a slice of black bread and fat, and a glass of *Schnapps*, at ten;

at noon, a plateful of beer-soup and bread; at three, another cup of sugarless and milkless coffee, and another farthing roll; and, lastly, for the poor creature's supper, a bit of black bread and about two ounces of liver sausage, and another glass of *Schnapps*—the total allowance of black bread usual on such occasions being two pounds throughout the day.

Now, from this plain unvarnished tale, as to the ordinary earnings of the *best* paid and the *worst* paid people of the town in which we have been resident the last three years, the unprejudiced reader will readily bear us out that in fixing the average earnings of the entire community at two-and-a-half dollars, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a-week, we are rather over-stating than undervaluing the general incomes of the heads of families throughout the town; and to be assured of this, the reader must remember that we have before shown that the whole of the town officials, taken one with the other (mayors, professors, judges, registrars, servants, &c.), get but little more than 9*s.* a-week. What the tradesmen are in the habit of making, it is, of course, difficult to say, but when we add that the principal merchants were chandler's-shopkeepers—that the chief banker was merely a small money-changer—that the apothecaries' dealings consisted mostly of a half-penny worth of "breast powder," or a farthing's worth of "bitter salts," or the same quantity of hair oil or peppermint drops—and that the palace jeweller thought it worth his while to discontinue his business as a goldsmith, and to turn his little shop into a beer-house instead,

Englishmen will readily understand what was the trade and commerce of the town, and how large the incomes of such tradespeople are likely to be.

"Do you think," we inquired of a German who was likely to be one of the best-informed in the matter, "that in estimating the income of the people of Eisenach, taking one with the other, rich as well as poor, at two-and-a-half dollars the week, we have named too low a figure?"

"*Ach du grosser Gott!*" was the man's exclamation. "Two dollars and a half would be too much, if you take the entire city all round, for there is many a one in Eichel's factory that does not get his couple of dollars a-week."

However, a few minutes' conversation was sufficient to teach us that the individual in question was unused to the striking of averages, and apt, like those who know little of statistical calculations, to judge by exceptional cases, rather than by those medium instances which are more likely to furnish a clue to the general law.

We repeat, therefore, that after much patient investigation of the subject, that we think *7s. 6d.* a-week is a *fair* calculation as to the average earnings of the entire community located in the Thuringian capital.

And now let us revert to the previous question, and see what proportion of this income is expended in the matter of beer alone. It has been before shown that in England the average cost of the beer consumed by the working classes—for they are the principal beer-

drinkers with us—amounts to between a sixth and an eighth part of the entire earnings of the labouring community; and we have also represented, by details supplied us by one of the best authorities in connection with such a matter, that the amount of beer consumed by the grown people of Eisenach amounts to no less than two-and-a-half gallons for every adult male the week; and that if we exclude the labouring population who generally indulge in *Schnapps*, the quantity consumed by each male individual rises to not less than five gallons; so that at 10*d.* the gallon, the sum expended upon malt liquor fluctuates between 2*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* for each individual in the course of the seven days, according as we include in the estimate either the whole adult male community, or exclude the schnapps-drinking labourers from the calculation.

If, then, we assume the incomes of the better-to-do classes, who constitute the principal beer-drinkers in the city, at three dollars odd, or 10*s.* a-week, we shall find that even, upon this liberal estimate, one-half of the earnings is spent in beer alone; whereas, if we embrace the entire adult male population in the calculation, the result, even then, would be that as much as 2*s.* 6*d.* out of 7*s.* 6*d.* is lavished upon drink, or, in other words, *one-third of the gross gains of the entire people.*

In order to convince the reader that the above statement approximates somewhat to the truth, we may remind him of the facts, before given, as to the relative number of public-houses to individuals in our

own country and in Saxony—the extreme proportion in England being one tavern to every 500 persons, and in the Thuringian capital one to every 350 of the population, even excluding the half-dozen beer-houses in the suburbs, the landlords of which, as we said before, derive their principal support from the town's folk.

Rejecting, then, the higher estimate, and adopting only the more moderate one, viz. that one-third of the entire income of the beer-drinkers is expended in this one indulgence, the reader can readily form to himself a notion as to what must be the miserable fare usual in the homes of the people, whose average incomes certainly cannot, at the most extravagant calculation, be said, as a rule, to exceed 10*s.* a-week.

Hence we have an explanation of the miserable, unsubstantial food upon which families have to exist, for thus we get to understand why meat, though it be but 2½*d.* a pound, is a luxury that the well-to-do can afford to enjoy only on the Sunday; and why potato-messes, and milk soups, and green-meat soups, and rotten cabbages, with dried herrings, and barley broth, and burnt-carrot coffee, and black bread, and hard-boiled eggs, make up the articles usually partaken of by the citizens, the Government officials, and the professional gentry of the town.

In this one little item of sottish extravagance, we have an entire clue to the mystery as to why this Saxon race, which some ethnologists consider to form the better element of our own, should lag so utterly behind English people; and why they should exhibit

no more enterprise, and display no more industry, and have about as little sense of comfort in their dwellings as drunkards with us. If 3*s.* 4*d.* are wasted out of 10*s.* every week, and but 6*s.* 8*d.* therefore be left for the living, housing, and clothing of those at home, what wonder, that most of the families have to sleep on straw-beds, and to live in uncarpeted and half-furnished rooms, and that the ladies even cannot afford to wear any but the veriest beggars' rags in their own houses; or that one and all should consent to eat their food off bare tables, in order to avoid the expense of washing the table-cloths to cover them?

What wonder, too, that scarcely a gentleman in the town can afford a shirt to his back! since the washing of such articles is too expensive to admit of his drinking his usual quantity of beer; and we can vouch that the Herr Appellations-Rath Kranky, who occupied the attic over our head, had not a single shirt in his entire wardrobe, for over and over again have we seen the Rath's entire wash spread upon the grass plot which constituted the joint-stock garden of the several lodgers, and nothing but "dickeys" were to be found among it. What wonder, either, that the young children even of post-office clerks, are obliged to be left to crawl about the floor without even a shoe or a stocking to their feet, and with nothing but a dirty flannel petticoat to their back! Or, in fine, that every household of the Eisenach middle-classes exhibits the same squalor as, and that the families of the gentry should live little better than, the Irish peasantry of our own empire!

Nor does the sole social evil lie in the large share of the income which is expended in the beer-house, for while the money is going out, but little or none can be coming in; and decent English folk can have no sense of the hours that every German wastes out of each working day—ay, and that in the better part of the day too. As a rule all work is stopped in the towns between twelve and two —the Post Office being closed during those hours—the Courts of Justice shut up for the same time, and every one of the Government *bureaux* left unoccupied also for one-sixth of the entire work-time.

We cannot say whether the telegraph ceases to work during the same period, but we know that we once received a dispatch from Reinhardtsbrunn in the forenoon which was intended to apprize us that a party of ladies and gentlemen were about to pay us a visit from that quarter; and that the message reached us two hours *after* the company had arrived in private carriages—rather than by rail—the distance being but three hours' journey by post, and the telegraph taking no less than five hours (!) to transmit the twenty words that constituted the intimation; a feat which an ordinary "extra-post wagon" (and that is not the quickest conveyance in the world) would have accomplished in half the time.

We will now conclude this chapter with a description of the time spent in beer-houses by the more respectable of the Eisenach community. At ten o'clock in the morning it is the rule with the trades-

men, and others, to drop into the taverns for the enjoyment of the meal which is equivalent to the *déjeûner à la fourchette* in France, but which, in Germany, generally consists of a piece of sausage and black bread (eaten by means of a clasp-knife without any fork at all), and washed down by a glass of beer. In this manner half an hour of the earlier part of the day is generally consumed—the principal master-cabinet-makers, watchmakers, chandlers'-shopkeepers, and others, conforming to the practice. Then, after the mid-day meal has been partaken of among the members of their several families, it is the custom with the aforesaid citizens to spend another hour in the beer-house, and there to drink, at least, one other glass of beer. At four o'clock all the Government offices close, and this is the hour for indulging in another repast. Accordingly, the people flock in greater, or less numbers, for a longer or shorter period, to regale themselves with a third glass of beer. Then, again, the taverns are once more deserted until seven o'clock; after which everyone of the forty taverns becomes filled to overflowing with the crowd of guests boozing within it, and there they remain sitting and smoking till eleven at night. This, so far from being an extraordinary practice, is the rule, be it remembered, with every father of a family, and grown man, who can afford the luxury of drinking beer in the town. We took some pains to ascertain what was the average quantity of beer drunk by each of the guests at each of the forty beer-houses in the course of each night in Eisenach, and we were assured that three pints to

every person was an extremely fair calculation. Now add this to the three other glasses drunk in the course of the day, and the result is the same as before stated —that five gallons the week is the average amount of malt liquor consumed by each of the frequenters of the taverns in the Thuringian capital.

Nor, as we said before, is this the only social evil attendant upon such practices. The Legislature of England has very wisely prohibited the custom of gambling in beer-houses, but in Eisenach the governors of the city see no harm in such indulgences; and accordingly card-playing for money prevails in almost every tavern until midnight. It is true the stakes played for are less than a farthing, still many a groschen exchanges hands upon such occasions, and the people thus get to expect to make up by games of chance the gains which they would otherwise only look for from honest industry. Indeed, throughout the whole of Eisenach there was so deep-rooted a notion of acquiring large sums of money through luck that there was hardly a person who did not invest his "thaler" odd in every lottery as fast as it came round; and many of the merchants and mechanics were in the habit of saving up, in order to be able to make an excursion over to Gotha during the "bird-shooting" and to play at the "roulette table" sanctioned by the enlightened brother of Prince Albert, in that city!

With such habits and such practices as are above detailed, Englishmen, who know how much depends upon good housing and good feeding in order to

insure energy and spirit among the people of every nation, and how much of the virtue of a race depends on the inculcation of temperate habits, together with a faith in self-reliance and industry, will not fail to see that in a country where indiscriminate sotting and gambling are the rule, where the better part of the income is wasted in the swinish indulgence of the head of the family—bad, unsubstantial food and defective shelter can be the only lot of the family at home; and that one might as well look for muscular energy and industry from the veriest "toss-pot" in our own as from the generality of the German nation. In a word, your Teutons are a phlegmatic, torpid, lethargic race, and, like all such characters, fly to stimulating drinks in the hope of spurring their dull energies; and the result is, as with the use of stimulants in general, they become ultimately even more phlegmatic, torpid, and lethargic than nature has made them.

We have but to deal with another part of this subject, and then we have done. A popular opinion exists in England, that though the Germans are a beer-drinking race they indulge but little in spirituous liquors; and we remember an enlightened Glasgow publisher, who was connected with one of the temperance societies of that city, telling us, on his return from a tour through Germany, that he had never been so delighted in all his life as he was to see several thousands of Germans assembled under one roof, listening to the grandest music, and each regaling themselves with merely a glass or two of beer. We

happened, however, to have passed several years of our life among these same people, and to have acquired a knowledge of their habits far better than he possibly could obtain, after a fortnight's scamper through the country We asked him if he was aware that the statistics of nations proved that every German—man, woman, and child—notwithstanding the prevalence of beer-houses, drank three gallons of spirits in the course of the year, whilst the average quantity consumed by each individual in England is only three quarts. These statistics are derived from M'Culloch, who tells us in his "Geographical Dictionary" that the annual consumption of spirits throughout Prussia amounts to between forty and forty-five millions of English gallons; whereas the entire quantity of spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom is, on the average, only from twenty-five to twenty-six million gallons; and this though the population of Great Britain and Ireland is nearly double that of Prussia. Hence, dividing the quantity consumed by the number of people in each country, it follows that every one of the Prussian people consumes not less *than four times more ardent spirits, in the course of the year, than our own countrymen!* (M'Culloch's Geogr. Dict., art. "Prussia.")

The same authority adds, that the quantity of beer drunk by the German people is equally excessive, but that there are no definite returns in connection with the subject. We, however, have had it in our power to supply such details concerning

the quantity of beer drunk in the capital of Thuringia, which assuredly may be taken as a type in this respect of every large German town; and, so far as our observation goes, the drinking of ardent liquors in Eisenach, by the poorer portion of the community, by no means falls short of that of any Prussian town in which we have been resident. We have before stated that it was the custom of each labourer who was engaged in the building of a new house, next to the first villa we occupied during our residence in the Thuringian capital, to consume not less than a quarter of a pint of raw spirits during his day's work. This (without calculating anything that may be taken after the daily labour is finished) is at the rate of a pint and a half a-week, or nine gallons and three quarters every year; so that, supposing such a workman to have a wife and two children dependent upon him, this quantity alone, divided by four, would give very nearly two and a half gallons per annum for the average consumption of each man, woman, and child belonging to the family.

This statement, however, we are satisfied is far under than over the mark; for the lodging we occupied on the Carls Platz in Eisenach overlooked the shop to which the tanners, the postmen, and the railway servants, as well as many of the citizens, were in the habit of resorting for their drams throughout the day; and we could not help seeing them from our bay-window dropping in, not once or twice, but the same faces almost every couple of hours for the same *goutte*. And had we thought it worth our while

to make a calculation, we are satisfied we could have noticed the same persons visiting the same counter at least eight times in the day.

When, therefore, such excessive drinking is found to prevail among the poorest nation in Europe, who can marvel that there is no enterprise to be found among the merchants—no energy existing among the people; and that they, one and all, consent to live on food which would create a revolt in an English workhouse, and to dwell in styes which even the inhabitant of a "casual ward," with us, would spurn?

CHAPTER III.

THE SAXON SERVANTS.

EVER since our farmers' daughters began to learn French and play the piano—since silks with cotton backs and "Penny Gazettes of Fashion," as well as halfpenny romances and tales of fashionable life, in the shape of "Mysteries of the Court," delighted the lovers of "progress" and made their way to the kitchen—in fact, ever since the universal stuck-up mania seized upon our people, so that every class got to strive to appear somewhat grander than they really are, and "plain cooks" and "upper nurserymaids" began to affect the airs of the lady in the parlour—servants have generally been pronounced to be, by every mistress, who forgets that they are but caricatures of herself, "the greatest plagues of life." Indeed, if we remember rightly, some two gentlemen once wrote a book conjointly, under the disguise of a lady who had been "worried to death" by her domestics, in which they gave a lively account of the sufferings of the "poor dear," who seemed to have been afflicted with every form of bad cook, nurserymaid, footman, and housemaid, that is wont occasionally to mar the happiness of otherwise peaceful families.

Had the lady in question, however, been transported for a few years to Saxony, and known the "penal" miseries of servitude in that country, she might have written less bitterly about the shortcomings of her own people; for assuredly there is not the commonest drudge of a maid-of-all-work in England, no dirty drab at an ordinary lodging-house, who is not a naiad in cleanliness to the Saxon maids—a Diana in chastity to them—and a positive Hebe in her knowledge as to how to spread a feast for the deities in the upper regions. English servants may be plagues, but the German ones are a species of vermin far more troublesome than any which ever tormented poor Moses in Egypt—vermin in their love of dirt, vermin in the loathsomeness of their habits, and vermin in the amount of irritation to which they can subject anyone with the least notion of cleanliness or decency, and who happens to be a shade less thick-skinned than a rhinoceros, or is a degree more civilized than a Cossack.

So far as we have seen, English maids, in decent English families, are at least clean and tidy, and have some sense of shame before men in the meaner offices they have to perform about a household. Granted, they may occasionally, on their day out, rush into the fascinating extravagance of ringlets, or even presume to have a dress or a bonnet made up after the last fashion, in imitation of their mistress's newest robe or *chapeau*; but, say the worst of them, they are assuredly fit to be seen by one of the opposite sex in the morning. Indeed, the maids at

every "respectable" household in England are generally as neat as though they had come out of a band-box at the commencement of the day, so that we can hardly ever remember a girl who has been obliged to be ordered to her room by her mistress to tidy herself before she presumed to make her appearance at the breakfast-table; and over and over again, in our walks about Kensington before sunrise, we have seen wenches hearth-stoning the door-steps of the mansions there, more decently attired and more cleanly-looking than the daughters of Saxon noblemen newly dressed for their "dancing amusement" of a summer's afternoon, at the Klemda Gardens in Eisenach; for the self-same cotton print which an English serving-girl wears in the morning, the daughters of the nobility, in Saxony, delight to sport at their summer balls of an evening. Nevertheless, a broad line of demarcation must be drawn between the two classes: for, whereas the English serving-maid, in the self-same costume as the Saxon ladies of title, is always neat and not gaudy, the others are flashy and tawdry to the last degree—the cotton ball-dresses of the fashionable Frauleins being cut with low necks, after the manner of the girls at some sailor's brothel in England, and the skins of the dear creatures as greasy and shiny as those of Esquimaux, rather than civilized Europeans.

The German serving-maid, on the contrary, is the very incarnation of everything that is loathsome to a person of the least refinement. To begin she is the most dirty and slatternly trollop in appearance

that could be found in any beggar's hole in London; an Irish basket-woman is elegant and pleasant-looking in comparison with her, and an English mudlark clean and sweet beside her. For your true *braves Mädchen*, as the Saxon serving-maid is magniloquently styled, never thinks it necessary to wash herself on a week-day, and goes about with the dirt on her face almost as thick as the mould on the rind of an ancient cheese, or the crust on a bottle of fine old port; and when she *does* scour her face (till it shines again, like a copper tea-kettle), on a Sunday, she still leaves such a water-mark about her neck, that, as with some old post in the river, you can tell by the dirt clinging to the base of it exactly how far the water has been in the habit of reaching for ages. So that even when she *has* "cleaned herself," she looks for all the world like some restored statue with a new head upon an old grimy body, and with the line of juncture at the neck as strongly marked as are the chequers on a draught-board. Moreover, she goes about the entire day in a loose cotton sleeping-jacket, of that agreeable hue which linendrapers are in the habit of recommending as "not showing the dirt," and in an old linsey-woolsey petticoat—for gowns are never worn by them, excepting on high-days and holidays—without either stays or bodice, and with her locks unkempt, and her head as rough as a terrier's; it being the rule with the sweet creatures never to take down their back hair but once a week, and then merely to replait it, and mat it together again with grease, till it shines, with the layer of

clotted fatty matter on the top of it, as though it were a wig of patent leather.

When we were a young man, and lived in lodging-houses, we well remember how hateful it was to us, after having been used to the decencies of an English gentleman's household, to see the wretched drudge, who had to polish some half-a-dozen stoves and black double the number of boots before she could serve one's breakfast of a morning, enter the room with the tea-tray, and with the filthy bit of black net stuck at the back of her fuzzy head, and her hands and face as grimy as those of a blacksmith. How often have we then sighed for the comforts of that tidy home-life, which we, in the love of liberty common to all youths on the verge of attaining their majority, had abandoned for the charms of unrestrained bachelorhood. And yet that same smutty and overworked Irish drudge, who was wont to bring our breakfast to us, and to spread a table-cloth for us almost as grubby as her own person, was a perfect picture and a fresh-gathered nosegay in comparison with the repulsive, draggle-tail, grimy, fusty, and half-dressed menials, who are permitted to shuffle about the houses all day long, even in the families of the upper classes throughout Saxony. And no wonder that such should be the state of the servants, when it is the fashion, as we have before said, even with the ladies themselves, to appear in the same, not-particularly-elegant state of *déshabillé*, (or rather, in the wildest possible extreme of *négligé*), up to a late hour in the afternoon. For, filthy as may be the appearance

of the German servant-girls, they, of course, as with us, take pattern merely from their "betters;" and so like is the Saxon mistress to her unwashed, uncombed, and undressed maid in the morning, that over and over again we have gone a little before noon to the house of some gentleman in Eisenach, and on the door being opened by the Frau, after the fashion of the country, we have been under the impression that we were speaking to the grubby char-woman, instead of the lady at the head of the establishment.

When we first came to the land, we were beset with the insane idea that it was possible to get the Thuringian maids to conform to English notions of cleanliness and propriety. Our wife purchased a stock of plain collars and white aprons, as well as a hair-brush and comb, besides a pound or two of the very strongest yellow soap—(though we couldn't help suggesting that sand-paper and chloride of lime would be more effectual)—with the view of making the *dienst Mädchen* a little more pleasant to behold, and agreeable to approach in the morning. But it was the old story of attempting to scrub the blackamoor white; the collars, the slattern positively refused to wear, saying she would be hooted in the town if she appeared in such things on a week-day, and urging that no one ever saw even the first lady in Germany with one of them round her neck in the house. The aprons she mistook for pocket-handkerchiefs, and *would* persist in applying them to the same purpose; whilst the articles of the toilette were equally wasted upon her; for her face still remained as grubby as a

London dustman's, and her hair as fuzzy as the stuffing to a sofa. Indeed, we soon found out that we might as well attempt to train a mad dog to take to the water, as induce these same hydrophobic Saxon wenches to indulge in matutinal ablutions; and that if we persevered in our hydropathic treatment of the incurables, we should be left at last to scour the floors, and empty the slops of the house, ourselves. For such is the inveterate aversion of the pigs to water, that on a certain occasion, when one of our maids fell ill with a cold, we recommended her to take a foot-bath before going to bed; whereupon she mildly informed us that she wasn't fool enough to do anything of the kind, as she had *once* in her life bathed her feet, and didn't get over it for weeks afterwards. So repulsive, in fine, are these "brave girls," as they are called, to English people, who have been accustomed to be waited on at breakfast by tidy and clean parlour-maids in their own country, and who have been used to take their "early meal" somewhat more decently than swine at a trough, that we could not bear to see them enter our room of a morning, and never would allow them to cook the least article of food for us, or, in fact, to do any other than the meanest offices about the house; so that our wife and daughter had to be the cooks and parlour-maids to the establishment during our stay in the country. It was hardly possible even to allow them to answer the door—not because of their filthy appearance, for German gentry think nothing of such matters; but because it was beyond human power to train them to

any notion of privacy or propriety, and they would as soon have thought of showing a postman, a beggarman, or a butcher into your wife's bedroom, as they would of ushering a gentlemen into the kitchen, or leaving an English lady to wait outside on the stairs. Nor could the teaching of persons of their own sex educate them to the least sense of shame in those duties which an English housemaid would blush to be detected in performing by a man; for, no matter who might be coming up the stairs at the time, they *would* march down to the yard to empty the slops, with a certain nameless article of furniture in their hand, as ostentatiously as though they were carrying a vase of flowers before them.

Now it was from the habits of these dirty, untidy, awkward, unceremonious, and shameless Saxon serving-girls that we learnt more of the filthy, uncivilized state of the higher class of German ladies than if we had been inmates of their own houses for a quarter of a century; for, of course, we saw in the maids what were the habits of the families in which they had previously lived; and when they were told they must not do such a thing in such a manner, as it was offensive to English notions of either decency or politeness, the invariable answer was, that at the *Frau von This*, or the *Appellations-Gericht-Räthin That* they had always been accustomed to act in the same manner, and that we English folk were "*sehr curiose Leute*" (very queer people). In fact, the boorish state of the *braves Mädchen* of Eisenach—their utter ignorance of the commonest forms of polite society,

assured us that the mistresses with whom they had served, before entering our house, were hardly a whit less boorish, or had scarcely any more knowledge than the girls themselves respecting what English folk are in the habit of considering the necessary refinements of family life. Not one of them knew even how to lay a table, or the use of salt-spoons or egg-cups; or to polish a knife and fork, other than by rubbing them with a bit of old rag in the ashes from the stoves; or to clean a water-bottle, except with potato-parings; or to wash a glass by any other means than a piece of old sack-cloth; or to dry a plate in a plate-rack; for all the ordinary appliances of a tidy English household are utterly unknown in Germany—dusters, glass-cloths, bottle-brushes, dish-clouts, scrubbing-brushes, knife-boards—not to speak of housemaids'-boxes—being as great rarities as blotting-paper, cruet-stands, plate-warmers, finger-glasses, or foot-baths, in benighted Thuringia. Nor will this be wondered at, when we tell the reader that there was not so much as a cistern or a water-butt throughout the entire capital—every drop of liquid required in the house having to be fetched in long wooden-pails, like enormous quivers, and left to stand in such pails till what you had to drink acquired the flavour of soddened and rotting wood; not a drain, not a sink, was there attached to any dwelling; not a dust-hole nor a water-closet to be found in the land—all the refuse of the house having to be thrown into the back-yard, and there treasured in a heap until the manure season came round; not a

knife-house, nor so much as a back-kitchen or pantry, in connection with any lodging—all the cutlery, the boots, and the clothes having to be cleaned in the little hole in which the meals were to be cooked; and, in a word, such a state of general piggery as requires a far greater amount of patience and philosophy than even Mr. Job himself possessed, to endure.

We believe that throughout Eisenach there were only two carpeted rooms to be found: the one at the Circle Director's, and the other at the dwelling of the English ladies, who, when we first came to the place, were residents in the town. For ourselves, as we were birds of passage, and never thought, when we first set foot in the hole, that our business would have detained us so long there, bare sanded floors, like those of an English tap-room, were our lot; so that we lived to hate the day when it came to the time for the girl to scour the boards, with a wisp of straw in her hand and a box of sand at her side; or to dust the room with an old goose-wing; for we knew that our apartments would then be as pleasant to tread upon as a gravel walk after a shower of rain; and, though our investigations among the poor had taught us to bless God for the few comforts that were vouchsafed to us, we never set eyes upon those loathsome Saxon drudges—we never set foot in our bare-boarded Saxon rooms—we never turned into our blanketless and counterpaneless Saxon bed, but we reviled ourselves bitterly for the fool's-errand that had led us to the country, and we sighed in our heart even for an English pauper's life; for we knew, from our insight

into the London workhouses, that such a lot was far more decent, and infinitely more comfortable, than that with which we had to put up.

Diogenes in a tub was considered in the days of Grecian stoicism to be the perfection of human wisdom; but though we have learnt some little philosophy from our avocations, no study has yet taught us to find a delight in filth, or to prefer the barbarisms of life to the comfort and decencies (without the follies) of polite society; and we have often, during our stay in Saxony, wondered whether the Grand-Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha in the course of his travels in the wilds of Africa, found the conical mud huts of the people there *much more* cheerless, and *much more* barren of all those articles of comfort which English folks have learnt to think necessary for the enjoyment of a decent life, than *we* found the rooms in which our own Queen was housed at the "palace" of Reinhardtsbrunn.

While upon this part of our subject, we may as well finish the ugly picture we have drawn of German domestic life, by adding a rough sketch of the ordinary sleeping apartments in which the gentry of the country consent to pass at least one-third of their time. Of the Lilliputian dimensions of the German bedsteads we have already spoken. A baby's crib, indeed, is the only thing, in our country, to which they can be compared—the generality of them being but 2 feet 9 inches broad, and 6 feet 6 inches long (inside measurement); so that a wretched

Englishman, who happens to stand 5 feet 11 inches out of his shoes, and to measure 2 feet across the shoulders, might as well think of passing a comfortable night in an egg-chest, or orange box, as of sleeping, with anything like ease, in a tester hardly broader and longer than a shutter. If he happen to be a Benedict, into the bargain, he must fain live the isolated life of a spider in a cobweb; since the endeavour to pack a man and his wife in a German bed would be as vain as striving to thrust the legs of Daniel Lambert into the tights of the "Living Skeleton."

But if the German beds are thus scanty in their proportions, the German bedrooms are equally diminutive, being usually no larger than an English knife house, and, indeed, hardly bigger than a police-cell; since they generally consist of a mere slip cut off from the sitting-room, and just long enough and broad enough to allow a person to pass beside the miniature bedstead—the whole furniture being merely one chair, in addition to the bed itself. Chests of drawers, indeed, are generally reserved as the chief ornament for the *Putz-stube* (literally the drest-out room); while such things as wash-stands, or toilette-tables, are found only in the best hotels to which foreigners resort; since it is the custom with the German gentry to wash themselves (when they may happen to think it necessary to do so) either at the pump or in the kitchen, and for the ladies to "do their hair" at the looking-glass in the sitting-room. Neither is there the least strip of carpet beside the

bed, such as we give to servants; nor, indeed, a foot-bath, hair-brush, tooth-brush, or any other appliance of modern decency and civilization, to be found in the place.

In one such a "dog-hole" of a bed chamber, it is usual for the entire female members of the family to sleep—but in separate beds; so that often in a room but 8 by 12 feet, there will be three bedsteads stowed away, with merely sufficient space to pass between them; while the father and the son or sons have another similar cupboard appropriated to their use. This is the usual state of domestic piggery in Deutschland; for your true German cares not what kind of stye he, or his family, be penned in at home, so long as there be one show-room in the establishment for the reception of visitors. Sometimes, indeed, it is the custom for grown-up brothers and sisters to share the same bed-chamber; and that this is, by no means, an exceptional case, we may cite the fact that, over and over again, when we have been in quest of lodgings, the people would tell us that one sleeping chamber would suffice for our son and daughter, though we had previously informed them that they were no longer children. And when we answered that such was not the custom in our country, they would raise their shoulders, and their eyebrows, in astonishment at our squeamishness, and cry *Liebe gar!* as if they really looked upon us as the mad English folk, which the Germans are in the habit of styling the "proud Britons."

Now, in England, the journals have lately been

filled with leading articles and letters denouncing the atrocity of certain Jew tradesmen, in packing poor milliners' girls in sleeping apartments of such limited dimensions as to contain not more than 300 cubic feet of air for the respiration of the inmates throughout the night; and a coroner's jury has just returned a verdict that the death of a young seamstress (one Mary Ann Walkley, working and sleeping at Madame Elise's in Regent Street) was accelerated by such means.

In Germany, however, such an extent of space is a liberal allowance—even in the sleeping chambers of gentlefolk. In the family of one of the principal auditors of the government taxes, the apartment in which the mother and her two daughters passed the night, was not more than 12 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 8 feet high; and, consequently, contained but 768 cubic feet of atmosphere among three people; which is at the rate of only 256 cubic feet for each. Moreover, the lodgings which we ourselves rented during the latter part of our stay in Eisenach, and in which our son and daughter were respectively obliged to sleep with their windows open, owing to the confined nature of the bedchambers, were afterwards let to a schoolmaster; and in two of those rooms, which were so small that we had considered them unfit for sleeping apartments, and used them only as store closets, the pedagogue arranged for no less than nine boys to pass the night. These chambers were respectively $9\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2} \times 9$, and, therefore, had together a cubic capacity of a fraction more

than 2300 feet of air, and this, divided by 9, gives just upon 256 for the number of cubic feet of atmosphere left for each of the wretched lads to respire through the night-time.

Nor are these in any way peculiar cases. At one of the principal master-bakers of the town, the mother and six children, many of whom were grown up, slept in a long slip of a room that was more like a passage than a regular dormitory. Again, at the Lord High Chamberlain's, the mother and three daughters passed the night in a place that was hardly better than a cupboard, so little light entered there, and so limited were its dimensions; whilst at one of the post secretaries, the husband and wife, with three children and a baby, all slept in a hole which was so small that it was difficult to cram the requisite number of bedsteads into it. Even at the Wartburg, too, the sleeping apartments of the duke and duchess are not nearly as capacious as the attics which we appropriate to our domestics in England.

Indeed, the Germans themselves are utterly ashamed of the holes in which they retire to rest; and this is exemplified by the fact that on a lady being invited to a coffee-drinking at any of their houses, she is never shown to any bedroom to take off her bonnet, but expected to make her toilette in public —her shawl or cloak being carried off by one of the daughters of the family, and she left to arrange her hair at the glass in the general sitting-room. And when, on the other hand, any German ladies come to

visit an English family resident in the city, they are astonished to find themselves conducted to a lady's dressing-room before joining the company, for not only are such customs, but even such apartments, utterly unknown in the land.

What wonder, then, that typhus fever continually rages in Eisenach? for this is now known to be one of the diseases arising from over-crowding and imperfect ventilation. Peclet has proved that a man consumes upwards of 200 cubic feet of air per hour, and, consequently, exhales a correspondingly large amount of "mephitic gas" in the same time; so that in a closed room, the *minimum* allowance of air which is said to be safe for a person to sleep in, is taken generally at two hours' breathing quantity, or 400 cubic feet—a space such as is contained within the walls of an ordinary prison-cell. In fever hospitals, however, the ratio of air to each bed is estimated at not less than 1500 cubic feet; whilst at the model hospital at Bordeaux 2200 cubic feet are allotted to the bed of each patient; and it is found that when the poisonous emanations of the body are diluted to this extent, the infection of typhus is destroyed, and that patients afflicted with this—the most dangerous and subtle of all fevers—may be placed in the common ward of a hospital without danger to the others. In Eisenach, however, the air supply of ordinary bed-chambers, as we have shown, seldom reaches 300 cubic feet for each inmate—the families even of gentlefolks there sleeping, as closely packed, and in rooms as bare and foul as at the vilest

penny "shakedown" at the east end of the British metropolis.

One of the great marvels to us, in connection with the German servants, was, that not only had they no sense of *your* comfort, but scarcely any regard for *their own;* since they would consent to live, or rather pig, in a manner that an Irish tramp would hardly submit to. Not only had they no idea of sitting down to their meals, but they would dispense with all the usual appliances associated with feeding in civilized nations. Not to speak of table-cloths—for they are luxuries that even gentlefolks in Saxony consider superflous, excepting on feast-days—they *would* take their dinners even without plates and dishes, or so much as a knife or a fork, or indeed a chair; their usual custom being, to stand at the edge of the stove, and to pull the potatoes and meat out with their fingers from the frying-pan, in which they delighted to warm up their food in a black pool of fat. Their coffee, again, at morning and evening, was drunk in the same unmannerly fashion, for this also was taken standing—their habit being to hold the cup in their hands as they leant against the wall or the dresser, and to sop and suck a piece of black bread in it, until the whole of the liquid had been lapped up in such a manner. Nor did they seem to want any tidy or cosy servant's room to sit in; for the brick-paved kitchen, which in a German house is no bigger than an English larder, was all they desired of an evening; and

there, by the light of a wretched penny oil lamp, made out of tin, they would sit in the long winter's nights, without a sigh for any happier state. Moreover, the places in which they are willing and accustomed to sleep, are such holes as an English gentleman would not dream of housing a dog in; and one of the girls, after she had left our service, assured us that the bed she had in her next place was in a shed, with merely a few bricks and a board or two, to keep the straw sack which served her for a mattrass, off the earth.

Again, they had not the least notion of orderly arrangement in their work, so that they would often wish to begin scrubbing some floor at eleven o'clock at night; or else would delight to be up at three or four o'clock in the summer-time clattering away with their pails, and banging the doors as though they fancied every rational being should begin the day with the birds. Indeed, it was astonishing to us how small an amount of sleep these Saxon drudges could do with. It was the general custom for washer-women to begin their day's labour at three in the morning, even in the winter; and when it was the season for laying in the stock of wood for the year, and every street was littered with the logs, so that you had to pick your way down the thoroughfare as through a timber-yard, the wood-cutters would begin chopping and sawing long before the sun was up—even though it was set down in the calendar to rise at 3.45 A.M.—till, what with the clatter about the house and in the street, and the riot of the drums at

the adjoining barracks, even if it had been possible to get a good night's rest out of a German bed, such things were about as conducive to slumber as if you had been passing the night in the neighbourhood of old Smithfield on a market-day.

Nor is it possible to educate the wretched bond-slaves to better ways; so that if you happen to have a palate that can distinguish between the flavour of "water-*zoetje*" and pickled whelks, you are sure, unless the very sharpest eye be kept upon them, to find that they have either been drying the wine-glasses with an oily rag (for it is beyond human art to teach them to have different cloths for different purposes); or giving you a fishy or oniony knife at your dessert; or dropping the tallow-grease into the water-tub; or using the dinner napkin for a pocket handkerchief; or cleaning their nails with your forks; or brushing your light summer coat with the blacking brushes; or using the hat brush to polish your boots, or putting your best linen glass-cloths to the same ignominious offices as house-flannels; or polishing the spoons on the knife-board—or, in a word, doing a thousand and one things, which are no offence to a leather-tongued and insensate German, but which to more refined tastes are as loathsome as the habits of "skunks." To train such beings to wait at table would require far more patience and perseverance than to teach a hippopotamus to dance; for in Germany such a thing was never heard of, except at the first-class hotels used by strangers, as, a domestic remaining in the room during dinner

time. Nor could you even suffer them to remove the dinner things when the feast was ended; since the only notion they had of "taking away" was of piling everything on the top of one another in their arms—dirty plates, salt-cellars, napkins, mustard pot, remains of salad, and surplus pudding—all in one chaotic heap, as though the remains of the entertainment were intended for the mixen rather than the larder.

Another peculiar trait distinctive of these elegant young ladies is their love of sitting round the doorstep, like so many Irish girls in St. Giles', of a summer's evening; so that if you happened to live on the first floor you might shout yourself as hoarse as a costermonger (for there are no such things as bells) to summon your domestic; and maybe, have at last to put your head out of the window and call her up from the knot of soldiers with whom she was sure to be giggling, as soon as it was dusk, under the gateway.

The dear, innocent English reader will doubtlessly inquire, "Why have submitted to such conduct? Why not have made them different?" Sweet lamb! we answer, do *you* come over and make the attempt yourself. We can assure you there is a fine field here open to you, if you are inclined to distinguish yourself in civilizing the savages; though we are much mistaken if you are not obliged to act as your own charwoman, before many months of the Quixotism have passed over your head. Talk of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear! Why, that would be a

comparatively easy bit of textile handiwork to moulding such clods into anything like proper form. You might as well attempt to train a London dustman into a Beau Brummel, or convert a Billingsgate fishfag into a Mrs. Fry, as twist those crooked limbs into anything approximating to the symmetry of the "human form divine;" for, as we have before said, you see in such serving-girls merely the caricatures of their mistresses' habits.

It must be borne in mind, too, that a German house is not the most pleasant abiding-place on the face of the earth; that it is not intended, as in England, to be the snug nest to which the old and young birds love perpetually to return, as the happiest, cosiest spot in all the world—the home of the united family; but, on the contrary, it is merely the "*house*" (for this is their usual way of speaking of it, even as the lady to whom a German is married delights to call her wedded partner her "man" rather than her husband). The house it is truly, and a house *merely*, as contradistinguished from a home,—a kennel, a sty, a lair, a den for the animals merely to sleep and find shelter in; and a place which every one of them consequently loves to flee from, rather than fly to, for any pleasure or peaceful enjoyment. Hence, as the "man" of every German house betakes himself to his tavern for his evening's amusement; in the same manner, we repeat, does the "woman" of the establishment hurry off to the beer-gardens several times a-week, immediately the weather will allow her, in order to find some place more agreeable and comfortable to her than her own

domestic "flat." Even so, too, does the wretched scrub of a serving-girl hanker to get away from the brick-paved dog-hole of a kitchen (which is more like an English wash-house than the tidy places common to servants in our own country), and naturally prefer, directly the spring comes round again, and the air is sufficiently tempered to admit of out-door recreations, to sit knitting on the door-step, rather than remain pent up in the stifling sty set apart for her use.

Accordingly, the stranger finds, after a few months' bitter experience in the Thuringian capital, that he must submit to wait upon himself the moment it grows dusk; for no sooner has the sun set than the girl is off, with the long wooden *Butte,* as it is called, strapped to her back, to the nearest street-pump to fetch the supply of water for the next day. This is an occupation which usually takes an hour at least; not that there is the slightest difficulty in getting the pail filled, but simply because round about these springs the common soldiers of Eisenach delight to group themselves as the day draws in; and there the maids remain, flirting the time away, while you, perhaps, are sitting with your tongue out, gasping for a drink of water in the dog-days.

We once in the course of our chequered life knew the delights of a bachelor's lodging in Albany Street, where those "wonderfully fine men," the English Life Guards happened to be quartered at the upper end of it; and, gracious powers! the whole of the cooks, housemaids, and nursery-maids in that extensive thoroughfare seemed to have had their

head turned by the long-legged and short-caped warriors prowling about the neighbourhood. The way in which our cold meat and our cigars *then* disappeared was astounding; and it was a curious sight to witness how, as the bugle sounded in the evening, there was sure to be a daddy-long-legs creeping up from every area in the street, and wiping his moustachios after the feast to which the cook had treated the "gallant defenders of the country"—off our pigeon-pie.

"Hah, sir," sighed a Camberwell omnibus-driver to us, as he dropped a showily-dressed woman at the barrack-gates in that district, "it's stunning, the distance them there females *will* come arter them there long sticks of sealing-wax."

But in the Thuringian capital—though the private soldiers are hardly "finer men" than English drummer-boys, and have the same military appearance, in their leathern helmets and sad-coloured uniforms as our fire-brigade men—they are, nevertheless, regarded as soldiers are by the servant-girls of the entire universe, in the light of warring "hangels;" and, though the wages of these Saxon drudges range only from 1*l.* 16*s.* to 2*l.* 14*s.* the year, the fond and not-particularly-sweet creatures are ready to lavish their last quarter's salary upon the noble protectors of their land, and to find them in beer and tobacco, as well as to pay for their admission to the Mohren balls, out of their very hard-earned gains. Indeed, in a country where public women are prohibited by the police, and a standing army enforced in every petty

principality by the regulation of the *Bundes-rath* of Germany—where the soldiers of the empire, in a word, have to be collected from different duchies—(even as the cowherds of the region are wont, by the sound of the bugle, to assemble piecemeal the flock they have to take out into the fields) nevertheless, the ungainly and stunted military clod-hoppers in Eisenach were sufficient to drive the whole race of "brave maids" there raving mad, and to debauch every housemaid, nurserymaid, and cook in the place; till it was almost impossible to introduce a serving-maid into your family who was not as degraded as the trulls who delight in the embraces of common sailors at the east end of London.

Nor is the catalogue of English grievances respecting these trollops of Saxon handmaids yet ended. We have before spoken of their slovenly habits about the house; but as it is the custom with German ladies to think it necessary to "clean" themselves only when they have occasion to leave their homes, so do these drudges stipulate, when they enter your service, for a special costume, in which *they* are to appear abroad in the streets. Hence it is the fashion with all the families to keep a wretched washed-out chintz cloak, but a little bit longer than a policeman's cape, for their servant to wrap about them in the cold weather; or rather, wherewith to screen the basket or the bottle they have usually under their arms. And during our first winter's residence in the country, when the snow lay far thicker on the earth than the sugar on a bride-cake, we never remember to have

seen more wretched objects than these bare-headed villein girls, shuffling along in their faded pink or blue chintz mantles at break of day, on their way to the nearest baker's or chandler's shop, for either the rolls or the *schnapps*, wanted as soon as their master's or mistress's eyes were open. A Lascar crossing-sweeper huddled up in his white sheet, with the thermometer below freezing-point, is the only thing comparable to them in our land.

There is a cant abroad which is extremely consoling to the minds of English clergymen, that the enlightened traveller has only to pass from a Protestant village to a Catholic one on the Continent, in order to discover at a glance the social benefits of the Reformation, in the greater comforts and better-to-do air of the Lutheran people. But we, who have lived on the banks of the Rhine for many a score of months, where the generality of the folk are wedded to Papal institutions as strongly as the Irish members of our own Parliament; and who have lived too in the heart of Saxony, where the Lutheran form of religion is so deeply rooted that the Catholic pastor, who came to tend the mere handful of a flock to be found in Eisenach, was black-balled at the Klemda when he wished to become a member of that elegant club—after such experience we can conscientiously aver that the Rhenish Catholic population is by many degrees less squalid and less beggarly in their appearance, and their habits, than the common people of Saxony. In fact, such Exeter Hall doctrines are the mere bigotted fustian of these Sir-John-Dean-Paul Pharisaical days;

for, granted that a form of religion which believes in charity more than faith, *may* have a tendency to breed beggars, and such a pariah tribe as swarmed in England previous to the destruction of the monasteries, as well as a host of lazzaroni, such as are to be found in Rome at the present day—nevertheless, the social welfare of a people, it is known to those who have looked in any way to the principles regulating the wealth of nations, has nothing whatever to do with this or that form of worship; but depends merely upon matters of political economy which it will require a hundred years yet to drum into the dunderheads of the rulers of the German nation. Let any gentleman with a white-choker about his neck, and a brain sensible to reason with in his skull, pack up his carpet-bag, and be off to Thuringia by the next train; and we warrant, if he be not as fanatic and short-sighted as a believer in the divinity of Miss Johanna Southcote, that he will wonder when he opens his eyes on the first morning after his arrival in Eisenach—the centre of Lutheran Saxony—whether he has not, by mistake, been carried off to the interior of Catholic Ireland; for assuredly he will find the people in Thuringia as dirty and squalid, and as ingrained beggars, as the poorer Irish, —as deficient in energy and enterprise as are the Spanish folk in the nineteenth century—and as little self-reliant or high-spirited as any mendicant tribe in the veriest hot-bed of Popedom.

Indeed, a German town or village is the same grubby, cheerless, desolate picture of misery and des-

titution wherever you go—let the form of worship be whatever it may—for the creed upheld by the Pope or Martin Luther has no more to do with the social condition of the folk than Exeter Hall itself is the grand focus of the civilization of our own country.

One other characteristic custom has still to be mentioned before the long catalogue of domestic miseries in Saxony is finished. We shall, by-and-by, have to tell the reader how there are certain ancient pagan holidays still celebrated in Thuringia, and far more religiously regarded than any of the appointed festivals of the Church; for though Christmas day is a comparatively-neglected festivity, the heathen rejoicings at the time of the new year, and at Easter and Whitsuntide, are continued to such an extent, that then work of all kinds invariably ceases—even down to the baking of bread—and that for two or three days together; and at the vernal holiday-season servants will often start off at one or two in the morning for a ramble with their sweethearts or friends into the woods. Now at such times there is a ball, or "cow-kickup," as it is elegantly styled by the citizens—held at every one of the low taverns in the town, whither every serving-maid and every common soldier thinks it as sacred a duty to proceed as a Mussulman does to Mecca. We remember comparing notes at a Rhenish *table d'hôte* with the English chaplain at Rotterdam upon this matter; and he told us that he found it impossible to prevent servant-maids in Holland absenting themselves at such times from the house, for two or three

nights together. Our experience in Saxony, though it hardly goes to such an extreme, was but a *little less* annoying to the habits of a quiet English family; for we verily believe one might as soon have expected a war-horse to have remained quiet at the sound of a trumpet, as have prevailed upon those girls to keep in doors one minute after the bands at such holiday balls had commenced playing. No threats of immediate dismissal nor bribe of increased wages, would have been potent enough to have withdrawn them from such festivities; and though the servant girls are *supposed*, by the police regulations, to be bound to return to their master's house every night before ten, we never knew one of them who did not walk off with the key of the door, and remain out, till almost the very hour when you were about to rise in the morning. The same thing too goes on, though in a modified form, almost every Sunday; for, as the sabbath is the great weekly holiday on the Continent, there is sure to be either *Tanz-musik* in the "*Mohren*" or in the "*Engel*," or else a "concert" at the "*Stadt Graben*" (literally the tavern by the town ditch) or an "*Italianische Nacht*" in the shape of a few Chinese lanterns and a little red fire at the "*Felsen Keller*"—each Sunday evening, as soon as the fine weather sets in; and thither the wenches, in their crinolines and flaunting low-necked cotton dresses (for on such occasions gowns at least *are* worn by them) are in the habit of swarming as thick as bees at the sound of a gong—whilst you and your poor family (if you are prone to prefer a home-life to that of the charms of card-play-

ing at a tavern on the Sunday) will be left to perform the household duties for yourselves.

Again, at the time of the "year markets," which occur quarterly, you are expected to give your girl a certain sum of money over and above her wages, so that she may purchase some boots, under-clothing, or what-not for herself. This, though originally meant as a present, or reward for good conduct, has now grown into a right; so that, when you are hiring a new maid (which, by the bye, you can only do every three months, no matter what may be the conduct of the one you are saddled with in the interim), it is customary for the girls to stipulate for so much wages, and a thaler or two in addition to spend at these same quarterly markets.

Indeed, this system of universal present-giving in Germany is one of the most hateful practices in connection with one of the most hateful countries in which we ever pitched our tent. The people themselves have a saying that in such usages they are merely "trying with a sausage to get a side of bacon;" but, though all know how mean a traffic the system of present-making has sunk into, all still continue to trade in it; and, no sooner have you set foot in the hole of a city, than you are deluged with embroidered slippers, and worked braces, and beaded pens, and trumpery purses and cigar-cases, in the hope of extorting from you in return some article of jewellery or dress of ten times the value. In fact, every occasion is taken advantage of to smother you with some paltry bit of bead-work, or Berlin wool-

work, by the ladies. Either they have found out that it is the birthday of yourself, or some member of your family; or else it is New Year's Day, or the return of your wedding day; or they have been absent in the country a short time, and could not help bringing you some remembrance of the place. In fact, the pettiest excuses are framed for bribing you into making some liberal present in return; for, though everybody knows the hollowness of the practice, everyone deals and haggles in it; and *that* so generally, that the principal article of furniture in a German room is the three-cornered glass-cupboard, in which are set out all the trumpery gilt and painted coffee-cups, bouquets of flowers made out of coffee-berries and rice, pinch-beck watches, copper-looking bracelets, pen-holders rendered utterly useless by the profusion of beads with which they are ornamented, patent leather mats, and, indeed, the thousand and one articles of tasteless gimcrackery upon which German young ladies like to waste their time and their scanty means, in the hope of catching something like a herring for the very small sprat with which they are in the habit of angling.

"Gracious Heaven!" said a friend of ours, "that old woman has sent me a box of cigars, which are so bad I can't smoke them; and the worst of it is, she'll expect me to give each of her children—and oh, good God! she has eight young ones—a new frock at least for the trash."

"No: I shall not buy myself a new mantle this spring," said a Saxon lady to our wife; "because, you

see, there is a friend of mine coming from a long distance to visit me shortly, and I have worked a porte-monnaie for her; and then most likely, if I do hint I do want such a thing, she will give me a handsome new summer cloak."

Or here is another characteristic conversation that we heard going on between two sisters, as they were engaged in picking gooseberries in their garden.

"There, Maria! it's no use thy picking all the big berries off the bushes, for thy godmother; *she'll* never give thee anything out of the way," said the elder to the younger girl.

"Well, I don't know, Annchen," answered the other with a shake of the head, "but I think she *ought* to give me something handsome this time; for I've taken her a nosegay every week all the summer through, and she's had now four and a half pints of the very best of the gooseberries for a present, into the bargain. The other day I reckoned it all up; just to see."

"Ah, indeed!" was the contemptuous reply; "and a lot thou'lt get out of her in return. A four-groschen bit is all thou'lt have, I can tell thee."

We should add that godmothers are generally expected to present their godchildren with a piece of silver whenever they happen to see them; and as the four "good-groschen" piece is the most diminutive silver coin in Saxony, *that* has become the ordinary present on such occasions; so that the citizens tell you the god-parents get to dread the sight of their god-sons or god-daughters, and the god-children

themselves to be in fear, lest the donations of their sponsors should be limited to the paltry four-groschen bit, which custom has fixed as the *smallest* gift that can decently be made to a sponseling.

Nor does this general bribery prevail only among the genteel classes; for even the shopkeepers, at certain seasons, resort to the same practices with your servants, in order to keep up the "custom," in the double sense of the word. Accordingly, at particular times, the druggist where you are in the habit of getting your pills, potions, and powders, gives your girl a bottle of hair-oil; the chandler's-shop-keeper makes her a present of an apron, or a small packet of coffee and sugar; your tobacconist offers her an ounce or two of snuff for her aged mother; your butcher treats her to a quarter of a pound of liver-sausage; your baker to a few sweet-cakes—and so on to the end of the chapter; till no one in the whole country has the least self-reliance or independence left in them; and all believe that the only way to advance in life is by currying favour with those who are the least bit better-off than themselves; while everyone is ready to lick the dust off your feet, and, indeed, to do anything in the world for you—no matter how mean and servile—so long as they fancy they can get anything out of you by it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAXON SERVANTS (*continued*).

STILL, the most curious of the customs in connection with Saxon servants remains to be explained. In Saxony, where the Government or police meddle in everything with which they have no moral or political right to interfere, servitude, instead of being a social institution, is there placed under the special superintendence of the *Polizei*—every servant in the country being as much under the police as though he, or she, were a convict with a ticket-of-leave in England. Such things as verbal characters are utterly unknown in the land. The usual mode is for the maid, when she enters your service, to bring her *Dienst-buch*, as it is called, with her; in which are written a few lines of useless recommendation from each of the masters or mistresses with whom she had previously lived, all duly certified by the official seal of the authorities of the town. This *Dienst-buch* is then given into your possession, where it remains until such time as you have reason to part with the girl; and then you are expected, if not bound, to write in it the same tarradiddles concerning the maid's good conduct, her honesty and sobriety, as

her other masters and mistresses have done before you. For, no matter how badly behaved the girl may have been, no one is disposed to deprive the poor drudge of her living by penning the literal truth; and therefore all go on scribbling white lies systematically, one after the other, and upholding a practice which is as silly as it is useless, and which even the wiseacres at the head of the Government ought long ago to have found out that the girls themselves are continually in the habit of evading. For it is the custom with the servants, whenever anything may be written in their book that they are not particularly anxious to submit to every eye, to retire to their native place, some miles distant in the country, on the plea of the illness of some relative; and, after absenting themselves for several months from the town, to return without their *Dienst-buch*, which they profess to have lost, and thus to start in life again with a bran-new volume and an utterly-unblemished character.

In the nineteenth century we Englishmen can but wonder that such antiquated tomfooleries should continue in a land which, to say the least, has had some few wise men belonging to it; and that the poor wretches who are doomed to the most irksome form of labour in the world should, in this age of enlightment, be as jealously watched and guarded as though they were criminals; and be bound to report themselves at stated times to the police authorities—like the convicts set at liberty before the expiration of their sentence in our own country.

However, that the English reader may have a thorough notion of the atrocities still upheld by the dunderhead officials of Saxony, we will conclude this chapter by laying before him a literal translation of the police regulations prefixed to the "service-book" which every maid- and man-servant is expected to have in his or her possession.

I. Chief Duties of Servants.

"The servant has to pay attention and show respect

* The above rules, in the printed matter prefixed to the Service Book, are entitled "Extract from the Servants' Order-Book of the 18th June, 1823, and from the Subsequent Laws made the 20th April, 1839," though who were the parties ordaining such laws the book does not inform us. Moreover, at the commencement of the book itself there is the following important "Warning.—The alteration, either by the possessor of this book, or by any private person, of any of the remarks inserted in it, is not allowed, without the sanction of the official authorities. Whoever does so without proper permission is liable to severe punishment, which, according to Art. 247 of the Punishment Book, can be extended to *many years' imprisonment!*"

In the first page of the book, and immediately preceding this warning, is a description of the personal appearance, &c., of the servant to whom it has been issued, of which the following is a specimen:—

Possessor of this Book	*Maria* ——
Native of	*Kreuzburg.*
Daughter of	*Cyrius* ——
Age	18 *years.*
Eyes	*Grey.*
Nose	*Common.*
Stature	*Small.*
Mouth	*Open.*
Hair	*Fair.*
Face	*Round.*
Other Particular Marks	*Wanting.*

to *its* master and mistress; to submit to all household arrangements, and attend to all instructions and orders without contradiction; is not to leave the house without the permission of *its* master, and to return at the appointed time. Above all *it* has to keep a sober and respectable appearance. Rebukes (even if not merited) *it* must receive with humility."

(Let us here, by way of parenthesis, draw attention to the brutal mode in which the servant is officially spoken of—the term *it* being applied by us only to dogs and other animals. High-minded Germans, however, like to say "*Will es nicht grüssen?*" (Will *it* not salute)—a form of speech used by officers and sergeants to private soldiers omitting to touch their caps to them.)

"The work which is given by *its* master or mistress to the servant to be performed, but which must accord with the strength of the servant, must be executed at any hour of the day *or night;* and the servant may not without *its* master's consent, avail *itself* of any other person to assist in it.

"The servant has to consider the welfare and advantage of *its* master and mistress, and so far as lies in *its* power to protect them against injury. By thoughtless or negligent disregard of this duty, the servant is liable to be punished with fourteen days' imprisonment!

"The contract undertaken by the master is broken by the servant doing any of the subjoined things:—

"(1.) By taking away any money or articles whatever, let their value be great or small.

"(2.) By dishonesty and cheating; as for example, if the servant makes use of part, or the whole, of any money entrusted to *it*; if *it* gets goods in the name or upon the credit of *its* master; or if *it* sets down the prices of things at a higher sum than they really cost, and so forth. Faults of this character can be punished according to the criminal laws of the country.

"By pilfering, or withholding drink-money which ought to have been divided among *its* fellow servants; by purloining the fodder given out to *it* for the cattle; all of which offences may be punished with twelve days' imprisonment.

"If the master suspect the servant of dishonesty, he may have *its* things and boxes searched, or the master may search them himself; but the latter can only be done in the presence of the servant. Should the master, however, accuse the servant of dishonesty, without just cause, *the servant has no right to recover compensation for the wrong!*

"(3.) By any injury to the master, by deeds or words; such as scandal, or talking openly of the faults or secrets of the master, or speaking of anything that goes on in the house, or by inducing *its* fellow-servants to do the like.

"All breaches of duty in this respect, whether by words or deeds, provided they are not of a very serious character, are punishable with imprisonment for fourteen days!

"*Moderate chastisement*, and reprimand, caused by the improper behaviour of the servant, are not to be

considered *as any wrong done to it*, and give *the servant no right to obtain a summons against its master for redress*; excepting it should so happen, that in the course of the reprimand the servant has been accused of thieving, or of doing anything else which it could prove to be untrue.

"If the servant has any just cause of complaint against its master, then can it go before a magistrate; but in no case is absconding permissible.

"A servant who absconds from its master can be forced, at its master's desire, to return to its servitude, and must, if the master so wishes, serve its time out; but if, on the other hand, it has valid reasons for wishing to leave, such as are given here under the proper head, it need serve only to the end of the quarter, or if hired by the month, to the month's end. Otherwise it can, according to the circumstances, be punished with three days' imprisonment upon bread and water.

"The master is justified in refusing to take back a servant who has once absconded; and in such a case, he need not pay either its board or wages after the day upon which the absconding occurred.

II. Chief Rules Concerning the Making and Cancelling of the Agreements entered into at the Time of Hiring.

"Only those who have free control over their income, or at least a part of it, may take a servant. In case of doubt, the master or mistress must prove that he is able to support such an attendant, and

that he will not convert service into a mere matter of show and parade." (How funny and childish all this useless meddling sounds to English ears!)

"Whoever wishes to go out to service, must have free control over themselves. Children under the guardianship of their parents, or other persons duly appointed, cannot enter service without the consent of such parties. Wives cannot go out to service without the permission of their husbands, nor persons filling some public office without the consent of their superiors.

"Every hiring contract which infringes these rules is not valid.

"If soldiers have gone into private service during their furlough, then the military service puts on one side the obligations of the private contract.

"The hiring is perfected by the declared consent of both parties; and to perfect it there is no need of any written agreement or hiring-money. But where hiring-money has been specially agreed upon, then the validity of the contract is contingent upon the payment of such money.

"Every person who wishes to enter service within the Grand Duchy, or without it, must—with the exception of tutors, secretaries, companions, and the like (*Wirthschaft-beamten*), learned foresters, scientific gardeners, and persons of the same kind—provide themselves with a service-book.

"It is not until such a service-book has been deposited in the hands of the master that the hiring contract is complete.

"Whoever keeps a servant longer than fourteen days in his employment without such a book, is liable to one thaler fine; and if at the expiration of this time, the servant is not sent away, the master is responsible for the penalties consequent upon such a breach of the law! With the consent of the proper authorities, the time of waiting for the service-book may be lengthened from a fortnight to a month.

"On entering service, and at every time of changing places, the servant must obtain a written character from its last master which is to be duly certified by the police authorities, provided its last situation were in the towns of Weimar, Jena, or Eisenach. But if it were in other towns, then the attestation must be by the councillors of the place; in villages, by the heads of the community; and in detached farms, constituting a separate estate ("*Ritter-güter*") by the possessors of such estates, or their representative.

"Every master or mistress is bound, when the servant leaves, to write or dictate a certificate in the service-book, as to the length of the service, the cause of leaving, and the behaviour of servants in respect to honesty, fidelity, and industry.

"The servant has to pay

For the service-book itself—four groschens.

For the *visé* of the police on the blank pages at the end of the book, previous to entering upon a new service—one groschen.

For the *visé*, and writing in the same by the police at the time of quitting its last place—one groschen.

"If a servant has allowed itself to be hired by two masters conjointly, she is bound to go to the one with whom she made the first engagement.

"The servant, who so allows itself to be hired by two masters conjointly, is liable to a fine of from one to five thalers, or to proportional imprisonment.

"If a master knows of a servant having been previously hired at the time of his making a contract with it, then he also can be fined from five to ten thalers!

"Every contract for the hiring of a servant, who is still in service, if it be entered into more than a quarter of a year previous to the time for quitting its present situation, is invalid.

"The agreement as to the wages, board, or board-money, livery and presents, either at the year-markets or Christmas-time, for perquisites, or any additional thing, to be received, depends wholly and solely upon the arrangement made at the time of hiring.

"If no such arrangement has been entered into, then only board and wages are to be considered as having been tacitly understood by the parties, and nothing more is to be allowed by the authorities.

"The length of service likewise depends upon the previous arrangements of both parties. If, however, nothing is said about it at the time of hiring, then such servants as are hired principally for cleaning work, are to be considered as hired for a year; but with other servants, the engagement is to be regarded as a quarterly one.

"The times for entering into service and quitting the same, are the 2nd January, 2nd April, 2nd July,

and 2nd October every year; or, whenever such dates fall on a Sunday, the Monday following. These days are generally called after the quarters of the year —Christmas, Easter, Midsummer, and Michaelmas. Any other time of quitting or entering service must be specially agreed upon.

"The hired servant must enter the service at the appointed time *on pain of punishment.* Only in the following cases is the hired servant justified in refusing to enter upon her service.

"(1.) If in the interval between the completion of the hiring contract, and the time appointed for it to enter the service, the servant is rendered incapable by illness.

"(2.) If in such interval, any relative of the servant dies, or any other casualties occur to render the servant's presence at home indispensable.

"(3) *If the servant has the opportunity of marrying, or could, in any other way; advantageously settle itself in life,* and would be likely to lose such a chance of benefiting itself by fulfilling its engagement.

"(4.) *If the family into which the servant is about to enter, change their place of residence, without advising the servant of the same.*

"(5.) If the master, without expressly mentioning the same, at the time of making the engagement, *wishes to go on a journey with the servant* for a longer period than that mentioned at the time of hiring.

"In the 4th and 5th cases above specified, the hiring-money remains with the servant. But in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd cases, the master may force the servant

to return it to him. In the 3rd case, however, if the servant has not given notice, at least six weeks before, if hired by the quarter—and a fortnight before, if hired by the month—of such an alteration in her circumstances, then the master may, in any case, *force* the servant to enter his service, and remain there for the full term of the hiring.

"The master must take the servant whom he has hired into his service, at the appointed time, or else give full compensation.

"A master may refuse to take or keep a hired servant in his service under the following circumstances.

"(1.) If the servant is found to be afflicted with fits, or any *contagious or disgusting illness, even though it were afflicted with the same at the time of the hiring but kept the matter a secret; or if the servant catch any such disease at any subsequent period.*

"(2.) If the servant is rendered incapable of working by illness or any misfortune.

"(3.) If the servant has so conducted itself in any former place that the master could have dismissed it immediately; and, moreover, if either such master has not mentioned the fact in his certificate, or the servant not divulged it, when questioned as to its former character.

"(4.) If the servant be married, or a widow, or widower, or a single woman with children to support, and that fact is kept secret on being questioned by their masters.

"(5.) If the servant be a female, and becomes pregnant.

"(6.) If the servant has shown a false certificate as to character.

"(7.) If the circumstances of the master so alter that he cannot afford to keep a servant for the future, or not as many as before.

"Only in the last case can the servant claim its full wages.

"The hiring contract is broken only by the expiration of the term of service, by the death of the servant, or by mutual understanding. In the case of the master's death, the full quarter's wages, if the hiring be quarterly, are due to the servant, or a full month's wages if engaged by the month.

"Only in the following cases is the master justified in sending away his servant without previous notice.

"(1.) If the servant insults its master with abuse, or disrespectful language, or tries to create family dissensions, or ill-uses the children that have been entrusted to its care.

"(2.) If it repeatedly rebels against such orders from its master, as are in no way inconsistent with propriety.

"(3.) If it refuse to obey those who are put in authority over it by its master.

"(4.) If it gives itself up to drink, or leads an unsteady life, *or gambles for money, after having been warned by its master not to do so.*

"(5.) If it induces the children or relatives of its master to do any ill.

"(6.) If it becomes, through illness, or any other misfortune, incapable of work.

"(7.) If it pilfers the food or drink of its master, and is seriously warned not to repeat the offence, or if it does the same continually without any such warning.

"(8.) If it lays before the master false certificates as to character.

"(9.) If it steals anything, or sells liveries that are not worn out.

"(10.) If it incites the other servants to theft, cheatery, or infidelity to their master.

"(11.) *If it goes carelessly about the house with fire and lights after repeated warning.*

"(12.) If through such carelessness fire really breaks out.

"(13.) If the female servant be found to be in a state of pregnancy, in which case (provided the period of birth is not immediately imminent) fourteen days from the date of the discovery, are to be allowed the girl to find a lodging for herself.

"(14.) If it remains out over-night without permission.

"(15.) If it is sentenced to fourteen days, or more imprisonment.

"(16.) If, without the knowledge of the master, it introduces strangers into the house at night, or, contrary to the order of its master, admits persons of bad character into the house by day.

"(17.) If the servant ill-use the cattle entrusted by the master to its care, or in any other way maltreat the same.

"(18.) If it violates the duty of fidelity to its master by purloining the cattle's fodder.

"Servants who are dismissed for any of the above reasons can demand wages and board only up to the day of leaving, and must return a proportionate amount of the hiring-money.

"If proper notice is given, the servant may occasionally be sent away before the exact period agreed upon, for the following reasons:—

"(1.) If the servant is not sufficiently skilful.

"(2.) If the means of the family during the time of service so change that the master must do with fewer servants, or none at all.

"(3.) *If the servant, continually and after repeated warnings, disturbs the peace of the family by quarrelling with its fellow-servants.*

"(4.) If it repeatedly remains out for its own pleasure without permission, or does not return to the house until long after the appointed time.

"(5.) *If it often remains out too long on an errand,* or neglects the good of its master.

"(6.) If it knows that its fellow-servants are cheating its master, and does not discover the same to him.

"The notice to quit under the above circumstances must be given a month or six weeks in advance, according as the hiring is by the month or longer; nor is it necessary that the time of leaving should fall exactly at the end of the service-month or service-quarter of the year.

"The servant, in such cases, can demand only wages and board up to the day of leaving.

"On the other hand, the servant has the right to call upon the master for the immediate release of itself from all its engagements under the following circumstances:—

"(1.) If it is grossly insulted, or so cruelly ill-treated that the *chastisement cannot be regarded as moderate* (!)

"(2.) If the master refuses its proper food.

"(3.) If the master withholds the board-money agreed upon for longer than a week after the proper time of payment.

"(4.) If the family are about going on a journey for a longer period than the time of the engagement.

"(5.) *If the family change their place of residence to anywhere more than three miles distant from their former abode,* and do not express their willingness to pay the servant the cost of its journey home.

"(6.) If the master desires to seduce the servant into improper courses, or to make it conduct itself contrary to law.

"(7.) If the servant is rendered unfit for service by illness.

"(8.) If such casualties occur in the servant's family as render its presence at home necessary.

"In the first six cases the servant has the right to demand wages and board up to the end of the quarter or month, as the case may be. But if the just reason for leaving has arisen only in the second half of the

quarter or month, then wages and board also for the following month or quarter must be paid.

"In the seventh and eighth cases the servant can demand wages and board only up to the day of leaving. Concerning livery, it is in the first six cases to be treated according to Section 39 of the Servants' Regulations, and in the seventh and eighth cases according to Section 31.

"Moreover, in the following cases the servant can likewise leave before the hiring time ceases—though only after proper notice.

"(1.) If the servant can establish a home for itself, by marriage or any other profitable way, and provided it can find another good servant to act in its stead for its master

"(2.) If the master, after repeated solicitations, does not pay the servant its wages for four weeks after they are due.

"(3.) If the servant has food given her to eat *more than once* which is utterly spoiled and unfit for human consumption.

"Wages and board in all these cases need only be paid up to the day of leaving.

"In the last two cases the hiring-money, if any has been given, remains wholly with the servant, but in the first case only a portion of it, according to the time which has already been served."

Such are the police-laws and regulations concerning the Eisenach bond-slaves.

At the end of them, in the same book, we have the following blank form for a servant's certificate :—

The holder, , of this book has, from till been in service with me, and conducted itself : and is now dismissed on account of

This day of , 18 .

(Signed) ———

Then usually follow the police *visés*, and the written characters of the several masters or mistresses in whose service the possessor of the book has been, since she paid her four groschens for it at the police-office.

From one of such books we have copied the following entries, as they will give the English reader not only a vivid idea of the use of such written characters, but likewise of the class of serving-girls peculiar to Eisenach itself.

Viséd for entering the service of Mr. Furrier———, here.

Eisenach, 18th January, 1859.

For the Police Administration,

Th. Müller.

Duly stamped with the official seal.

The holder of this book was, up to this day's date, in my service, and during such time conducted herself truly and industriously, and leaves on account of pregnancy. *Th. B———.*

Eisenach, 2nd August, 1859.

Next we have another pretty little police document running as follows: —

Certified, and it is to be noted, that this girl (giving her name) is now turned out of the town for one year, on account of being repeatedly pregnant.

Eisenach, 4th August, 1859.

For the Police Administration.

R. Ortmann.

Duly sealed, of course.

Then follows the attestation of the authorities of the girl's native place :—

The possessor of this book has been at home with her parents up to this time, and has conducted herself without reproach.

Kreuzburg, 1st January, 1861.

For the Principal Authorities,

G. Köhler.

After this the book teaches us that the young lady returns to Eisenach, visits the police, and is authorized to start in business again—having already, since her return, had two or three more of such worthless characters written at the end of the *Dienst-buch*, and all duly vouching, of course, that she has lived a pattern life during her stay in their houses.

Now such solemn absurdities as the above, simple-minded English folk are utterly unprepared for—even from the extremely officious officials of Germany. Granted, that some of the regulations are such only as the common principles of justice would dictate; but,

on the other hand, there are articles in the rules, which, assuredly, none but a Cossack or a Haynau could be found daring enough to uphold. For who, with any idea of decency or manly courage, would justify the sentence that tells us that "*moderate chastisement*" is not to be considered as any *wrong done to a female servant* by her master; and that even when the girl is beaten she is to have no right of obtaining a summons against her brutal and cowardly persecutor! In a land where the flogging of a wife by her husband is no offence against the law, *unless blood be made to flow*, the reader can readily understand what may be a German policeman's notion of "*moderation*" in the use of the lash against a poor girl who has no power of defending herself. Again, how fair and honourable is the canon which ordains, that if a master unjustly accuses a servant-maid of theft, she shall have no claim for compensation from him, even though her character for honesty is all the poor drudge has to live upon!

We have given the police rules upon this matter in their full integrity, so that none may accuse us of garbled extracts; and even if there are some of our sterner mistresses, who think servants are treated "a deal too well" in our own country, and who may therefore see no particular enormity in the greater part of the regulations here cited, we would gently remind such housewives that "the proof of the pudding always lies in the eating;" and beg of them to contrast the account we have given of the habits and characters of the domestics in Saxony, with

those of our own country. Let them ask themselves, moreover, what is the reason of such a difference? Let them bear in mind that in Eisenach, where the servants are treated, by the petty potato despots, as bond-slaves, or villeins, attached for a certain time to the houses of their masters, the poor wretches naturally remain but little better than villeins and bond-slaves in habits and manners; whereas, in our own country, where the relations between master and servant are left to conform to the natural action of the law of supply and demand, and the hiring is made a simple contract between individuals—rather than a thing to be settled by a thick-headed policeman's notion of what is good and right—masters and mistresses, by preferring to keep only such servants as are capable of conforming to their notions of decency and propriety, have been able to train up such a class of tidy and respectable attendants as are to be found in no other land. For go where you will on the face of the earth, there is nothing that impresses you with so high a sense of the decency and refinement of English life as the comely-looking and neatly-attired domestics common to the better form of middle-class people with us; and compared with whom a Saxon gentlewoman, we say again, is as a char-woman in the elegance of her appearance at home, and as an Irish basket-woman in the suavity of her manners.*

* But these police books are ordained not alone for servants; for every workman in Germany is obliged to be provided with one during his "wandering" term, which is a species of

tramping enforced by law. For, though English artizans have long ago found out that this tramping system—which was originally instituted by our different trade-societies for the purpose of equalizing the labour-markets throughout the country, has tended to make more beggars and idle sots out of honest, hard-working journeymen than any other practice (since it is but natural for sluggish natures to avoid work when they find that they can live by alms)—though such has been the case in our country, and the heads of the English trade-societies are consequently doing all they can to put an end to such a system, nevertheless, in Saxony (where you find all the exploded absurdities and barbarisms of your forefathers still upheld, as though they were part of the laws of the Medes and Persians), you discover this system of vagabondage to be in full force up to the present day; and the laws positively *compelling* men, who have been just trained to live comparatively independent by some form of work, to go out into the highways and by-ways, and subsist on their journey by begging. Indeed, it is impossible to take a walk along any high-road outside a German town without meeting some two or three of these wretched, footsore *Wanderburschen*, with their scanty stock of clothes done up into a huge sausage-like roll and slung at their side. As you approach, the vagabonds according to law, are sure to halt, and touch their caps for a few groschens to help them on their way. In the towns, too, it is customary for them to call at the bakers and butchers and beg a bit of liver-sausage or bread, after the manner of professional English cadgers in the provinces. This, in German slang, is called going *fechten* (literally, fencing). Now, it is part of the laws of the country that each of these wandering journeymen must continue this vagabond and mendicant form of life for three years at least; and that they should carry during that time a police book, similar to that which the servants are compelled to retain, so that the workmen, like the menials, may be under the continual *surveillance* of the police—as though, as we said before, they were so many convicts out on tickets-of-leave, rather than persons living by their own honest labour. In order, therefore, to let the reader have a still clearer idea as to the penalties imposed upon industry in Germany; and how the rulers of that beer-befuddled and tobacco-obfuscated land delight to beset hard work with every possible

difficulty and restriction, and thus make labour even more irksome than it naturally is; we will now append a few extracts from the *Wanderbuch*, as it is called, with which the police authorities force every travelling journeyman to be provided.

The printed matter at the commencement of this book bears the title of "RULES FOR THE WANDERING HANDICRAFTSMEN BELONGING TO THE GRAND DUCHY OF SAXE-WEIMAR EISENACH," and runs as follows:—

"1. Every handicraft journeyman born in the Grand Duchy, who, in order to seek for work, wishes to wander in the home provinces or abroad (*im Inlande oder Auslande*) must get a book from the municipal authorities of the town in which he has served his apprenticeship.

"2. This *Wanderbuch* has the rules printed in the first and second leaves, and contains thirty-two leaves altogether, marked with printed numbers, such leaves being severally drawn through with a silken thread, whose ends are stamped with the town-seal, and thus fastened to the end of the book—so that any defacement of it is sure to be detected.

"3. On the third leaf are printed the rules for the military service, which wandering journeymen are *warned especially to attend to.*

"4. Upon the fourth leaf the municipal authorities are to set down as follows:—

a The name in full of the journeyman receiving the *Wanderbuch*, and who has to subscribe his name thereto.

b The day, month, and year of his birth.

c The dwelling-place of his parents.

d The description of handiwork he has learnt, together with the date of the commencement and end of his apprenticeship, and likewise the name and place of abode of his master.

e A statement as to the time during which he worked with the master at his apprenticeship, or any other master before the *Wanderbuch* was given out to him. And

f The special remarks concerning the character of the journeyman as well as concerning the time *at which he must return to fulfil his military duties*, or concerning the reason why he has happened to come free of such service, &c.

"5. The personal description of the holder of the *Wanderbuch*

is to be entered on the title-page, according to the directions there given, by the aforesaid official authority, and to be signed with his name.

"6. The wandering journeyman is bound to have *written down in his Wanderbuch, by the police authorities of the place,* the length of time which he has worked at any master's or manufactory, either in the home provinces or abroad, since the giving out of the book to him, as well as the places where he has remained beyond one day—even without work—and *likewise the account of his conduct while in such places.*

"No alteration in the official remarks entered in the book dare be made, either by the possessor himself of the *Wanderbuch* or indirectly, through his connivance, by any other person, without special permission from the authorities; unless the party would be found guilty of forgery, and on that account have to undergo *the criminal pains and penalties of the prison-house.*

"7. *Wandering to Switzerland, France, and Belgium is forbidden to every handicraft-workman* who has not received the special permission of the police, under penalty that the transgression of this injunction, contrary to the orders of the police and the enforcement of good discipline, will be punished as soon as discovered by *withholding the rights of mastership, as well as cancelling the apprenticeship appertaining to the workman who may be guilty of it.* (See further on.)

"8. Those handicraftsmen who remain many years away from the home provinces are bound to give a credible account of their mode of life and place of residence before the expiration of ten years at the latest to their relatives, their guardians, or representatives, as well as to the authorities of their native place; since, according to the laws of the Grand Duchy, *the property of any one remaining out of the country beyond ten years, and omitting to announce his place of residence and cause of absence, will be given over, without any certainty of return, to the lawful heirs inquiring for him,* immediately after sworn evidence has been given of the want of any information concerning the participator in the estate, and that he has been already publicly summoned to appear.

"*Weimar,* 21*st Feb.*, 1846.

"*For the Country Direction of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar,*

"C. VON CONTA."

Then follow two pages of remarks concerning the military duties which every journeyman is expected to perform directly he is twenty years of age; and after this we have the following:—

"CERTIFICATE OF THE HEADS OF THE GUILD BY WHICH THIS WANDERBUCH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE JOURNEYMAN.

"The holder of this book, the journeyman carpenter A. B., was born in Eisenach on —— day January, 18—, and has served his time with the master-carpenter C. D., from Whitsuntide, 18—, till Midsummer, 18—, in conformity with the deed of apprenticeship, which was submitted to the Corporation on the —— day of ————. After that he worked as journeyman, with like good conduct, with the same master till the time of his leaving."

Signed by the Journeyman with his own hand.

Next are appended the several *visés* of the police. A few specimens of these will suffice to show the character of the whole.

"*To Weimar.*

"*Must make his appearance here again at the commencement of October* 18—, *so as to enter upon his military duties. He is hereby warned against joining any Trades' Unions, and therefore forbidden to travel to France, Belgium, and Switzerland.*

Eisenach, —— *Nov.* 18—.

"*For the Grand Ducal Police Inspection,*
Brand.

"*Was here till to-day, and is now about to take his departure to Weimar.*

"*Eisenach*, —— *December*, 18—.

"*For the Grand Ducal Police Inspection,*"
Brand.

"*To Erfurt.*

Weimar, —— *January*, 18—.

"*Grand Ducal Police Administration,*"

Some fogie or other, whose signature is utterly undecipherable.

Then, after staying at Erfurt for some time, the holder of the

book, it appears, returns to Weimar, when we have the following characteristic police entry:—

"*Dare not wander so often to this place. Goes therefore immediately back to Erfurt.*

Weimar, —— *October*, 18—.

"*Grand Ducal Police Administration.*"

And so on: as if the workman was some wretched pauper in our own country, being passed from one parish to another.

SECTION V.—MARRIED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Such things as marriages for love are almost utterly unknown in Saxony. True, the father there does not select, with the same *sang froid,* the future husband for the girl, as is the wont in Paris, and bring home with him some fine afternoon a young or old gentleman, as the case may be, and introduce him to his daughter with the remark, "Here, my child, I wish to present you to your future partner for life;" while the obedient young lady curtseys, and thanks her father for the present, as if it were a new dress, or a small box of kid gloves, rather than a being with whom her fortunes are to be mixed up for the rest of her days.

The consequence of such marital arrangements is patent to all the world; the infidelity of French married women being proverbial in almost every nation.

Now, we cannot say that precisely the same barbarous custom prevails in Thuringia; nevertheless,

matrimony there is assuredly not the result of affection between the parties, and the homes are consequently nothing like the happy united circles, marked by one common interest and feeling, as with the better middle-class families of England.

The property possessed by girls for miles round the Thuringian capital is known to almost everyone of the citizens of the town; and during our residence in Eisenach, we never heard of one love-match occurring in the place. True, the *Kantor* (director of the church-music), who was said to be so overcome after the death of his first young wife that he would never be able to hold up his head again, was engaged to be married immediately after the first anniversary of his former partner's funeral, to the daughter of a chandler's-shopkeeper who had "gone to pieces" in Hamburg. And this would seem to be an exception to the rule.

"But," said the gossips of the town, as they talked over the fitness of the betrothal in the little haberdashers' shops, where the women generally meet to buy Berlin wool and chatter scandal, "leave Müller Hartung alone for marrying anybody unless he is to get something as good as money with her."

"Ay, they do say," cried one of the old maids in the shop, "that he is going to Hamburg with his bride, and that her rich uncle has promised to get him a number of pupils in that city." "Aye, and God knows," added another, "he'll want a number of them, to keep such a proud penniless minx of a wife as he is about to take to himself."

As a further illustration of the universality of marriage either for money, or some worldly interest or other, we may mention the fact that, in the course of last year, immediately preceding the introduction of *Gewerbe-freiheit* (literally, "free trade," but more particularly the abolition of the restrictions against free working in Eisenach), it was the common talk at the taverns among the different journeymen, who then thought of starting in business on their own account, as to which of the young women in the town had money enough to please them. "Oh!" one would say, "there is the butcher's daughter, the 'Great Globe' (*Welt-kugel*) as she is called. She has got 1000 thalers at least." "But, thundering weather!" said another, "she walks with that soldier who belongs to her own trade." "Well, then, there's Gyps Hänchen," (the latter name being short for Johanna, and the former the name of the girl's father; for it is usual in Eisenach familiarly to describe the young women as Brown's Peggy, or Jones's Molly, or Robinson's Sukey, as the case may be,) "will *she* suit you?" asks a third, "for she's got her 500 thalers to bless you with." "No," replies the other, "she is a nice enough girl to look at, but it will cost me more than that to buy tools and wood, and furnish a place to begin with." "Come now," cries another of the company, "what do you say to the Todtengräber's (grave-digger's) daughter? *She* has got enough to start a working goldsmith in business." "Pfui! devil!" exclaims the worthy Cœlebs, "Heaven forbid! I could never take a bride from the dead-

house." "Ha! ha!" laugh the others. "Hear how nice he is in his notions. Why, it's only a matter of taste, man! (*Geschmack-sache* was the phrase used) whether she lives at the dead-house or at the confectioner's."

Nor must the reader imagine that such sentiments as the above are by any means limited to the lower orders of society.

"Who is that lady flirting so violently with the young officer yonder?" we said to a friend at one of the Klemda balls.

"Oh! she is the Fraulein von Keingros," was the reply; "and she has made love to every gentleman here for the last fifteen years. But, poor thing! she will have to cast sweet eyes (*Liebes-augen*) for many a year more, before she catches a man, since she has not one pfenning of her own to bless any husband with."

The two principal heiresses of the town were the daughters of the distiller and the one wholesale grocer of the place; and these were spoken of as being wealthy beyond all conception, and regarded with the same reverence as if they were the gilt mud-idols of some Indian village. For, as the German men informed you the one had no less than 40,000 thalers (6000*l.* sterling) and the other as much as 60,000 thalers (which is equivalent to 9000*l.* of our money), they were in the habit of staring at you to watch your wonderment, as if they thought you never before could have heard of any young women possessing such an amount of wealth.

Moreover, the answer to an inquiry as to whether such and such a man was well-to-do would often run, "Oh yes! he is uncommonly rich; for he has been married three times, and always took care to have a good round sum with every one of his wives."

Indeed, as a rule in Thuringia no man ever dreams of making a fortune by his own industry or enterprise: the accredited means of acquiring wealth among the Saxons are the lottery and marriage, and as they gamble regularly in the one, so do they speculate uniformly in the other.

Almost every unmarried male sets a price upon himself; and one gentleman, with very white teeth and an incipient bald head, was candid enough to inform us that he appraised himself at 7000 thalers, and would not think of walking with the prettiest girl in Creation if she possessed a groschen less than that sum.

Indeed, almost every young person seems to start in life with a notion of making his way in the world, not by his own energies or prudence, but simply by getting hold of a girl with money. "Oh! I shall go to America or Russia," you will hear them say, "and then the daughter of some rich merchant or nobleman will fall in love with me." And the mercenary wretches will cite you case after case, in which some countrymen of theirs has prospered by such means.

All the time we were resident in Eisenach, we repeat, we never heard of one disinterested match; but we knew of many unions where the chief object

was known to be, not the bride herself, but merely the means of taking a larger and a better shop, or of being able to go into some more extensive way of business.

Where such is the prevailing fashion, the reader can without much difficulty comprehend what must be the courtship, and how pleasant and loving the intercourse of the married couples united principally by such sordid motives.

In most cases, however, the property which a girl possesses in her own right, or is given to her by her parents on marriage, is settled on herself; and that so completely that it generally reverts to the family rather than remains with her husband after her death. The landlord, for instance, of the *Rath's-keller*, at Kreuzberg, married a miller's daughter, who was said to be worth a large sum. We happened to see the couple there, some few weeks before their wedding, cuddling (after the true German fashion) in the public beer-room; and as the girl had somewhat of a prepossessing look, we could not help, some time after, inquiring of some of the Kreuzbergers, who came over to Eisenach on market-days, as to whether she was happy, or not, in the choice she had made. "O woe! O woe!" was the answer; "the poor thing died five weeks after her wedding-dress was worn. So the landlord made a bad speculation there," they added; "for every pfenning he got with his bride will have to go back to the family, now that she is no more."

Moreover, even when there is little or no money in the family, it is often the custom of the parents of the bride to furnish the rooms of the young couple; and, when this is done, the goods and chattels, in case of death, are expected to revert to those who gave them.

"Aye, it will be a sad misfortune to the Kantor (the uxorious gentleman before referred to) this death of his young wife," ran through the town immediately after the news of the poor girl's decease was circulated, "for his father-in-law may, if he please, strip his apartments of every stick of furniture he has in the place."

In such a state of things it will be readily understood that there can be no such thing as one common interest, or one common feeling, pervading the several homes of Saxony. "I have been obliged to pay so much for my man out of *my* money," you will hear one wife complain in public company; or it will be, "My man owes me so much, and I can't get a *Heller* (the old name for the one-twelfth of a penny) from him;" or else, as our landlord was in the habit of saying to us, "My wife has no business to come to you for the rent: this is my house, and let her look after the tenants in her own little mud-hovel in the *Akkerhof;* for that's all *she* ever brought me when I married her." Or, may be, on the other hand, the Frau Shabbymantle will send another servile letter for the few groschens that is her due, urging that "the money is her own, and that her husband is so stingy that she cannot get a pfenning from him for her girls' dresses for the balls."

Further: not a few of the men lived entirely upon their wives' industry. One was a small watchmaker, whose sole occupation seemed to be to loll outside his shop in a dressing-gown and slippers, and smoke a long pipe in the middle of the day, and in the evening to betake himself to Fischbach to shoot at a target (for he belonged to the shooters' company of the town); while his wife was one of the principal milliners in the city, and therefore, as the people said, there was no necessity for him to work as hard as ordinary men.

Another worthy, who was wont to saunter about the streets, smoking his cigar and dressed in a strawberry suit, with a deer-stalker's hat, was the husband of the midwife, and he too, we were assured, had no need to do anything. Indeed, were there any use in continuing such offensive details, we could cite case after case in which either the husband had derived his whole wealth from his one, two, or three wives at the time of marriage, or else that he was louting about, and living upon the industry of his "frau" for ever after.

Let us now, after this brief introduction as to the motives which generally lead young people to come together in Saxony, proceed to describe, as faithfully as possible, what are the Thuringian customs during courtship.

From what we have before said, as to the utter want of paternal supervision in Saxe-Weimar, it will be almost supererogatory to state, that young people are left in such matters to do as they please.

"What time did your daughter," said we, to a painter, "come home from the ball we heard she was at last night?" "Oh God!" exclaimed the callous old gentleman, "I don't know; I was out at the Apple-wine Rooms, and comfortably in my bed, long before she turned the key in the door."

Accordingly, young people are left to pick up their mates at the concerts and balls of the town as they choose; for we have before said, that even at the Klemda dances, we hardly ever saw the father of a family there who thought it worth his while to forsake his beer-house for the moral supervision of his child; and we have known fathers, who, when they heard that their daughters were in the habit of dancing at the Klemda, until their flounces were high above their knees, nevertheless, considered it by no means worth their while to accompany the young women to the ball as a safeguard to their proper conduct. Certainly, it is customary for mothers to be present on such occasions; but they go there, as we have before explained, rather as the hand-maids to the young women, ready to arrange their skirts when they become ruffled, and to hand them dry pocket-handkerchiefs and small-tooth combs whenever their personal appearance may stand in need of them. Moreover, the poor old creatures are often too tired with the day's house-work, and the washing and ironing necessary for the preparation of the ball-clothes of the girls, to do other than doze and nod as they sit against the wall, after the first few dances of the evening. Again,

such is the laxity of modesty among German elderly women, that we doubt very much if these folk would, even with their eyes wide open, be vigilant guardians over the decent behaviour of any girl entrusted to their care.

Further, even such poor protectors as these to a girl's virtue are often left at home, and the young women allowed to frequent balls and concerts without a single soul to look after them. Courtship, therefore, generally consists, in Thuringia, in meetings and secret interviews at some of the suburban beer-gardens round about the town; for as servants with us are said to "walk" or "keep company" with their swains previous to marriage, this, so far as we could learn, was the only custom common in Eisenach, even among well-to-do folks, preliminary to the formal proposal for a young lady's hand. Such walks and meetings generally take place in the afternoon, when the father is at his business, or more probably at the beer-house, and the mother is left to the performance of those common household duties which are generally consigned to servants in England; while the daughters go flaunting abroad, dressed in all their best, to keep a *rendezvous* with some scape-grace of a so-called noble forest-man unknown to their parents.

We never, during our many years' residence in Germany, heard of any gentleman being received at the parents' house while such love-making was going on; and upon talking the matter over with our German friends, we were assured that such a custom was unknown in Thuringia. The girls were allowed,

we were told, to go out at all times of the day, and even night, unprotected, without hardly a question being asked as to whither they were going, previous to their departure; or where they had been, or why they had remained so late, on their return.

From this insight into the liberty that young women are allowed in Saxony, it would be idle to tell men of the world the consequences to which such utter want of proper parental control must necessarily lead —and especially in a country where the young ladies have less sense of decency than women in the slips of a theatre with us, thinking it by no means indelicate to sit the night through at a concert with their lover's arm about their neck, or to hug and cuddle up to a young man in the public streets, in a manner that the females in the Haymarket would hardly dream of doing before midnight. Indeed, when we add, that the common attitude for the damsels frequenting the fashionable ball-room of the Klemda, while pausing between the dances, is to stand with their arms folded, and to look straight up into the eyes of their partner, as unabashed at the stedfast stare of the strange gentleman, as if they had been married to him for the last ten years —modest Englishwomen will readily understand, that such brazen-faced young ladies are not likely to be particularly prudish in their behaviour with gentlemen when walking out alone with them in the woods, without an eye to observe, or a tongue to tell of their wanton practices.

This secret and unguarded courtship continues

until such time as the gentleman thinks it fit, or necessary, to make a formal proposal to the parents for his marriage with their daughter. This is seldom, or never done, in writing. The gentleman goes *in propriâ personâ* to the house of the father or mother, and tells the one or the other what his present income is, as well as what his prospects are; adding, "that he wishes to be united to the young lady at such and such a time." To such a proposal, an immediate "yea" or "nay" is invariably given, it being considered an insult if the parent consulted asks for time to consider the matter; for in a small town like Eisenach, where not only the means, but the antecedents of every citizen are known to each other, it is obvious that hesitation implies dissent, and therefore such proposals are then and there assented or objected to.

If the parents' consent be obtained, then a special feast is given, equivalent to the Roman "*Sponsalia*" to make known the formal betrothal of the couple. To the betrothal-supper, at which fish is a favourite dish, all the friends and acquainfances of the family are usually invited, and in the course of the entertainment, the bridegroom, as he is then called (for in Germany such public betrothals are almost equivalent to marriage with us—the young lady being spoken of as the gentleman's bride from that time forth), having previously ordered to be made two thick plain gold rings (indeed, the rings usual on such occasions are almost as clumsy as

curtain-rings with us) inside one of which is engraven his own name, and in the other that of the young lady—proceeds to place the ring with *his* name inscribed upon it on the bride's left forefinger, and that with the *lady's* name upon the forefinger of his own left hand.

Sometimes these rings are placed upon the finger of the bride and bridegroom in the presence of the entire assembly invited to be parties to the contract. In Saxony, however, it often occurs that the rings are placed on the fingers of the bride and bridegroom in the presence of the parents only, previous to the guests assembling; and the betrothed couple then make their appearance at the table with the symbols of their engagement already upon their hands.

At the feast the young couple sit together next to their parents, and an amount of public love-making and kissing goes on through the evening which any decent English father or mother would hardly be able to countenance. In the course of the entertainment, after supper, when wine, grog, and punch are freely partaken of, the healths of the betrothed are drunk, "with all the honours,"—but speeches are seldom or never made; and the bridegroom in return, proposes a toast, wishing "happiness and long life" to all those present on the occasion. Hard drinking then usually continues up to a late hour—generally till one or two in the morning—the ladies sitting at the table till the very moment when the gentlemen retire; for, as we have before

said, it is considered by no means indelicate for women in Germany to be present with men in their "cups," and we have already told the reader how, when an officer made his appearance at one of the "Klemda" balls, in such a helpless state of intoxication that while waltzing he fell with his partner flat to the ground, this was, nevertheless, considered so slight an indignity offered to the ladies present, that he was neither expelled the club, nor did he find any difficulty afterwards in procuring partners whenever he wished to dance.

After the above formal ceremony of betrothal has been gone through, advertisements are inserted in the local newspapers announcing the fact; or else, maybe, letters are printed and sent to the different friends and acquaintances of the young couple. At the same time, cards are struck off and despatched to friends at a distance, while visits are paid the next day by the "happy pair" to such as live in the immediate neighbourhood. The cards usual upon such occasions are printed in the following fashion—the titles of the towns in the corner being added so as to show to what district the parties respectively belong:—

Anna K——

Carl J——

verlobte.

Eisenach. *Wetzlar.*

Occasionally, at the time of betrothal, an *Ehe-pacht*, or marriage-contract, is entered into in writing, in which the property belonging to either party is settled upon them, and provisions made in case of the death of either, &c. Such marriage-contracts, however, are by no means usual unless the betrothed pair belong to the wealthier classes. In citizen life it is more common for the father to tell the bridegroom (either immediately before or after betrothal) that he will give his daughter so many hundred thalers for her marriage outfit, and that after his death so many thousand thalers more will come to her. But no legal settlements among the middle classes are usually made. The general sum promised is 100 thalers, or 15*l.*, for the *trousseau* of the girl; the father, moreover, undertaking to furnish the rooms for the bride and bridegroom. Indeed, the latter practice is so generally understood that no engagement is entered into upon the matter; for, even among the very poor, it is customary for the bride to bring the beds and such furniture as can be spared at the time of marriage; while, among the middle-class citizens, the father knows well that he is expected to supply all the furniture necessary for providing the young couple with a home fitting their station in life.

Such are the forms usually observed at the time of public betrothal in Saxony. There are, however, many betrothals of a secret nature. These occur sometimes with the sons or daughters of what are called the "beggar barons" of the principality; but

in most cases they prevail with the "Forest Practitioners" who come to study at the Forest College in Eisenach, and who enter into such compacts merely as a blind for closer familiarities with the young ladies who are foolish enough to place faith in them. On such occasions rings are exchanged as above described, but no feast is given; and it often happens that the young "noble" has to wait some ten or a dozen weeks before he can raise the money to pay the jeweller of whom the golden tokens have been ordered. Occasionally, too (even with this secret form of betrothal), cards are printed; "But," said a knowing German friend of ours, "a hundred cards cost only 1 thaler 10 groschens, and the rings but 3 to 4 thalers each; and the Forest Practitioners, when they can save up as much, do not care about the money, because after a girl is betrothed she will allow a man to do as he pleases with her."

In ordinary cases, betrothal is looked upon as almost equivalent to the marriage ceremony, and either party breaking it can be mulct in heavy damages. Of course, legal proceedings for breach of promise are oftener instituted by women than by men, as in our own country; seeing that the weaker sex are the greater losers by the forfeiture of the engagement. In the course of last year, however, such a suit was instituted by a working-man in Eisenach, against a girl who had some little property, but who had broken her engagement to be married to him; and the journeyman recovered 100 thalers as penalty against the damsel for her want of faith in

the matter. In the case of the Forest Practitioners, however, such proceedings are comparatively worthless; for as the young men are mostly strangers to the town, and come there to study for merely two or three years, they know that when they are far away from the city no legal measures can be adopted against them; and hence rings are exchanged and cards printed without any fear of ulterior proceedings, so that the silly girls, who believe in such ceremonies, may be induced to give themselves up body and soul to the young scapegraces. As a German friend of ours truly said, "If a man mean honourably to a girl, why should the betrothal be secret? Either they are fools or knaves who require such privacy: the fools of fashion, who are afraid to make it known that they are about to wed with some girl whom they think beneath them, or the knaves of voluptuous habits who delight in entrapping and degrading every silly or scheming young woman whom they may meet with."

We have before recounted how we saw the father of the Shabbymantle girls leave his daughters at the shooting-feast, as soon as it was dusk, at a table, drinking in a common tavern-booth with a knot of these same Forest Practitioners; and how the girls were allowed to remain there to hob-a-nob with these not-particularly-particular college students, without father or mother to protect them, till nearly midnight. Who can wonder, then, that hot-blooded university youths, seeing the licences that Saxon parents give them with their daughters, do not hesitate to fool the

young women to the top of their bent? or that the more decent and honest of the Eisenach citizens, knowing how the girls have been tampered and played with by young men whom they and their parents thought to entrap into a lucky marriage, do not hesitate, when the college boy has flung the girl from him like a sucked orange, to cast the young woman aside, and to think her utterly unfit to make a virtuous wife?

Such is the usual fate of the secret betrothals in Eisenach. The Shabbymantle girls were the precise type of the maidens who belong to that class which thinks itself too proud for citizen-company; and who are, consequently, for ever scheming to force themselves into the society of gentlefolks, to whom their servile manners are utterly unfitted—for ever making the *cour* after each petty beggar-baron as soon as he entered the forest school, and accordingly left to be betrothed every three years to a fresh bridegroom; until, at last, the name of the young women came to be a bye-word, among the more honourable citizen folk, for everything that was opprobrious and unfeminine.

We have now dealt with the secret and public betrothals common in Thuringia and we have only to add that such things as runaway matches are utterly unknown in the land. "But," said we to an astute German friend, "suppose the parents object to the alliance—what, then, is the consequence?" "Oh! *then*," said he, "the couple do not run away, but they play another game which

soon makes the father or mother ready to hush the matter up in the most honourable manner they can." As a man of the world, the writer immediately understood what was meant by the disgraceful innuendo; and it told him, moreover, how wofully lax was the paternal supervision of girls in Saxony, and how such things could occur only in a nation where young females were allowed to walk out alone as they pleased, while the father sotted in the beer-house and the mother was scrubbing the floors at home.

These betrothals last usually from two to three years. Sometimes the marriage takes place within six months after the public affiance of the couple; but, on the other hand, it is in many cases delayed for ten years, or even longer, until the means of the bridegroom are sufficient to justify his entering into the matrimonial state. Immediately after betrothal the "outward and visible" conduct of the young lady towards the young gentleman is entirely changed. Before being affianced, a German girl thinks it extremely indecent to touch the ungloved hand of any young man, nor would she, for her life, be seen walking arm-in-arm with a gentleman unless she were known to be engaged to him. Indeed, to such an extent is this carried, that young German ladies who were in the habit of visiting at our house, thought it a great act of grace on their part to shake us by the hand on entering and quitting our roof, and told our daughter that they did so only in con-

formity with English manners and customs; adding that "they could not for the life of them ever bring themselves to do the same thing to one of their own countrymen." At the same time, it is by no means unusual with the ladies who are acquainted with the manners of Austria to allow their hands to be kissed even by a perfect stranger shortly after their introduction to a gentleman, and that without the least reluctance being shown, or the faintest tinge of a blush suffusing their cheeks at the time.

After betrothal, however, *tout est changé*, and the young prude who was ashamed to touch the naked fingers of the gentleman a few days before, thinks it by no means unbecoming of her sex to appear in the public streets hanging on to his arm, and looking up into his eyes with an amount of lasciviousness that could only be witnessed at the Piccadilly Saloon in England; or else to sit the evening through at some concert or theatrical performance with her lover's arm twined around her neck, and each engaged in such amorous dalliance as even cats would hesitate to perform in public. Upon such matters Germans have no sense of decency whatever. When we were living in Coblenz we have seen betrothed couples kissing in front of the shops of jewellers and printsellers, and we have known a gentleman sit in a room with his betrothed upon his knee—both utterly unabashed when strangers entered the apartment. But such indecorous habits are considered by no means unfeminine in educated Germany; although assuredly the very poorest Irish

girls in our own country would "shame themselves" —to use a German phrase—to be detected in any such public love-making with their sweethearts.

The Germans, indeed, as we have said elsewhere, seem to have no sense of such feelings as secret emotions. But why, it may be asked, should people be so ashamed of being in love with one another, that they should retire into solitude to give vent to their affections?

We answer that all deep emotions are necessarily secret ones. Not only does an absorbing passion overpower the mind, so as to unfit it for social converse, but the heart instinctively knows that it cannot expect sympathy from what, in such cases, is truly enough called the "unfeeling world;" since the very profundity of its emotion cannot but appear absurd to those who are engaged in the active business of life.

It is thus in profound grief. No person thinks of making his tears public; and, indeed, he cannot help feeling ashamed that he is susceptible of being overwhelmed by his affliction. Hence, it is the custom for persons in extreme sorrow to shut up their house, and refuse to see all but those who can participate in their misery.

In states of profound veneration, again: how secret and silent is the worship that fills the heart! It is for this reason that the early devotees built their altars in the recesses of forests; for who has ever entered the reverend solitude of a dense wood, or stood alone at night peering far into the starry

mysteries of space, and not experienced a feeling of adoration steal over his entire soul, as if it were congenial to the very stillness of the scene or time?

Indeed, we might run over every profound emotion of which humanity is susceptible, and show that whenever the heart is *deeply* touched, the being withdraws from the public gaze, as if conscious that he and the mere money-hunting community have nothing in common. Be assured, therefore, that when men publish their grief, or their religious sentiments, or indeed their love, they really feel little of any such emotions.

But, if this public love-making in Germany be hateful, as evidencing no real affection between the couples, it is at the same time positively loathsome, on account of its violation of all the rules of social decency.

Love, in its spiritual quality, is beautiful enough, but when it has the least animal taint with it, the exhibition of the passion becomes—like the gratification of any inordinate appetite—grossly offensive for other persons to contemplate. In the intensity of the desire, Nature, to the enamoured pair, throws an exquisite veil over the animal character of the passion itself; but still, a decent-minded man, and, much more, a modest-natured woman, would blush to indulge in any amorous display in the presence of others. Surely there is hardly any difference between *public women*, and those who indulge in *public love-making*; for is it not the *publicity*—the shamelessness of such creatures—the unblushingness, indeed, with

which they allow themselves to be fondled and caressed before others, that offends our moral sense? Nevertheless, this public indulgence in acts, that even in the most degraded forms of savage life are performed in privacy, do not offer any violence to the common notions of propriety in Germany; though if in the "upper boxes" of our theatres such scenes occurred, as are every day carried on between betrothed couples in Deutschland, the police would consider it necessary, for public morals, to remove the offending parties from public view. And yet German parents will permit their daughters to be treated like wantons under their very eyes, without hinting to the girl that it is only brazen-faced vice which can bear to be hugged before others, without a blush crimsoning the cheeks.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

We now come to the time of marriage; and before proceeding to narrate the details of the ceremony in Saxony, it is essential that we should make the reader acquainted with certain preliminaries required by the State. In the first place, be it recorded, that no man can marry until he is four-and-twenty years of age; and even then, if he be a workman, he must petition the Town Council for permission so to do, and be able to show that he is engaged by such and such a master, and has every chance of continuing in his employment. Or if he wishes to take unto himself a wife from any of the neighbouring villages, he can only do so by obtaining the permission of the town authorities, and paying, moreover, some 30 thalers (4*l.* 10*s.*) for the purchase of the lady's freedom of the city.

Subjoined are several such petitions for marriage, copied from the "State's Order of the Day," published in the local paper, March 19th, 1863.

9) Gesuch des Bau-Inspektors Möder um Aufnahme seiner Verlobten in den hiesigen Gemeindeverband (Ref. Hr. Hering).

10) Gesuch des Tagelöhners Hermann Nesselring hier um Erlaß der bei seiner Wiederverheirathung zur städtischen Kasse zu entrichtenden Gebühren (Ref. Herr Laurwald).

15) Gesuch des Böttner Ludwig Orthey von hier um Aufnahme seiner Verlobten (Ref. Hr. Tappert).

21 Gesuch des Buchdruckers Georg Thon von hier, um Aufnahme seiner Verlobten (Referent Herr Krauße).*

We may add, while dealing with this part of our subject, that the taxes paid to the city by every person previous to marriage, consist of the following curious items. Two thalers (6*s.*) for tuning the organ, six groschens seven pfennings (7½*d.*) to the organist, two thalers (6*s.*) towards the support of the town band, and twelve groschens six pfennings (13½*d*) for "tree money," that is to say, for keeping in order the few trees growing "within the walls." These charges sound very much like impositions to an Englishman; for why newly-married couples should be made to bear the expense of the city arboriculture, and to contribute so largely towards the maintenance of the city band, seeing that this band never plays at weddings; and why they should have to pay so heavily for tuning the church organ, is more than common sense can understand.

* The literal translation of the above is as follows:—

(9.) Petition of the Building-Inspector Möder for the reception of his betrothed into the community of Eisenach.

(10.) Petition of the day-labourer Hermann Kesselring, of this town, to be pardoned from the taxes due to the town on his marrying again.

(15.) Petition of the cooper Ludwig Orthey, of this town, for the reception of his betrothed (into the community of Eisenach).

(21.) Petition of the book-printer Georg Thon, of this place, for the reception of his betrothed (into the community of Eisenach).

Moreover, if the Benedict be not already a citizen of the town, he must, before obtaining the permission of the municipal authorities to marry, take out his *Bürger-schein* (certificate of citizenship), and for this he must pay 60 thalers, and prove, besides, that he is the owner of at least 500 dollars' worth of property.

Up to the year 1848, marriage in Thuringia was a solely clerical affair; but since the revolution, the chief power of permitting or forbidding unions is vested in the State, so that now the clergyman has no longer the power of refusing to wed any persons who come to him provided with the requisite State papers, as well as the consent of the parents on either side.

Moreover, in the Town Council, the power is now vested of prohibiting such marriages as are thought to be impolitic for ethnological reasons. In the first place, people of weak minds or of imbecile nature can be prevented by the municipal authorities from entering into the matrimonial state. So, we were assured by many, the town officials had the power of forbidding the union of the deaf and dumb; others, on the contrary, as strongly declared that they had no right to withhold a marriage licence from such people. We can only add that the deaf and dumb persons whom we knew in Eisenach were all single, and we always heard that the State compelled them to remain so. On the other hand, the city laws offered no impediment to the union of the blind, the crippled, or the consumptive—the only persons, indeed, with whose marriage the State thinks it necessary to interfere, beyond the idiots and others

above mentioned, being working men, military officers, and common soldiers. But these, "the powers that be" still delight to treat as children incapable of thinking and acting for themselves.

Time was when the custom prevailed in Germany for the herald of the Emperor to blow his trumpet in the market-place, and announce to the folk there assembled that his Serene Majesty had been graciously pleased to give his consent to the alliance of Herr Müller with Fraulein Schulz. But though such things have long passed away from the land, the equally-absurd practice continues of forcing every working man to remain single (and consequently to beget as many illegitimate children as he pleases) until he can prove to the town authorities that he can support a family. The same restrictions, too, as are imposed upon the marriage of working men, likewise hold good against "officers and gentlemen," it being impossible for a lieutenant in the army to take a wife unto himself, unless she is possessed of 6000 thalers (£900) in hard cash—an amount of capital which, at the rate of 5 per cent. interest, would give 45*l.* the year! for the support of the lady and her family. The chief absurdity, however, in connection with this part of the marriage restrictions imposed by the State, remains to be told. If the bride elect of the officer be a *Von*, that is to say, a lady of noble family, then money may be entirely dispensed with; though surely it must be obvious to anyone with a brain bigger than a walnut, that in such a case the

sole reason for any money at all being required, viz., that the officer may be enabled to live according to his station, as well after marriage as before, becomes doubly enforced; since the "gracious lady" is likely to be a person of more expensive habits, and to require greater state and ceremony than the daughter of a simple citizen. It is presumed, however, by the obsequious State-functionaries that the daughter of a baron is sure to be possessed of means sufficient for the support of her husband; but in a land where it is known that the greater part of the barons are "beggars," as the German folk delight to call them, with hardly the income of a master chimney-sweeper with us, this remission of the 6000 thalers required in other cases, is a bit of toadyism to the pedlar aristocracy of Saxony that is quite of a piece with the institutions of the land.

Of the under, or non-commissioned, officers in the army, only five of the oldest out of every 250 of the sergeants and quartermasters are permitted to enter into the matrimonial state; whilst the common soldiers are utterly forbidden such an indulgence. The consequent state of immorality among the females in the garrison towns is far lower even than it is with us, especially as no brothels are allowed; so that every decent working-girl is left by the State at the mercy of the soldiers, to be debauched by them before she is out of her teens.

One other legal restriction concerning marriage, and we have done with the political control exercised over the subject. The usual time of mourning for a

deceased wife in Saxony is twelve months, which is known by the name of the *Trauer-jahr*. Sometimes, however, a widower wishes to put an end to his supposititious grief before the allotted term, and to become once more a Benedict—the incorrigible! Maybe, as we were told, he has a large family or an extensive business, and requires some trustworthy female to look after the one or the other (without any regular salary); in such a case he has merely to send a petition to the so-called *Ministerium* at Weimar, and if the jacks-in-office there think the circumstances are such as to justify a termination of the mourning, and to warrant the revelry of another wedding, then the happy-miserable wretch with the large family, or the large business, receives permission to take unto himself some new nurse or shopwoman in the cheapest possible manner, *i. e.* by marrying the lady, and so getting rid of her wages.

We now come to deal with the ecclesiastical rather than the political restrictions to marriage in Thuringia; and it will be seen that if the stupid State authorities *must* and *will* meddle with matters in which they have no moral nor social right to interfere, the Church ordinations, on the other hand, are so lax that the regulations cannot but appear more fit for the communion of the sexes among unthinking animal life than rational beings. We all know how many years the fight has gone on in our own country in order to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. In Germany, however, not

only is such intercourse considered in no way objectionable, but the Church even permits nieces to marry with their uncles, and nephews with their aunts. "Would you," said we to a German friend, "permit the marriage of a man with his own step-mother? or of a girl with her step-father?" "*Ja wohl,*" was the answer, "and why not? They are in no way related one to the other." "Then, perhaps, a man may marry his mother-in-law, if he be so inclined?" "*Gewiss,* he can," was the answer, "and a girl her own father-in-law or brother-in-law when she has the mind." "Well, then," urged we, "is it forbidden in your country for a man to wed with his own grandmother?" The gentleman was somewhat in doubt as to the latter point, though he candidly confessed to us that he did not see any reason why a person should not be allowed to do so, if the lady were only young enough and had sufficient money to make the match agreeable.

Nor is the insensibility upon such matters confined solely to the male sex in Thuringia. A young lady, who was the daughter of one of the Government officials, told us, without a blush upon her cheeks, that she herself wanted to have married her mother's own brother, only, unfortunately, he had betrothed himself at an after period to a girl in Weimar. Whereupon we could not help asking her why, if there was no objection to ladies marrying with their mother's brother, should not brothers and sisters be permitted to unite themselves? "Oh, no!" we were told, "that was quite a different

matter;" and so astonished were the ladies of the town when they heard that English people objected to the marriage of uncles with their nieces, that it was the talk among the female members of the fashionable singing-club for many an evening afterwards, and cases upon cases were cited to the members of our family to prove how common was the custom in Thuringia.

We must confess that the marriages of first cousins are by no means palatable to our minds; for even if we had no moral scruples on the matter, there are certain physiological facts in connection with such unions which we think would induce any decent or sensible person to deprecate them.

Of the defects of such interbreeding, the people of Eisenach are, indeed, a notable example. We have before said that in the Thuringian capital almost every person is connected by marriage, each being some first or second cousin of the other; and a more stunted, impotent, and effete race it is hardly possible to see on the face of the earth. Almost every woman, no matter what her station may be, has a *goître* on her neck. A very large proportion of the people die, generation after generation, of consumption; the children are to a great extent subject to rickets and soft bones; girls *invariably* suffer from chlorosis, or *Bleich-sucht*, as the Germans call it; hardly a young woman has a tooth in her head; cripples and cretins abound almost as thickly as in some of the unhealthy Swiss valleys; and lastly, the common soldiers of the army are hardly bigger than the

boys of the Shoeblack Brigade with us—5 ft. German, or 4 ft. 8¼ in. English being the standard—the *one* regiment of the line, belonging to the extremely-grand Grand-Duke, being composed almost of a band of dwarfs, hardly any of whom are much above five English feet high, and even the "tambour-major" himself being but little taller than an English drummer-boy.

Such a race may, perhaps, in a great measure, be due to long generations of bad housing and bad feeding, such as we have before described; still, the utter want of vigour and stamina on the part of the men, as well as of health and beauty on the part of the women, are assuredly, more or less, referable to their continually intermarrying, and so propagating, and diffusing, the diseases which at first appear in the weaker portion of the race; for the infusion of new blood into a family is known to be as necessary for the continuance of the organic powers in their normal strength and health among human beings as it is among animals themselves.

A girl may marry at any age, as soon as possible, indeed, after confirmation; but, as we have before said, no man can enter into the matrimonial state in Thuringia until he has attained his twenty-fourth year, without a special "dispensation," as it is called, from Weimar; but if a damsel be possessed of considerable property, it is by no means unusual for the child to have a husband before she is fifteen. Formerly, it was the custom for men to marry at an earlier period of life, so that old-fashioned people had a saying that if mere boys were allowed to become husbands,

who would there be to pray at the table? or, in other words, what person in the family would be present, fit to ask a blessing before partaking of the food?

If, however, the girl have only a small amount of money in her own right, or her parents be too poor to give her any dowry, she may dance her black boots out at the toes at the "Klemda," or the "Erholung," or she may *faire la cour* after the libertine Forst-Practicants, and sit drinking with them until midnight alone in the booths, shooting-feast after shooting-feast, until she has lost all her teeth and respectability—and yet never have her name called out in church as either *ledig* or *Jungfrau* as the case may be.*

* During our residence in Eisenach a little incident occurred illustrative of the meaning of the above words. One of the sons of *the* master chimney-sweeper—who, by the bye, is a city functionary, having special privileges, the entire monopoly of cleansing the flues being invested in this one family, who are consequently better to do than many of the "beggar barons" of the country. For every person is bound by law to have his chimney swept by the city sweep once every three months, and as there are 1250 houses in the town, and at least three times that number of apartments—for every house, as we have said before, is let out in floors, and even in half and quarter ditto—it follows that the city chimney-sweeper would have an income of 1000 thalers per annum at least (including the outskirts), or as much as is allowed to the Chief Judge of the Court of Assizes; since the average sum which every occupier of a "flat" has to pay may be taken at 5 groschens or 15 sgr. for the entire house per ann. (We ourselves had to give 7½ groschens every quarter for the cleansing of our flues.) However, as we were saying, during our residence in Eisenach, one of the sons of this same wealthy chimney-sweeper was married—by the bye, the Saxon "chummies" too are the only persons who wear hats in the town at all

These banns are published generally thrice in the church; by paying an extra fee, however, those parties who are in a particular hurry can be asked once for all (*ein mal für alle mal*). The marriage can also be performed at the house of the parties—of course upon an extra douceur being given to the clergyman; but special licences, such as are known with us, are indulgences not yet introduced into Germany.

It is a peculiar custom in Saxony, we have said, that the property of the wife, in case of her death without children, invariably returns to the family. This is part of the laws of the country, and it is in no way usual for the relatives of the deceased wife to forego them. Indeed, so generally is this understood, that legal settlements previous to marriage are by no means customary. As

times—the citizens delighting to sport such articles only on Sundays and holidays. But we are growing as discursive as Lawrence Sterne. Well, we repeat, one of the sons of this same chimney-sweeper became a Benedict, and the clergyman, while publishing the banns previous to the marriage ceremony, described the bride-elect as "*ledig*," or single; whereat the *Hof-und-Stadt-Privilegirte Schornsteinfeger* (for Heaven's sake let us give the darkie all his titles, after the true German fashion) was exceedingly irate, and vowed that he would have the lady described as a "*Jungfrau*," or maiden. We know not how the quarrel between the two gentlemen in black ended, or whether the clergyman forced the *Ramoneur* to take the customary oath previous to a lady being called out as a *Jungfrau* in church; or, indeed, whether the master-sweep had to pay the fine generally imposed upon husbands when their brides are so described by them and their first child is born within six months after marriage.

a rule, the husband brings *nothing* at the time of matrimony; he may have a business or a situation, but property is seldom or never expected on his part; for this, and indeed, the very furniture and beds of the apartments in which the couple are to live, he looks to his bride, such being the ordinary inducements with gentlemen to enter into matrimony in Saxony. The interest of the money belonging to the bride goes to the husband, even during her lifetime, and over this he has as full and entire a control as if the capital belonged to him. But, in case of the lady's death after having given birth to one or more children, the money is then divided equally among the husband and the sons and daughters who are left behind.

We have before spoken of the *individual* interests which such an arrangement creates in a household where, according to good old English notions, there should be but one common feeling, and one general purse; for women bringing such wealth to their husbands, and knowing that the State recognizes it as being exclusively their own, naturally get to consider their property as distinct from the man's, and hence, marriage sinks into something very like the indecency and selfishness of cohabitation.

"Oh!" the under-burgomaster's wife will say to you, "I lent my husband so many groschens last week for his tobacco, and when I shall get it from him again, Heaven only knows."

In case the girl has no property of her own, then it is customary with the bridegroom to consult his

future father-in-law as to what sum of money he is to expect from him at the time of marriage. On such occasions it is usual in citizen life for the parents of the young woman to tell the bridegroom that he can expect nothing from them until the property is divided among their children, with the exception may-be of 100 to 300 thalers (15*l.*—45*l.*), by way of outfit—the latter amount being considered a liberal sum, with the ordinary *Kauf-leute* (chandler's-shopkeepers) or master tradesmen in the town.

"But," said we to the friends whom we consulted on such matters, "what do gentlefolks generally give at such times?" "Give!" was echoed with an indignant laugh, "why, they have nothing to bestow." But we reminded our friend that the daughter of the President of the Assizes was married while we were living in Eisenach, and surely *she* must have had something as her dower. "Ach gar!" was the contemptuous answer; "the rich manufacturers" (those whom we have before described as carrying on their works in the lowest-possible description of mud-hovels, and as paying the worst wages, and having the least care of their workpeople in the whole city)—"the Geizhals gave the girl her outfit because they thought it better to curry favour with the Judge." Nevertheless, we persisted, there was the young officer with the big eyes, who was married to the Colonel's daughter. "What has a Colonel here to give to his child?" was the answer; "Bah! the junior lieutenant thought of getting his captaincy, and that was enough for him."

Such, we believe, is a true account of the expectations and inducements with regard to marriage among the different classes in the Thuringian capital.

Still, there were some points that we ourselves required to have cleared up. So we consulted our friends once more as to the solution of certain marital mysteries that needed explanation. "If," said we, "it is the *rule* here that, in case of the death of the wife, the property she brought returns to the members of her family, how came it that old Brandt, the dry-salter, who died so rich the other day, got the greater part of his money by marrying three times — as the story runs?" "That is true," was the answer, "but he was clever enough to marry three old maids who were sisters, and as fast as one of them died he wedded another of the family, to whom his previous wife's property had gone, and so he ultimately got it all to himself." "There is one other difficulty we cannot get over;" we added, "and that is, how came it that the Kantor of the Church, when he lost his young wife, within a year of their marriage, was allowed to retain the furniture and beds with which his father-in-law had stocked his rooms?"

"Oh! that is very simple," ran the reply; "for though the father-in-law did not take them back at first, he no sooner heard that the man was about to be publicly betrothed again immediately the 'mourning year' was at an end, than he sent and stripped the rooms, and left him only a few necessary articles in the place."

"Is it then law," said we, "or merely custom

that the wife should bring the beds and furniture with her?"

"It is merely customary that she should bring them, and legal that the father has the power of reclaiming them as soon as he pleases after the decease of his daughter. But even the custom of the bride bringing such things with her is so invariable, that if the law enforced it, it could not be more strictly observed," continued our informants; "for the very poorest people in the land would rather leave themselves without a stick in their homes than that their daughter should marry without being able to take, at least, a bed and a few things with her."

In the olden times it was usual for the girls in Germany to begin spinning the linen that was to serve them as an outfit at the time of marriage, almost as soon as they went to school, and to continue doing so up to the period of their wedding; so that large carved and painted chests came to be stocked with all kinds, and no end of under-clothing, as well as with stockings and other knitted articles; for but a few years ago, owing to the custom of washing but once or twice a-year in each family, a much larger stock of clothes was required than is found necessary at the present day. And such is the force of habit that we heard of many matrons in Eisenach who could count their stockings by the hundred, and their chemises by the score. Moreover, in the Rhenish provinces, and other parts of Germany, we happen to know that these same marriage chests still continue to be stocked, for the

young girls still go on spinning and knitting against their marriage day, as every German girl was wont in the time of yore.

In Eisenach, however, we were assured the young ladies had got to be too lazy and fashionable to pursue such work, and now the mothers are left to do it for them; and this is the reason why you hardly ever go to a concert, a theatre, or a beer-garden in Thuringia without seeing the old women knitting away as mechanically as if they were so many stocking looms; while the young ones are flirting and pretending to be busy with some trumpery "crochet-work" or "tatting."

We now come to the marriage-feasts and ceremonies themselves. On the evening before the marriage, there is a peculiar feast held—the nuptial eve in Germany, being styled the *Polter-Abend,* the literal meaning of which is the "noisy evening," from the verb *poltern,* to make a noise, or bluster. The word *Polter-kammer* also means a lumber-chamber, and as it is customary for the town'sfolk to get rid of all their old broken crockery on such occasions, the term *Polter,* as applied to this strange ceremony, may have some such significance. Stripped of the symbolical riot which goes on outside the doors, the feast given within is merely the archæological remains of the old Roman entertainment given on the night before the nuptials; for it is still the custom in Germany for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase, to the house

of the bride, and to present her with it on that occasion. A feast usually accompanies this ceremony, to which all the friends and relatives are invited. At one of the grander entertainments of this kind, which occurred during our stay in the Thuringian capital, tableaux were enacted, in which the ladies and gentlemen forming part of the company represented the "four seasons." Another part of the festivities consisted in the recitation of certain verses eulogistic of the bride, who was one of the foremost members of the *Sing Verein*, and thought to be a small Jenny Lind in her way. These verses were delivered by one of the officers duly costumed as a bird-catcher, with cages dangling from his shoulder; and advancing towards the bridegroom he reproached him, in the most sentimental rhymes, for "carrying off their sweetest nightingale from the town."

The feast itself generally consists of fresh-water fish —sausages, of course—baked goose and hare stuffed with onions (if such luxuries can be obtained), or else of beefsteaks and baked veal with *Sauer-kraut* or salad —raw salt herrings and raw ham—as well as apple or cream-tart or "sand-cake"—together with "bowls" of sweetened wine, or of hot egg-punch, or glasses of hot grog, after the usual fashion of the most elegant entertainments in the Thuringian capital.

Minor feasts of the same character are somewhat similar to the above, with the exception of being curtailed of the more expensive articles, and they are, one and all, prolonged till a late hour in the morning —the ladies remaining with the gentlemen all the

while, and hob-a-nobbing with them, until intoxication is the rule, and decency and sobriety merely the exception—after the fashion of "cock and hen clubs" among the lowest class of society in London. While this feast is going on inside the house, a greater riot, if possible, is being kept up in the street outside of it; for soon after midnight it is the custom of the town'sfolk on these *Polter-abends* to bring out all the old broken crockery, pots and pans, they can collect, and to throw them one after another at the door. The noise thus made by the smashing of the several articles, is considered to be prophetic as well as symbolical of the disturbances likely to ensue between the couple in after-life. So general is this practice on the nuptial eve, that the heap of broken crockery often extends half across the street before the morning, and two or three wagons are sometimes required to carry away the fragments. Indeed, on one occasion, when a drunken sadler-master, who bore one of the worst characters in the city, was about to be united, the whole of the citizens turned out, each with something to cast (and that not of the cleanliest character) against the door of the bride—for we should mention that such feasts are always given by the relatives of the girl. Nor did the citizens cease until the portals were broken open, and the thoroughfare completely blocked up with the shattered missiles.

Other persons, who have a spite against either of the parties about to be wedded, delight in hanging a straw wreath upon the handle of the street-door, or else

in strewing chaff along the way from the bride's house to the church—for such acts are considered as tokens that the lady is no better than she should be, and that it would have been more honourable for both parties if the wedding had taken place several months before. These straw wreaths are by no means unfrequent in a town like Eisenach; nor is it considered to be a wonder, or even much of a disgrace there, if a daughter is old enough to act as bridesmaid at her own father and mother's wedding; as was the case, indeed, when the Forest-man, who keeps the tavern at the top of the mountain called the *Hohe Sonne* (High Sun), was recently united to the landlady of that hostelry.

On the morning, or the evening, after the "Polter Abend" the wedding itself takes place—the morning being the fashionable time, and the afternoon the time more usual with the citizens, for such ceremonies. Previous to the hour fixed for the wedding, the space immediately in front of the altar is covered with tall green shrubs, and the floor strewn with fresh flowers, which are arranged into patterns all the way to the principal entrance. At the same time, the richer friends send whatever plate they may happen to possess—the borrowed silver articles being one and all set out so as to make as great a show as possible on the communion-table itself. Moreover, the one extremely wealthy friend who happens to possess a strip of carpet, as big as a hearthrug, (for we have before said that sanded floors prevail in the houses of

the gentry, as in English tap-rooms,) generally contributes such a luxury, and this is laid down on the spot where the bride and bridegroom are to stand, and has very much the appearance of the narrow strip of Kidderminster, which it is customary to spread beside an English servant's bedstead. The costumes usual upon such occasions with the rich are low-necked ball-dresses and dance-wreaths for the bridesmaids —such ball-dresses being made of muslin, net, or tarlatan, and of the showiest possible colours; while the bride generally makes her appearance in a flimsy white silk, with a broad strip of white net streaming down from the back of her myrtle wreath. With the middle class, however, it is usual for the bride to be married in black silk, while the bridesmaids are attired in low-necked ball-dresses made of cotton print.

The ceremony itself is of the briefest possible description, the service-proper consisting merely in the clergyman asking each of the parties whether they intend to take the other for his, or her, wedded partner for life; then the betrothal rings are exchanged, and the religious part of the ceremony ends with the curtest prayer for the happiness of the couple. The remainder of the rites are more of a moral and social, rather than an ecclesiastical character, consisting merely of an unimpressive speech from the clergyman in which he, in the tritest possible platitudes mixed with a strong dash of silly sentimentalism, points out to the lady and gentleman the advantages of living happily and comfortably

together, and descants at greater or less length upon the beauty and virtues of the bride, according to the amount of the fee he has received for so doing. For a douceur of twenty groschens, the oration lasts but five minutes, whilst if the gratuity reach to the amount of two thalers, the leaden materials of the discourse are hammered out, so as to spread over very nearly half an hour. In addition to the latter fee, the clergyman is often invited to the wedding breakfast; at which, say the Germans, he generally eats enough to last him for six weeks at least.

The marriage rites concluded, the happy couple, and the groomsmen and bridesmaids, as well as the relatives and friends present on the occasion, return in open carriages, festooned with oak garlands, through the town—the ladies without any other covering than the wreaths on their head—to the house of the bride's father, where another feast ensues. This usually consists of coffee and cake at first, after which wine and sandwiches and herring salads, &c., are served; whilst towards the evening a "grand supper" (though consisting of the coarsest-possible materials to English minds) is provided, and the feast continues with the usual accompaniments of drinking and drunkenness as before described.

As the clock strikes twelve at midnight, the most peculiar part of the entertainment takes place. Then two of the bridesmaids take the wreath from the bride's head, and the sprig of myrtle from the buttonhole of the bridegroom; after which a handkerchief

is tied over the eyes of the newly-married lady, and when her own myrtle wreath has been placed in her hand, the unmarried girls proceed to dance round her in a circle, while she tries to place the garland upon the head of one of the damsels skipping about her. Whoever may happen to have the wreath placed on her head is, as the belief runs, certain to be married within a year from that date. The same kind of ceremony goes on with the bridegroom, and while the single folk are dancing, the rest of the party sing the following to the air of the "Bridesmaid's Chorus" in "Der Freischutz."

Wir winden Dir den Jungfrauen Kranz
Mit veilchen blauer Seide,
Wir führen Dich zu Spiel und Tanz
Mit Liebesglück und Freude.
Schöner grüner, schöner grüner Jungfrauen Kranz.

Sie hat gesponnen sieben Jahr
Den goldenen Flachs vom Rocken,
Wie lang läst doch der Freiersmann
Mit Schmerzen auf sich warten!
Schöner grüner, schöner grüner Jungfrauen Kranz.

When the dance and song are finished, a white muslin cap, which has been made by the bridesmaids expressly for the occasion, is placed upon the newly-married lady's head as a sign that she is now a dame; while the gentlemen proceed to cover the head of the bridegroom with an ordinary white cotton nightcap that has a tassel at the crown of it, and which elegant article is commonly known in Germany by a name we cannot mention here.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the company all seat themselves again, and the drinking

and jesting go on as before. In a few minutes, however, one of the gentlemen disappears quietly under the table and removes a garter from the leg of everyone of the ladies present, it being the custom with the damsels on such occasions to wear bright ribbons expressly for this part of the ceremony. The ribbon garters are then handed up above the table and cut into small pieces for each of the gentlemen to wear at his button-hole, like the decoration of the "Legion of Honour."

Nor must English people, who would hardly believe that such an obscene custom could exist among civilized folk at the present day, imagine that this part of the bridal festivities prevails only among the coarser grades of people. On the contrary it is practised at the entertainments even of the wealthier classes, and indeed the ancient custom is not omitted at the wedding of royal personages in Germany.

In the course of the same entertainment, moreover, three plates are carried round among the company—on the first of which is placed some salt and a piece of burnt linen. This is intended as another coarse kind of joke, to intimate that the cook has scorched her chemise while dressing the supper, and requests a trifle from the company towards the purchase of a new one; whereupon everyone of the gentlemen usually contributes a five-groschen piece as the plate is handed to him.

The second of these plates is for the *Currend* scholar who usually attends with his box at such parties, and sings to the guests some well-known

hymn, such as *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, in which the whole assembly join. And when the chant is ended, the *Currend* plate is sent round, while the lad is feasted with cake and wine as the five-groschen pieces drop into it.

The third, and last, plate into which the company are expected to place some small silver coin has a few tooth-picks in the middle of it, as a sign that the collection is intended for the waiter. "Moreover," said the simple German friend to whom we are indebted for much information in connection with such matters, "everybody is expected to bring some present to the house on the wedding-day; and therefore people like much more now-a-days to go to christening parties, for then only the godfathers and godmothers have to give anything, and weddings everybody says cost a great deal too much for a citizen to take part in them very often."

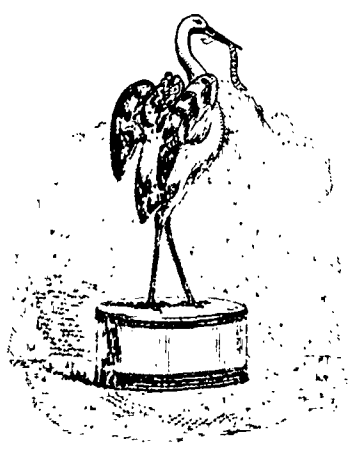
The wedding presents here spoken of generally consist of either jewellery or household articles, such as cups and saucers, clocks, or, indeed, even pots and pans and flat-irons.

Another of the coarse jokes prevalent at such times is to present the newly-married lady with the figure of a stork (for this bird in Thuringia is said to be the bearer of little children), the figures being made either out of sugar-stuff, porcelain, or even wood, and the bird being generally represented either with a baby dangling from his bill, or else with a couple of tiny infants resting on his back, and holding a label in his beak, upon which is written, "*I congratulate*

you." Subjoined is an engraving of such a figure, copied from one purchased at the principal confectioner's in Eisenach.

Or maybe the "funny man" of the party purchases at the confectioner's a little model of a *Wickel-kind* (a child in swaddling clothes), dressed as the German babies usually are; and this he manages to introduce under the napkin of the bride's plate previous to the company sitting down to supper.

These marriage feasts usually last one entire day in the city, the bride and bridegroom being present all the time, and the company seldom or never separating until the next morning. In the villages, however, the festivities are prolonged for three days and nights — drunkenness, riot, and obscene jesting of the rudest-possible kind, prevailing all the time. Indeed, it is only when the married couple, to avoid the expense of the prolonged feasting, think it better to retire for a time into the country, that such satyr-like orgies do not occur.



CHAPTER III.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Now we come to look on the other side of the picture.

"How long does the honeymoon generally last in Saxony?" we inquired of a communicative German friend.

"The honeymoon?" iterated the gentleman. "Oh, yes! I do remember that is your name for what we call the *Flitter-woche*" (literally, the tinsel-week). "But," said we, "do you really limit the happiness of newly-married life to one week only?" "*Ja wohl!*" our friend answered, "and I should think a man has plenty of it by that time; and has been married long enough, too, to repent of his bargain."

The difference in these two terms of the "honeymoon" and the "tinsel-week" speaks volumes as to the difference of sentiment and affection between the people of England and Germany—the one making the happiness last for a month at least, and the other considering it to be at an end in seven days; our own people speaking of the first month after marriage as one of the *sweetest* times of man's existence, and the other describing even the first week as a period

which has no more real worth in it than mere tinsel and trumpery; for the German word *flitter* is the cognate of the English frippery, and is applied only to all forms of showy and glittering rubbish.

Assuredly matrimony in Germany is anything but a pleasant or loving state for the women!

"There are two creatures in Germany whose lot I do not envy," we have before said was the remark of an English lady to us, "the cows and the married women;" and for our own part we hardly know which is treated the worst. From the very day of the wedding, the husband never sleeps in the same bed, and hardly ever in the same room as his wife; and from the end of the very first week after he has sworn to love and protect her, he never passes one evening at home with her, the young wife being left to sit with her servant if she have one, or, if not, utterly alone, in the dingy little room adjoining the kitchen, knitting, or darning, or sewing, until the gentleman staggers home from the beerhouse an hour or two before midnight.

"If a man's wife is a decent woman," the German men tell you, "she will not allow him to stay at home in the evening." The majority of the wives, they say, wish their husbands to go out, "for they know," you are told, "that by going to a tavern a man is enabled to do better in his business." But surely the business done in England is a thousand-fold that of Germany, and yet who would think of an English merchant going to a tavern at night to contract his bargains, or a lawyer or a physician

frequenting a common tap-room every evening with the view of extending his practice?

The wives themselves, however, tell a very different story; and we hardly ever spoke with a married dame in Germany who did not complain bitterly of the way in which women were treated in her own country, saying "that they were looked upon as little better than beasts of burden by their husbands, and treated as such; and that marriage-contracts were entered into merely as a means for men to get money and furniture enough to start in life." Nor do they fail to speak in the most glowing terms, on the other hand, of the respect which they have heard is generally paid to women in England; or to contrast the lonely and wretched state of a woman's married life in their own land with the comfortable and sociable family evenings that they have read of as being customary in every decent English household.

"Heaven forbid," said a German young lady to us in Coblenz, after we and our wife had been introduced to her, "that I should ever marry one of my own countrymen! You English married people, when you go walking together, do so arm-in-arm; but when a German husband takes his wife out in the holidays he strolls on ahead, without giving heed to her, whilst she is left behind with the maid-servant to take care of the children. Besides, no Englishman can understand the coldness, not to say the cruelty, with which German wives are treated by their husbands at home. True, they see but little of them; but when they do, the words are far oftener

abuse and oaths than kindly and affectionate ones; for the man, when he leaves the tavern, after drinking five or six glasses of beer, and losing, perhaps, some few groschens at cards, is not in the very best of humours to be spoken with."

Nor is the cruelty to which married ladies have to submit of a mere passive description, wife-beating being as common in Saxony as it is exceptional in England, and the men who resort to it being in no way ashamed of the practice; so that well-to-do, educated people, ranking as gentlemen in the land, will talk openly in the beerhouse of the *Maul-schellen* (ringing slaps on the mouth) or *Karbatschen* (cuts with the whip) which they have given their wife the evening before. Nor can you make the low-natured brutes comprehend that such conduct is either cowardly or unmanly. "Why should you not beat a woman?" they will coolly ask you. "You do children, and women are but little better than they compared with men."

One of these worthies, who was known in the town to thrash his wife and grown-up daughters as though they were dogs, once happened to take offence at the conduct of our own daughter and a young lady friend of hers. The man had come to the house flushed with drink, and the young ladies at our direction had refused to speak with him; whereupon he complained to us, saying that they were *gemeine Frauenzimmer* (low young women), and that he would advise us to give them a few *Karbatschen* to teach them how to behave themselves in future. However, to the fellow's

intense astonishment, we proceeded to apply the very treatment he had prescribed for the young ladies to his own person; asking him how he dared to make use of such a phrase towards a daughter of ours; and we dealt him such a blow with our clenched fist, straight from our shoulder, and right between his eyes, that the blood spurted from the fellow's nose on to the floor, and he began howling at the sight of it as though he had been a child in a pinafore.

Next day the degraded wretch called upon us to know whether we felt inclined to make him any reparation for our conduct. He said we had "boxed" him as only Englishmen can "box," and that we had struck him hard enough to smite a bullock to the ground. We replied that we had no doubt we *had* astonished his weak nerves, in showing him the mode in which Englishmen of any courage treated cowards like himself, who were too ready to put in practice against weak women treatment which they thought extremely cruel when applied to themselves. So we told the fellow that if we ever heard him use a disrespectful word to any lady in our house, we would give him again another as good a hiding as he had had the night before; whereupon we bundled him downstairs, and the news shortly after ran round the town that "the Englander had boxed his drunken landlord." Nor were there many who did not rejoice over the act, for the wretch was universally hated wherever he went.

"Can a woman," said we, "claim protection of the State if her husband beat her?"

"Yes," was the characteristic answer, "if the blood flows, but not otherwise."

The consequence is, that sticks which merely raise wheals upon the flesh, rather than lacerate the skin, are the most approved weapons for the punishment of refractory wives—after the hand of the husband himself.

"For," said a German, who was rather learned upon such matters, to us, "the hand is always ready when it is wanted, and a good *Ohr-feige*" (box on the ear) "is not soon forgotten by one's wife, I can tell you."

But even when the man makes the blood flow, and he is summoned before the town authorities for his cruelty to his wife, the State inflicts no punishment upon the fellow; but the couple are merely asked if they will have a divorce, and if this be objected to, a clergyman is sent to them to talk over their differences, and to try to put an end to the dissension between them.

Such are the laws in Saxony for the protection of women, and with such laws it is not difficult to imagine what must be the character of the husbands, and what the treatment of the wives in such a country. Moreover, when it is borne in mind, that until within the last twelvemonth, a pair of linen drawers used to be kept at the police-office, and women beaten, with these on, with a thick stick by one of the *gens d'armes* of the town, who can wonder that the men in Saxony should treat the women like beasts of burden; or that the poor

Fraus should have to lead the wretched, loveless, comfortless, and companionless lives they do—being looked upon merely in the light of charwomen, whose duty it is to scrub the house, and wash and iron the linen—and left to pass the long evenings in utter solitude, and then thrust into a mere cupboard at night to sleep, and, may be, to weep over their blows—alone?

Again: even with the class of married men who are a shade less brutal towards their partners than those who delight to beat them, as many do, up and down the street with a stick, in the presence of their neighbours, the cruelty is often only of a less corporal character; though sometimes quite as sharp and stinging as the stoutest whip. One man, who had the reputation among the women of treating his wife somewhat better than the majority of Eisenach husbands, told us himself, as if he thought it a good joke, and a point of marital wisdom worthy of being treasured up for imitation by others, how he had served his *Frau* on the previous evening. He had come home earlier than usual from the tavern called the "Rock Cellar," and found the boards of his sitting-room still damp from the weekly scrubbing; for the woman was a milliner, and had to attend to her house duties after the day's needle-work was over. Whereupon the husband began to rave and storm, demanding to know whether it was fit that there should not be a dry room to receive him on his return to the house, at the end of the day? The wife then, in the gentleman's own words, immediately commenced

striking up a *schönes Lied* (pretty song); but so little versed were we in such matters at the time, that we were simple enough to say, "We didn't know that your wife could sing."

"What kind of a song was it," we inquired, "with which she endeavoured to soothe you?"

"*Ach was! Ach was! Ach was!*" ejaculated the worthy, who could hardly help laughing at the simplicity of our question, "my wife knows but one song, and that is the usual one with the women here —clang-a-clang-clang, and rang-a-tang-tang," went on the gentleman, winding his hand round and round, as if he were turning some discordant hurdy-gurdy; "that's about the tune of the ditty; for the melody, I can tell you, is not of the sweetest possible kind, and as for the words, Heaven knows how many verses there are to the song, since there is hardly any end to it—and the words are even worse to listen to than the music itself."

By this time we were sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the husband's meaning.

"*Halt's Maul*" (hold your mouth), "I shrieked to the singer;" continued the man, "but still the organ went on with the air, clang-a-clang-clang and rang-a-tang-tang, as before, for that is always the chorus to the lovely music. *Halt's Maul!* I cried again, and as she would not stop her melody, I gave her a strong one over her mouth; and then taking up my hat went off to the beer-house again, and there spent ten groschens more of her money. Nor did I come home until I was obliged

to have somebody to lead me. That is the only way for a husband to prevent that most popular of all the *Volkslied* (national song) of our country being encored for some time to come; for if you touch their pocket, the women feel it much more than if you beat them until they are green," such being the German idiom for "black and blue" in English.

After this insight into the economy of German families, as well as the "cat-and-dog" life which usually accompanies the marriage state in Saxony, the English reader will be not-a-little surprised to hear that second marriages prevail to a far greater extent in that country than in our own. One would naturally suppose that, in a land where the husbands almost invariably treat the wives with such coolness and cruelty as would indicate that they were heartily sick of the contract they had entered into; and where the women suffer so much from the neglect and brutality of their "men," that neither one nor the other party would be anxious for a repetition of the slavery, the "wailing and gnashing of teeth," when they had once been emancipated from it. True, such second marriages do not often occur on the women's side; among our friends in Eisenach, indeed, we knew but one or two instances of wives who had second husbands, and in each of those cases the ladies were possessed of considerable property (for Saxony) in their own right. Whereas, on the other hand, the majority of married men with whom we were acquainted in the town had been married, not only

twice, but in many cases thrice, and in one or two instances as often as four times—such subsequent marriages being often with the relatives of the dead wife, and that for the reasons before given. For example: there was the Herr Steuer Revisor, he had had a couple of wives; there was the Lord Chamberlain and Palace Captain, he, too, had indulged in the same luxury; there was the cashier to the principal brewery, who had taken unto himself another *Frau;* there was the chemist to the principal manufacturer, the colonel of the Grand Duke's one regiment, who had also been twice to the altar; and, indeed, without boring the reader with the dry particulars, we may add, for the curiosity of the matter, that we found, upon running over the list of our acquaintances, that far more than half of them had called upon the clergyman for an encore of the marriage-ceremony. Of those who had been three times married, there were, again, several instances. We have before cited the case of the old drysalter, who had married three old maids, each the sister of his preceding wife, so that *he* might retain in his own hands the property after the death of each of them. Moreover, the gentleman who occupied our lodgings on the Market Place, at the expiration of our term there, asked our permission to move some of his pictures into the apartments previous to the day of our giving them up. Among the collection was the portrait of a delicate-looking girl, in the costume worn about thirty years ago; and when we inquired whether it was the picture of any relative, the un-

abashed answer was "That is the portrait of the first of my three wives."

And here, too, the catalogue might be extended, were it worth the reader's while to listen to the ugly details. Then, again, it was well known in the town that the palace jeweller had had as many as *four* wives, even though he was barely forty years of age; and, upon inquiring as to how it was possible for so young a man to have been married so often, we received the following curious and illustrative particulars—

"His first wife had died of typhus, or what, in Saxony, is called nervous, fever; the second he worried to death; the third ran away to escape his ill-treatment, and died a few days before the divorce was about to be obtained; and the fourth, though still alive, it was believed by the citizens would soon be in her grave, owing to the same conduct on the brutal fellow's part."

However, not to trust our own individual experience in such a matter, we consulted some persons in the town, who were likely to be best informed upon the matter; for it must be remembered that in a city like Eisenach, numbering only 13,000 inhabitants, the antecedents and "belongings" of every citizen are known to the other; so, after summing up with them the number of people, who they knew had married twice, thrice, and even a fourth time, and dividing such numbers by the rest of the married population, the following strange statistics were obtained:—

One-fourth of the whole of the husbands in the city had been a second time married. About one-eighth had been three times united; and perhaps one in every sixty-four of the husbands had had as many as four wives; while many of the men who had been repeatedly re-wedded were so young as to lead any man of the world to the conclusion that the women could not possibly have died natural deaths in so many instances.

We do not know whether the enlightened social crime of wife-poisoning prevails to any extent in Germany, for, as yet, no such discoveries have been made. Nor, indeed, are they likely to be for years to come, until some such institution as coroner's inquests are established in the land; for as the law now exists a person may die at an early age, even in some unaccountable or accidental manner, and yet no official inquiry ensues; for immediately the signs of putrefaction are discovered on the body by the doctor appointed for the purpose, then interment of the corpse is enforced by the State.*

* As an instance of the wretched state of the Saxon laws, or rather want of laws, upon these matters, we may cite a lamentable case that occurred during our residence in the Thuringian capital. One of the citizens, who was in the possession of a few acres of land (like the generality of the well-to-do burghers, who are half tradesmen and half peasant-proprietors), was about to go out to his fields, which lay on the other side of the railway, in the outskirts of the city. He had his labourer with him, and was in the act of crossing the line at the part where the road intersects the rail, when a locomotive that had suddenly left the station struck the pair of them on their back, and, hurling them flat on the rails, passed over their bodies. The head of the

But, even if wife-poisoning for the sake of getting other partners and other property does not prevail in Saxony, still we say the circumstances are so suspicious as to how a "number" of men in one small town come to have three or four wives before they are forty years of age — and that especially in a country where each fresh wife is expected to bring a fresh addition to the man's property—that they warrant, and, indeed, demand, some *little* inquiry into the matter. In the olden time with us, a woman in Lambeth had seven husbands; but the very circumstance of her having been so repeatedly married led to suspicion, and ultimately to the dis-

master was cut nearly in two, so he, of course, was killed on the spot; while the labourer had his legs severed from his body by the engine, and he lingered for a few hours. Some persons in the town said the accident arose from the neglect of the "signal-man," who, it was alleged, had omitted to close the bar at such a time; while others declared the bar was up, and that the men had stooped under it to cross the line. Nevertheless, let the facts have been what they might, no official inquiry was instituted to ascertain whether any one was at fault, or whether it were possible to prevent, by other arrangements, a recurrence of such catastrophes in future; and the poor fellows were buried without a word from the authorities on the subject. Now, when such laxity prevails in matters where the accidental causes of death are comparatively known, the reader can readily understand what must go on in a country where the officials think it by no means necessary to inquire into the *unknown* or *suspicious* circumstances attending a young wife's decease. We have above shown how a man is allowed not only to go scot-free who is known to have "worried" two young wives into premature graves, and though he is still at work playing the same "game" with a third, he is permitted to retain the appointment of jeweller to the palace, as though the Court did not care to trouble its head about such trivial affairs.

covery of the fact that her former partners had been, one and all, got rid of by pouring molten lead into their ears when they were asleep. We therefore repeat, that when persons of a middle age are found to have been married three and four times, the cases are quite as suspicious as that of the "Wife of Seven Husbands," above mentioned; and that, even supposing the parties are hurried into their graves by no fouler means than ill-treatment, such conduct should surely be officially investigated. But we forget ill-treatment of wives in Saxony is allowed by law—unless, indeed, the blood be caused to flow; and even then the worthies have merely to submit to a brief admonition from a clergyman, rather than six months' labour at a treadmill as in England.

The next part of this extremely pretty little chapter in the history of the manners and customs of the modern Saxon people, consists of the facts connected with the desertion of women by their husbands; for it is a common rule among the master-tradesmen, provided they do not live happily with their wives, to obtain from them, upon some pretext or other, money enough for a voyage to America—the fellows promising that, if they do well in the New Country, they will send for them as soon as possible; but, in nine cases out of ten, not writing a word to their family ever afterwards. Examples of this practice were by no means uncommon in Eisenach; indeed, we knew several within the limits of our own experience, and, though our Ger-

man friends assured us that one per cent. of the entire married population was a fair average as to the number of wives who had been deserted by their husbands under such circumstances, we are inclined to believe, from the many instances we heard of such conduct in the Thuringian capital alone, that the estimate should be increased, at least, five-fold. In some cases, however, it is usual, when all the man's money has been squandered in America, and he finds he cannot do so well there as he did while living upon his wife's earnings at home, to send a penitent letter back, saying, "that he cannot live without her," and begging for funds to return. This was the case with the husband of the principal midwife of Eisenach, and when the gentleman came back he walked about the streets "got up" like a Broadway buck, smoking his cigar, and never did another stroke of work, unless it was to act as one of the spies which the Grand Duke thinks it necessary to support for the better information of the "Circle Director" ruling over the neighbourhood. Another man, whom we knew, was a wagon-master, and he never made his appearance until he heard that his wife had in his absence paid off all the debts he had left behind him; then, suddenly one morning, a letter arrived saying, "that he was on his way from Hamburgh to her, with a heart full of love, but, he regretted to add, without any money in his pocket." The third case was that of the principal cabinet-maker of the city, who ran away, leaving his wife encumbered with five children, and several hundreds of thalers debts on his

account; and it was only when the hard-working dame had been able to establish a good business for herself and children, and had managed by extreme prudence to redeem all the mortgages upon the house, that she heard her "man" had threatened to come back and claim the property as his own, immediately it was free of debt; whereupon the house and business had to be made over to the eldest son to prevent the wife losing everything; and then the gentleman, having been duly informed of what had been done, did not think it worth his while to "enter an appearance," as the lawyers say.

Such examples might be added to by the score; suffice it, wife-desertion is sufficiently common among the trading and working classes of Saxony to show that it is by no means an exceptional form of social atrocity, as well as to teach the reader, were any further instances needed, how slight and slender is the matrimonial tie in that country.

But, in all fairness to the German men, we should add that it is not only among *them* that marriage is looked upon as little better than a prolonged term of cohabitation, to which, as soon as either party has occasion to do so, he or she is at perfect liberty to put an end; for many of the women themselves are no sooner left by their husbands than they fancy they have a perfect right to marry again, even though they are thoroughly convinced that their partner is still living at the time.

"Don't you know," said a woman, who was fifty if

she was a day, to the female members of our family, "I am betrothed to the body-servant of the Duc de Chartres?"

"Are you a widow then?" was the natural inquiry.

"Oh, no! my husband went away to America thirteen years ago, and I have been betrothed to my next partner for the last nine years."

"Then doubtlessly you have reason to believe that your husband died shortly after his arrival in that country?"

"Great God, no! I heard only the other day that he was a major in the Federal army, but I suppose I shall never see him again; and so I am to be married as soon as my bridegroom quits the Duke's service."

True, the law enjoins that the man or wife must be absent for ten years, and must be advertised for in the public papers before either party have the right to enter into a fresh marriage contract; but so little does this part of the matrimonial institutions of the country appear to be respected or observed, that not one wife, but several, to our knowledge, spoke of re-marrying, as if it were not the least social or moral offence, during the life of their first husband.

Another lady, who was what the Germans expressively call, "a straw-widow," that is to say, one whose husband had gone across the Atlantic a few years before, and never written to her afterwards, was determined to try her luck also in the New World, and when asked if she was going thither in the hope of finding her late partner, cried,

"*Gott bewahre!* I hope that I shall meet with

some old gentleman in want of a housekeeper, and then, maybe, he will take such a fancy to me that we shall be married, and I shall get him to leave me all his money when he dies."

Such cases, however, we were assured, by our German friends, were exceptional ones; though so far as we had the means of judging, these exceptional cases and others of a similar nature, seemed to constitute a very extensive rule; for there appeared to be as little sense of the solemnity of the vows entered into at marriage on the part of the women themselves, as even on the side of the men.

But these lax notions as to the sacredness of the marriage-contract are a necessary consequence of the laws concerning divorces in Saxony. In our own country we have acknowledged the principle that such luxuries should not be restricted to the rich, and in the desire to deal with all classes fairly, our legislators have lately instituted a Divorce Court where a man can be utterly absolved from all the vows he made at the altar for a comparatively trifling expense. But in the same spirit of justice let this principle of facile divorceability be carried a step lower, and let the poorer people be admitted to the same rights as have lately been extended to the middle classes, and were formerly restricted solely to the higher ones. Let it be possible to put an end to all the matrimonial ties, as well as family duties, for *the small charge of a few shillings, and upon the most trivial pretexts*—as has long been the case in the legal courts of Saxony—and

assuredly the disclosures concerning the married life of the people of England will soon come to be as hateful and semi-barbarous as the revelations which we have made in the present chapter respecting the matrimonial state, as it at present exists, in the Thuringian capital.

However, let us disregard home matters for the sake of pointing a moral by the example of such institutions abroad.

The cost of a divorce, in Saxony, we have before incidentally stated, does not exceed 30*s.* (ten thalers), provided both parties are willing that the marriage between them should be annulled. If, however, there be any opposition on either side, the expenses of course are considerably increased; but even then, in a country where lawyers are allowed to charge only twopence for writing a letter, the costs seldom, or never, exceed 10*l.*, and are often much less.

The pleas upon which divorces are granted are not a little illustrative of the low and degraded feeling of the country. One person whom we knew, and who, though a clergyman, married his wife merely for the property she possessed, was enabled to obtain the divorce he sought for, when he found that she would not give up to him the capital as well as the interest of her property, solely upon the plea that (as the elegant German phrase runs) "*she stank in her throat,*" or, as we should say, her breath was offensive.

Another gentleman was divorced from his wife, simply because, as he stated in open court, the lady had freckles on her stomach. On the other hand, drunken-

ness, bad temper, or even ill-treatment are considered to be insufficient grounds for the granting of divorces, unless both parties are agreeable thereto. If the wife apply to the State to have her marriage annulled on such grounds, and the husband object to forego his claim over the wife's property, then the authorities have no other power but to send, as we have said, a clergyman to the disputants in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation. If, however, this be found impossible, or the cruel treatment to the woman be carried on to an extent that even Germans may think unjustifiable, then a separation from bed and board is granted for one or three years, as the case may be, and renewed as often as found necessary—the husband being ordered to allow his wife such a maintenance as befits her station in life, and is compatible with his income.

In the course of the last year a prayer for such a divorce was instituted by one of the principal clergymen of the town, who had been married a second time, and whose wife No. 2 had run away from him within a short time after the *Flitter-woche* had passed. The plea raised by the reverend gentleman was the absconding of the woman from her home. But then came a counter-plea that the worthy in holy orders was too familiar with his housekeeper (after the fashion of the Catholic priests of old, the gowns of whose cooks were wont to hang beside the clerical robes in the Pastor's own bed-chamber), and then the matter was hushed up, so that it is impossible to say how it ended.

Nor was this the only case of a like kind which occurred with the clergy during our time in Eisenach. In the instance before cited, where the Pfarrer obtained a divorce on the plea of his wife's bad breath, it was said that the lady refused to make over any portion of her property to the gentleman, because he too had a housekeeper whom he treated with more familiarity, if not respect, than herself.

In all such divorce questions, however, the main difficulty lies in what shall become of the innocent and helpless children. A friend of ours, who lived in Dresden, assured us that he knew no less than six different families of children belonging to one man and wife, owing to the divorces and re-marriages of the pair. In Eisenach, however, three or four such distinct generations of children are as many as are ever found belonging to one married man and woman—the usual rule being, in case of divorce, that the father takes the boys, and the mother the girls, while each party is at liberty to re-marry as soon after as he or she pleases.

"And how do the stepfathers and stepmothers," asked we, "usually treat the large brood of other men's and women's children, which they have often to keep under the same roof?"

"Oh, like stepfathers and stepmothers all over the world," was the German's reply.

And thus the English reader sees what is the usual end of marriages and divorces in Thuringia.

SECTION VI.—THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF GERMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE CRADLE ——.

"Oh! it is very dis*a*gree*a*ble with me just now," said a German lady-friend of ours, who could speak a little English, and whom we happened to meet at the market one morning; "for two of my friends have presented their husbands with babies this week," (the ladies of Eisenach never hesitate to speak upon such matters to the members of the rougher sex) "and I have to send soup to them both; and I assure you it *does* come very expensive, for the soup must be made of the very best. I have just bought two fine yong schickens and a whole pound of weal—the schickens, I do give you my word, cost me as much as five groschens the pair"—(the lady had the half-dead and scarcely-fledged things dangling, head downwards, from a string that was

fastened to their feet and wound round her fore-finger, carrying home the moribund birds as jauntily, and, indeed, as unconcernedly, as a French lady does a bouquet from the *Marché aux Fleurs*, in Paris),—"and with weal at the price it now is, for I did give as much as two and a half groschens the pound for the piece I have in my basket, it *does* come a little hard; and still I have to go round among the market-women and seek for some fine vegetables, though the carrots are as dear as nine pfennings the '*mandel*'" (bunch of fifteen). "Oh, it is reely too tiresome to bear. I must do this, you see, because when my Madilda was born, all my lady-friends did send soup to me, and I did find it very agreeable then to receive. But now I do find it a little hard upon me to have to send back the same good soup to two of them in one week."

The above conversation will give the reader a notion, not only as to the customs at childbirth in Thuringia, but also of the fever into which the Eisenach ladies are thrown whenever there is the slightest rise in the price of commodities at either the Saturday's or Wednesday's market.

"Dear God! butter is sixpence halfpenny a pound to-day," exclaims one dame to another, as they meet, the one going to, and the other returning from, the square in front of St. George's Church.

"Blessed Heaven!" cries the other; "what *is* to become of us? The peasants do not shame themselves a bit to ask too high prices for everything." Indeed, the rise of a farthing upon any article

seems to affright the entire body of housewives throughout Eisenach, so that nothing else is talked of until long after the market has closed.

I hereby announce that my dear wife was this day safely delivered of a strong healthy boy.

Rudolph Rothhaar.
Kaufmann at the cheapest possible price.

A very good long-kept Cigar at 3 groschens the dozen always on hand.

Such is the usual form of announcement that appears in the "Eisenach Circle Leaf" (*Kreis Blatt*) immediately any increase in the population occurs in the Thuringian capital. After the little stranger has been introduced into the family, it is customary for the Frau Thilo (the midwife) to call twice in the course of the day for a fortnight to wash and dress the infant in the morning and evening; and our lady-friend (who was very communicative upon such matters) assured us that she found this custom very costly also, as she was expected to give the Frau white bread for breakfast, and sausage for supper. This practice continues for a fortnight, after which the services of Madame Thilo are dispensed with, and the mother left to the superintendence of her own infant; for in two weeks after the birth, the lady is expected to be up and able to take care of it and herself.

The advertisements which are usually inserted in the newspapers when any addition is made to the population in Germany are so utterly different from the simple announcement of such facts common in our own country—and, indeed, seem to be prompted by so little delicacy of feeling—that we should fail in

giving the reader a fair estimate of the morals of the country which forms the theme of the present book were we to omit citing one or two more of them here.

What English mother would like the following coarse paragraph to be printed in the public papers concerning herself at such a time?

The happy delivery of my wife of a healthy girl I hereby announce most respectfully to all participating friends and acquaintances.

Eisenach, 15th July, 1862.

A. Witzschel.

But if the above paragraph reads half-barbarous from its want of shame, what will the decent matrons of our own land think of the following piece of brazenness in which a *soi-disant* lady rejoices in being herself party to the announcement? It is but right, however, that we should add, in all fairness to the other Eisenach ladies, that the persons making the following announcement were generally regarded as vulgar, upstart folk, and that the "lady" made her appearance at the Klemda Mask-Ball in a pair of white satin trousers which put even the comparatively-immodest old German dames to shame; so that the annexed indelicate advertisement of the Kreuzbeiners, or Kreuzspinnes, or Kreuz-whatever-you-please (for we have thought it right to withhold the *exact* name), can hardly be taken as a fair sample of decent manners in Saxony. It is well, however, as we have given above the rule among gentlefolks on such occasions here to append the exception—even though it

be that of a dunderhead doctor and his unrefined and unwomanly frau.

The happy birth of a lively son we do ourselves the honor to friends and acquaintances, only in this manner, to announce.

Dr. Kreuzspinne and Wife.

Eisenach, 24th October, 1862.

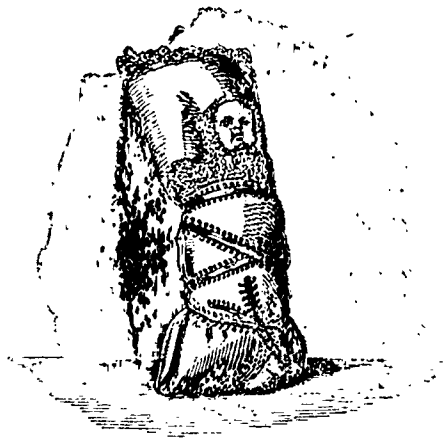
Immediately after birth, the poor babe is fed, for the first twenty-four hours at least, upon herb-tea and sugar water, for it is not allowed to taste a drop of milk during that time; nor is it permitted to sleep with its mother, or nurse, at night, but is stowed away, generally, in a small clothes-basket, with a pillow for its bed, after the wretched new-born little thing has been wound up in, Heaven knows how many ells of bandages, from the feet right, and tight, up to the neck; as if it were intended to be embalmed as a mummy, and God Almighty had never designed it to have the free use of its muscles and limbs. In its swaddled state a new-born babe looks as if it were one of the young Caryatides with a human head on a shapeless trunk of stone. In the case of the lady first-above quoted, we must admit in all candour that the arms (but they alone) of the infant were left free; for, as she said, her husband was a strange man, and would not consent to have the baby imprisoned, as though it were a chrysalis in a cocoon. For such young babes, neither frocks nor flannel petticoats nor "blankets" are ever made—all the clothing of the new-born infant consisting of merely a coarse linen shirt (about as fine as servants'-sheeting with us), the aforesaid bandages, and a little coloured-cotton jacket; in

which state it is stuffed into a "*Kissen*" (cushion) or "*Steck-bett*" as it is expressively called on the Rhine (literally the *bed* into which new-born children are *stuck*), after the manner of a watch into a watch-pocket, and not half so comfortably as a young kangaroo in the pouch of its mother. These swaddled infants are called in Germany *Wickel-kinder*. In the confectioners' shops there is always kept a stock of sugar images of babies so bound hand and foot, till the models look like some miniature casts of the corpses preserved in the mummy-room at the British Museum; and these are sent anonymously, as a refined joke, to any young lady on the evening of the festivities immediately preceding her marriage.

[On the next page is an engraving made from a photograph of such an image, and from it the English reader will have a good idea of the barbarous manner in which infants are swaddled to this day in Saxony.]

It is usual, among the richer folk of Eisenach, to hand their infants over to be nourished by a wet-nurse; but among the middle classes, who are unable to afford so unnatural a form of luxury, we believe mothers are generally in the habit of suckling their own offspring. The custom of foster-mothers, however, prevails even with the wives of the beggarly-paid officers of the Saxon army; though with the very poor people, such as labourers and the like, the children are mostly brought up by hand, owing to the ill-fed condition of the working classes, and

the mothers having mostly (if we, as the father of a family, may be allowed the expression) "nothing to give them."



Indeed it is curious to note how, in this underfed nation, animals of all kinds are unable to suckle their young but a month or two after birth. We have known dogs and cats whose milk failed them long before the litter had cut their teeth; and physiologists will not in any way wonder at the statement, when we add that the only food given to these creatures, fitted with flesh-tearing teeth, is black bread, sopped in water, or else sausage-skins; and that the popular belief among the Saxons is that meat is apt to produce a decline in such animals. The consequence is, that never was such a race of domestic animals to be seen on the face of the earth: cats with back-bones not unlike a miniature ridge of

the Alps, and dogs as thin and long-legged as French pigs, and as underbred as those in the streets of Constantinople.

Such a sweet and grateful sight as an English baby, in long, free, white robes; with flesh as fresh and odorous as rose-leaves; with cheeks like apple-blossoms; with rolls of fat about its little neck; a pretty dimple at every joint; with hands and feet of the most exquisite chubby symmetry, and its tiny nails like so many pinky little shells picked up by the sea-side—is never to be seen throughout filthy, barbarous Deutschland. If there is a thing we love upon the earth, it is the sight of such little children as can only be met with in England. Our own infants we have danced and nursed by the hour long, finding a delight, far beyond that of books or philosophy, in the unaffected, joyous laugh of their dawning affections, as we tickled them under the neck, or played no end of silly frolics to see the tiny creatures' cheeks crease and dimple into a thousand happy puckers. We have carried them for many a mile through the streets, and found in the look of their heavenly, innocent eyes, the sweetest reward for the cramp in the arm they have given us.

In Germany, however, babies are loathsome, fœtid things—rank with the sour black pap or goat's milk upon which they have been fed, and offensive to the last degree with the excreta that are kept bound up within their swaddling clothes for *twelve hours* at a time. Then the heads of the poor things are never washed, and are like the rind of Stilton cheese,

with the dirt encrusted upon the skull, till the hair differs from the exquisite flossy tresses of our own countrywomen's children as widely as the bristles on a pig's back differ from the gossamer-like filaments of the silkworm.

All the world knows what special delight young girls find in baby-nursing and baby-fondling; but though there was a young English lady staying with us, who was more mad than usual upon such subjects; she candidly confessed that she could not, for the life of her, bring herself to handle one of these same dirty, rancid German infants. And none of our countrywomen will wonder at the horror, when we tell them that the cheeks of the little things are as flabby as wet bladders, their skin as yellow and untouchable as goose-flesh, and that a few weeks after birth they look like little old weazand crones rather than babies. Let an English young woman imagine, if she can, the horror she would feel at having a hard, rigid bundle, like an eel-basket, put into her arms to dandle; and to be told that she is not to toss it in the air, nor to put it in her lap—since the little thing has no power of sprawling or kicking in obedience to the muscular irritability of its new life—but to carry it suspended in one corner of a cotton cloak tucked tight under her arm. We never saw one of these same fœtid, unhealthy-looking *Wickel-kinder* laugh, in our lives. We never beheld one with rosy cheeks, and we have seen many with face and lips covered with sores, till they were as hateful to approach as people with the small-pox; and English mothers, who know

how necessary it is to be careful about diet, will readily understand what the sufferings of the poor little imps must be, when we tell them that the German mother, or wet-nurse, at such times thinks it by no means necessary to abstain from her ordinary food, and indulges in pickles, and sour salads, and raw salt meat, and *sauer-kraut,* as though no creature was dependent upon her for the health and happiness of its existence.

The swaddling-clothes and nightcaps are continued with infants until they are nearly six months old; after which the babes are unbandaged and left to crawl about the floor, in merely a chemise and flannel petticoat—the latter article of attire being fastened over the shoulder to prevent its being soiled—and without socks or shoes, so that the lower part of the body is entirely naked, and the floor of the room stained all over in patches, wherever the child has been. This state of barbarism continues up to the first year of the infant's age; and at this stage, we have entered the close, musty rooms of well-to-do German folk, and found their baby, who should have been in arms, sprawling on the boards, without either shoes or socks, or anything to cover its lower limbs, and with merely a cold potato in its fist to keep it from crying.

Again, we must remind the reader that we paint no highly-coloured picture. Such manners, we know, are so utterly opposed to those of our own people, that they can but appear as caricatures of the habits of any civilized country in the present day.

We assure English mothers, however, that we describe, in all the literality and honesty of authorship, merely the sights we ourselves have seen; and when we tell them that such scenes were witnessed in the house of a person who had passed some few years of her life in English families, our lady readers will be the better able to understand how degraded must be the rearing of the children among the utterly unenlightened German gentlefolks themselves.

To take another view of the case: let us say that we spent the harvest-home with the clergyman in the village of Möhra, and that it is impossible to describe, within the bounds of decency, the filth in which the children of that family were allowed to wallow. Every one of them, we were assured by a German friend, was contaminated with the itch, their heads were encrusted with sores and filth, and their faces blotched all over with patches of scab, so that a person of any refinement would as soon have thought of touching a leper as fondling one of those poor neglected little things.

We should, however, in our asperity remember that such a state of things prevailed in our own country almost up to the middle of the last century, and that the modern fashion of allowing infants the free use of their limbs is, comparatively speaking, one of those innovations which superior enlightenment has brought about throughout the length and breadth of our land. Indeed, we have elsewhere said there is but one key with which to unlock the mystery of German social degradation, and that is an archæological one.

We have but to read the history of the manners of our own country to find the Germans in the same state as was common to English folk some two hundred years ago. The eating of black rye-bread, for instance, was discontinued with us as the staff of life as far back as the reign of Charles II. The use of sugared condiments with meat was abandoned soon after the introduction of vegetables in the time of Elizabeth. The introduction of newspapers, bigger and more informed than ordinary play-bills, dates from Queen Anne. The decoration of corpses continued up to almost a hundred years ago. Lighting, paving, draining, and the supply of water by high service to the topmost floor of the different houses, are things almost of the writer's own time. What wonder, then, that a land that is so many miles removed from the English centre of civilization and progress (as even enlightened Germans allow our country to be) should be found in the same state as our own people, centuries back? An Englishman, as he travels from his own home, seems, indeed, to be reading page after page in the social history of his own nation, and yet he cannot help marvelling the while at what are the uses of railways, telegraphs, steam-presses, and penny postages in these days, since it takes so many years to make a semi-barbarian race keep pace with a highly-civilized one.

A month or six weeks after the birth of every child the christening takes place, and this is a ceremony enforced by the laws of the country; for it is

utterly impossible in Protestant tolerant Germany for any person, who may happen to dissent from the forms of the Established religion, to go, as with us, to a public registrar and have the mere name of the child legally inscribed in the official books. True, the Jews resident in each of the German towns are not compelled to conform to the Christian rites; but then Jews are never elected to fill public offices; and unless a person can produce a certificate of his christening, and after-confirmation, he is not only considered incapable of holding any situation of trust, but the clergyman can refuse even to marry him.

This is a form of religious tyranny that, thank Heaven! advanced notions upon such matters have long ago, in England, blown to the winds. Suppose a Government clerk in our own country were forced to give proof of his confirmation before he could enter the Treasury or Somerset House, would not the great body of Dissenters among us raise a whirlwind of indignation about the heads of our authorities against such hierarchical tyranny? And we must confess we think they would do so in perfect justice; for what moral right has any one man, or body of men, to interfere with the creed of another? As well might Government ordain that the people were to take pills at particular times, as to worship the Creator after this or that special form. Surely, my religion is a matter between me and the Almighty alone, and righteous political power should extend only to a man's duties to his neighbour, and in no way interfere with those more private ties which

connect every human being with the God above him. In free-thinking Germany, however, there is no notion of free-praying; and the people bear with an amount of clerical imposts that would not be submitted to in our own land. Indeed, this legally-ordained christening and confirmation of every person born and reared in the country appears to us the same unjust tyranny as obtained in our own nation when we burnt Hopkins and others, simply because they chose to hold prayer-meetings at their own homes, and refused to take part in the rites of the Church of England once every month at least.

Now these legally-enforced christenings (for there is a fine of ten groschens for every day that the ceremony is delayed beyond a month after birth) lead to many peculiar customs in the Thuringian capital. It is the rule there, that any young woman or man who is newly confirmed *must* become sponsor to the child of the first poor person who asks him or her to do so. What may be the penalty on refusal we know not; but certain it is that no girl or youth ever thinks of denying the request. The common belief among the poor, however, is that if the young person requested should object to fill the office, the child will either die or grow up sick and weakly; and as the rich either have faith in, or give way to, the superstition, consent is the usual practice. It is nevertheless by no means necessary that the well-to-do godparent should accompany the poor child to the altar—all that is expected being that he or she should pay the expenses consequent upon the christening, and present the child

with a cotton frock for the ceremony. The christening expenses for a poor child are 20 groschens (2*s.*), besides 15 groschens (1*s.* 6*d.*) to the nurse who carries the babe; and the payment of these sums after all constitutes the great charm in the eyes of the poorer classes. Such an institution may be of use as the means of uniting the poor with the rich, but that it has no religious object with it is demonstrated by the fact that godmotherhood in Germany, as with us, is considered chiefly as a social tie, and one which enjoins the giving of certain presents at certain seasons to the godchild, rather than the superintendence of its moral and religious education. For though in the early days of Christianity there might have been some necessity for sponsorship, as a guarantee that the christened infant should be brought up in the new and more-enlightened faith; nevertheless, in the present day, the custom has become obsolete, and the promises made at the altar have long ago sunk into mere lip-service; so that now the office is considered to be fulfilled by the gift of a silver spoon and fork, in quittance of the pledges so solemnly undertaken.

This same deodand holds good in Germany to the present day—silver spoons forming the staple presents at the time of the christening. The Germans, however, seem to believe that their sponsorial duties do not utterly end here, for it is customary in Saxony to present the young god-child with a new suit the first Christmas after its birth.

On the day of the ceremony the godfather is expected to send the godmother a pair of white kid

gloves and a bouquet. The christening is usually performed late in the afternoon, and at the conclusion of it, the parents retire with the sponsors home, to an early evening meal of coffee, cake, sausage, *Sauer-kraut*, and salad—a feast being always given on such occasions, to which a number of friends are invited, and drinking and riot generally prevailing till a late hour at night. Indeed, we have before shown that it was in the heat of one of these same christening orgies at Möhra, that a descendant of Martin Luther's stabbed a peasant, and had to fly the country for many years afterwards. How many godfathers or godmothers are permitted or enjoined by law, we cannot say; but we happen to know that in one middle-class family in Eisenach the sponsors of the ten children amounted to thirty-six in number—a fact which will fully explain what a mere trick of trading for presents to the children is this so-called religious ceremony in Saxony.

Previous to confirmation the neophyte has to betake himself, or herself, for an hour after school-time twice every week, at the beginning of his or her course of religious instruction, to the school at which the clergyman attends; and for an hour every day for the last quarter of the year previous to their examination. This is called the "*Gebet-stunde*" (literally the prayer-lesson), and some have to attend it for two or three years before being confirmed. During the last year of their probation the young people are expected to be of particularly staid and solemn demeanour: they are to indulge in no games nor sports, and, indeed, to

abstain from all kinds of amusements whatever. Immediately after the final examination by the clergyman has been passed, and they are thought fit for confirmation, they are directed by the Pfarrer to go round to all their friends, the day before the ceremony, and say to each of them, "If ever I have done thee any wrong, I humbly crave thy forgiveness." It is usual at such times for the friends visited to give the young people not only their blessing but a few groschens, or some other present, into the bargain. At the time of confirmation the godfather and godmother are expected to present their sponse-child with something either in gold or silver. To boys watches are usually given, whilst brooches and cuff-buttons are the ordinary presents made to girls.

Moreover, when any of the godchildren are about to be married, the custom prevails for the sponsors to send them certain articles of plate or furniture—such as tea or table spoons, or may be a work-table of the more expensive woods. One young lady we heard of having two and a half dozen silver spoons presented to her by her collective godfathers and godmothers at such a time. Again, we were assured that it is customary for the godfather and godmother to send their married goddaughter a silver spoon with her name engraven upon it, at the birth of every child.

Now, in the above customs there is a certain twang of primitive Christian beauty, but at the same time a

far greater alloy of worldly interest to make the practice in any way commendable to people of philosophic minds. Indeed, you hear the Germans themselves rail at the inconvenience, as well as costliness of the fashion; nor can it be said to contribute in any way to Christianity, since in no country that we have lived in, did we ever find a greater want of loving-kindness, and a greater want of heavenly faith than in this very land where such institutions for making Christians by political laws prevail to positive tyranny. If the scheme worked well, we should be the last to say a word against it; but seeing that the majority of the men grow up to be infidels of the lowest possible stamp—that the churches on the Sunday are destitute, at the same time as the beer-houses are thronged—and seeing, moreover, that in the New Testament itself, there is no trace whatever of either godfathers or godmothers having been instituted*—we can but come to the conclusion that this same sponsorship is merely a remnant of the dark ages, when heathens and Christians were alike battling to have the infant brought up each according to their particular creed; and that at the present day it has sunk into merely an excuse for exacting silver presents from people who are foolish enough to undertake to perform an obsolete office, and thoughtless enough to swear at the altar to do certain duties, which in

* Bingham maintains that during the first four centuries of the Christian dispensation, there was but *one* sponsor for a child, and that one the *father*, or some one who had charge of it.

these enlightened times they would never dream of carrying out.

Every fortnight throughout the year the christenings are published in the baby's-pocket-handkerchief of a newspaper, which appears four times a week in the Thuringian capital.

Such announcements usually run as follows:—

Child Baptisms.*

Gottlieb the little son of Master-Cabinet-Maker, Christian Prellert.

Margaretta, the little daughter of Master-Tailor, Nicholaus Windbeutel.

Magdalena, the illegitimate child of Frederika Wenig.

Such announcements as the last here given are by no means unusual in the Eisenach newspapers; for though the town numbers but 13,000 inhabitants, we were credibly informed that there was scarcely an unmarried servant maid or work-girl in the place who had not had one or two children.

Nor are such illegitimate children considered in any way disgraceful in the town of Eisenach. The last announcement above-cited is that of a work-girl who had been recommended to us by those whom we imagined to be respectable members of the city; and when our wife told them she was astonished that any decent persons could dream of sending such a girl into a household where there were young people, the unabashed answer was, "Oh, dear God! we think nothing of such things here;" and even the

* Baptism and Christening are but one ceremony in Saxony.

young girls of the family who recommended the wench, had the impudence to tell our daughter that the *liaison* was in no way culpable, since the girl was betrothed, and the couple were only waiting until they were rich enough to be married.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE GRAVE.

When we were living at Paris, a brother of ours happened to be sickening, apparently for some serious malady, and we wished to administer some harmless emetic, with the view of relieving the violent pains in the head from which he was then suffering. But on applying at the druggist's, we were informed that it was impossible for us to be supplied with any emetic whatever without a doctor's prescription. We, however, returned home to our hotel, and administered a strong dose of mustard in hot water, and in a few minutes afterwards the poor lad opened his eyes, and assured us that all the head-pains had left him. On subsequently calling in the first English physician of the capital, he assured us that we had done perfectly right, and by such simple means had probably saved our relative from the most virulent form of small-pox. In foreign countries, however, where the people are always governed as though they were so many little children, utterly incapable of thinking and acting for themselves (and where it is the universal creed of Governments that it is the duty of the political au-

thorities to take special care of the welfare of each individual—to appoint the hour at which he should go to bed—to prescribe the particular religion he is to follow—to select what papers or books he is to read—and, indeed, to act like old nurses, rather than as wise rulers, to the great mass of the grown population), such absurd though well-meant restrictions as to the purchase of the commonest medicine generally prevail. True, sick people in Eisenach are not compelled to go to a doctor for a prescription before they have the right to purchase a dose of Epsom salts, for themselves. Nevertheless, it is forbidden for an apothecary, on pain of a penalty, to sell any liquid medicine, such as a draught, to any person whatever unless they bring with them a medical man's certificate that such a potion is necessary. Indeed, it is impossible to obtain ordinary "fly-papers" at a druggist's shop without a written paper stating for what they are intended.

Surely this is the very tom-foolery of legislation, and no more fitting the office of a wise Government, seeking to train its people to habits of self-reliance and independent thought and action, than the sumptuary laws of old which ordained what clothes every class should wear, and, indeed, what food and drink they should be permitted to swallow. Such stupid paternal supervision is the great bane of all political regulations abroad. No grown man is believed to be capable of thinking or acting for himself, the entire nation being treated as so many children in swaddling-clothes, and the "heads" of the country

supposing themselves to be the only persons who are fit to judge, and prescribe as to what contributes to their individual welfare. In our land, however, the maxim has taken deep root that *that* Government is the best which governs the *least*—consistent with the order and decent regulation of the community. Nor do we admit that the political rulers of any land have any right whatever to do other than prevent the several members of the State from outraging or ignoring their duties to their neighbours. This, it is now admitted, is the true limit of all wise government; and that is merely political tyranny which presumes to dictate to the different members of the State as to what is their duty to themselves or to the God who made them.

But though in Saxony the apothecary is forced to keep such particular drugs as the boobies imagine to be poisonous (as if every medicament was not a bane when taken in too large doses!) always under lock and key, nevertheless the sale of Morrison's Pills, which are known to contain large proportions of the dangerous gum-resin called gamboge (and for the deaths caused by which many a vendor in England has been tried for manslaughter), is openly permitted, and any fool who wishes to put an end to himself by taking forty of No. I. or No. II. of such balls of gamboge and aloes may do so without any permission; whilst the purchase of a common "fly-paper" or vermin-powder is guarded and surrounded by no end of legal forms and ceremonies.

Doctors, therefore, in Saxony are a legally-enforced

institution. There you *must* be dosed to death by a gentleman who is legally qualified for the office; and, so far as our experience in Eisenach went, we should as soon have thought of calling in an English veterinary surgeon in our last moments as any one of the so-called *Arzt* in the Thuringian capital; for the English public can judge of the state of medicine in Saxony, when we tell them that barber-surgeons still prevail in the land, and that the man who shaves you for a halfpenny is the person who performs many of the surgical operations upon the natives. True, a physician is bound by law to be present during such operations; true, also, that these same Saxon barbers have to pass a certain kind of anatomical examination at Weimar, as well as to pay some hundreds of thalers for the right of shaving, cupping, bleeding, and amputating the members of the community. Nor must the Saxon barbers, again, be confounded with the vulgar chin-scrapers of our own country; for the one to whom we entrusted the care of our moustachios was not only a well-informed man, but a person as polite as a dancing-master, and almost a *virtuoso* in the refinement of his tastes. His room was decorated with the portraits of poets, not alone of his own country, but those of Voltaire, Molière, and most of the wits of France. He could play the guitar and piano—ay, and sing as pleasantly as the renowned Barber of Seville. In a word, he was the "Figaro" of Eisenach; and often when he came to remove the grey bristles from our cheeks, he would stay, while we sat with the napkin round

our neck, to sing to us some of the simple *Volkslieder* (national ditties) of Thuringia. In fine, there was not a person whom we knew, during our stay in the country, for whom we had so high a respect as this same Herr Spengler, the barber-surgeon and "Figaro of Eisenach"—though we must add, we would rather have trusted our chin than our limbs to be operated upon by his "*Messer*."

Moreover, to show the state of medical knowledge in Germany, we may cite the fact that, during our two years' residence in Eisenach, a couple of imaginary mad dogs made their appearance in the town. We say imaginary, because, though the animals were duly inspected by the cattle-doctor appointed by the city, and pronounced by him to be in a confirmed stage of hydrophobia, and though the said insane hounds had bitten several children and no end of other dogs in their course through the streets, no hydrophobic symptoms were ever manifested by any of the creatures whom the supposed mad animal was said to have wounded. Nevertheless, the crier was sent round with a mandate from the official authorities that all dogs whatever were to be kept within the houses, or to be taken out only under tether of a chain; and that any person infringing the injunction would be subjected to a fine of 3 thalers, or 10*s*.

This is another of the absurd, though well-meant, regulations of the authorities of Saxe-Weimar. Suppose, whenever a mad dog made its appearance in the streets of London or Paris, that such an injunction was to be made, would it be possible for the police autho-

rities to carry it out? And yet the cases of hydrophobia from the bites of rabid dogs are by no means of common occurrence, even in a city where the population is counted by millions, and where the dogs themselves must be a thousand-fold more numerous than the rational animals in the Thuringian capital. However, as an English gentleman who is forced in such a land to occupy a flat on the first floor, cannot, for the mere sake of decency, keep an animal imprisoned there week after week, we had to pay some six thalers fine for our hound's breach of the civic regulations; for any one who objects to bribe these foreign policemen, must expect to be mulct in the fullest possible penalty. Our own "Spitz" happened to have been bitten by one of the so-called mad dogs that was shot after running through the town. The consequence was, a policeman was ordered to visit the animal every day to inquire after his health—as if the official booby was likely to be better informed upon such matters than ourselves! At length, however, after the poor creature had been kept within doors without sniffing the fresh air for *nine weeks*, there came a *manumittimus* declaring that all the dogs were free to go out into the streets once more; for the civic superstitious washerwomen, who have the sway over the Eisenach citizens, seem to have some crude notion in their pates, that if any symptoms of hydrophobia *are* to make their appearance, they are sure to exhibit themselves either on the ninth day, the ninth week, the ninth month, or the ninth

year—though such ideas linger in the minds merely of astrologers, herbalists, and servant-maids with us at the present time.

The main objection to such laws is, that grown men are treated as if they had no more wits than children, and that a jack-a-napes of an ex-chandler's-shopkeeper who happens to have been raised to the dignity of burgomaster of a city no bigger than a hamlet, has the right so far to interfere with the liberty of the subject.

There would appear to be three classes of doctors in Saxony, of which it is impossible to cite the precise equivalent in England, and for each of which there is a distinct and special examination before the members are permitted to practise either of the three forms of healing. The first is that appertaining to physicians and surgeons proper; for, as we have before said, no distinction is made in Saxony between surgery and physic; and for this class, so far as we could understand, a most rigid examination is required, though, as a general rule, it seemed to us that the members of the German medical profession were as far behind the English ones, both in knowledge and gentlemanly bearing, as the German clergymen, who are mostly the sons of peasant-farmers, are diverse from our own curates and rectors. The healing art, indeed, in Saxony appears to be in about the same state as it was with us some hundred years ago. Herbalism, and curing by sympathy, and even by touch, are the vulgar notions

of the community on such matters, and the apothecaries are about as learned as to the compounding of chemicals as a French *saltimbanque*, and about as closely allied to educated gentlemen too; for in the town in which we lived there were two such worthies, one styling himself the "Palace Druggist," and the other the "Privileged Palace Druggist," the greater part of whose chemical processes consisted in the dispensation of farthingsworth of hair oil, in the manufacture of fly-papers, and the concoction of peppermint drops.

The second class of medical men in Saxony consists of what are called *Wund-artzen* (wound-doctors), that is to say, those who are entitled to practise the *external* rather than the *internal* arts of healing. The examination required for such persons is such as is enjoined for military bone-setters, as contradistinguished from army-surgeons or physicians proper. Such medical gentry can hardly be allied with the enlightened medical men of our own country. In character and manners they approximate to the better class of English "cattle doctors;" and though they are legally qualified to amputate limbs, when we tell the reader that their fee for cutting off a leg is but fifteen shillings, English folk will readily understand how with such means of keeping pace with the knowledge and enlightenment of Europe, they cannot possibly be said to bear the least semblance to the gentlemen-surgeons of our own land.

The third class of so-called medical men in Saxony

has long ago died out in England. These are "barber-chirurgeons," of whose existence the striped poles hung out at our cheap hairdressers' shops are the only signs left among us. In Saxony, however, these barber-surgeons flourish to the present day, and seem to the English mind as if they were the vivified fossils of some antediluvian order of creation; for in Eisenach, before a man is legally allowed to mow your chin of its daily bristles, he has to pass an examination before the "Ministerium" at Weimar, to prove his capability of taking up arteries, to show his anatomical knowledge of the precise locality of the veins he has to puncture, to make known his fitness, indeed, for applying leeches, putting on blisters, cupping and bone-setting, as well as administering to cases of suspended animation, such as hanging, drowning, &c. Further, the barber-surgeon of Germany, is allowed to practise even in cases of poisoning. True, he is permitted by law to give merely milk, whenever any deleterious drug has been swallowed, and is bound to call in a physician in cases of emergency; still, from the instances above cited, it will be seen how far the Germans lag behind the knowledge of enlightened Europe; and when we assure the reader that every such barber-surgeon has to pay, on an average, from 300 to 400 thalers, *i. e.* from £45 to £60 sterling, to the State, before he is allowed to practise his simple art, the quick-witted Englishman will readily understand how political revenue is enriched at the expense of the enlightenment and proper treatment of the people.

A curious custom prevails in Thuringia in connection with the employment of medical men, and one which holds good with us solely in the administration of quack medicines. We all remember how the Earl of Aldborough was made, day after day, to return his thanks in the public newspapers to "Professor" Holloway for some wonderful cure wrought either by his miraculous pills, or ointment, as the case might be.

But, though such are the practices of unqualified "quack-salvers" who have no other means of making their way in England, what would the enlightened portion of our countrymen think, if the medical gentlemen allowed their patients to insert, in the public journals, high-flown puffs as to the cures they had wrought upon them? Such an unbecoming custom, however, prevails in Thuringia; and over and over again in the course of each quarter, one meets with such announcements in the newspapers as the following:—

For the so severe and life dangerous, but under God's by standing, happily accomplished, and completely successful Neck-operation performed on our daughter, say we to the gentlemen Dr. Matthæus and Dr. Grebner, our heartiest thanks. Under the skilful hands of the same gentlemen was to us a sixteen-year-old daughter preserved. We feel ourselves, however, bound in duty, the before-named gentlemen, not alone as skilful operators, but above all, as very friendly, sympathizing, and trustworthy doctors to our suffering fellow creatures, to recommend. May God grant that these gentlemen in similar calamities such fortunate helpers may be.

Stedtfeldt, 30th June, 1862.

The Teacher-family Hill.

Think of fine old Sir Benjamin Brodie ever having consented to the insertion of such a paragraph concerning himself, and you will be able to judge how

low is the standard of German medical men, and how comparatively high that of English ones. We happened to have once had occasion to apply to Sir Benjamin for his advice concerning a crippled brother of our own, and though we went to him late at night, he ordered his carriage out there and then, and visited the patient twice and thrice a-day; nor would he receive the least fee or reward for his services, simply because we and our brother belonged to somewhat of a kindred profession to his own. In Saxony, however, the physicians seem to glory in the puffery of newspaper advertisements, with the view of extending their sixpenny fees; for it is obvious that if they objected to such beslavering paragraphs as that which we have given above, or the one which we now subjoin, such paltry means of fee-hunting must in a few years be utterly unknown in the land.

For the under God's hy standing so happily accomplished operation on my wife, hold I myself, in the name of the Almighty, bound in duty to the gentlemen Physicians, Dr. Witthauer, Dr. Matthæus, and Dr. Grebner, hereby openly, by hearty thanks, to outspeak. May these gentlemen for a long and strong life be preserved, so that on suffering mankind their help may be showered.

Not less, however, do we thank also our honored fellow-citizens, of every standing in society, for the in all possible ways shown to us great part taking in our sorrow, with the inmost wish that Heaven will every one and all from a like fate shield and forefend.

Eisnach, 28th July, 1862.

G. C. Bardorf.

Before treating of the customs peculiar at death, in Saxony, we should here mention a practice of which, as it is utterly unknown in our own country, it may be as well to show the working. Among the Thuringian peasants, and often, so far as we could learn,

among the citizens of the towns, it is the mode with fathers, and indeed with mothers, when they have arrived at an age which unfits them for the cares of the world, to make over their entire property to their children, and as no law of primogeniture exists in Saxony, this is usually carried out by dividing their possessions, whether real or personal, in common among the members of the family. The division is made under a regular legal form, recognized by the State, and by which a certain yearly sum out of the interest of the capital is reserved to the parents; such sum being termed *Alimentations-geld,* or in other words "living money."

The interest is generally paid by the members of the family on the birthday of the parent, the custom being for the children to bring the amount in new, bright, silver thalers. These are placed in a basket covered with fresh flowers, and carried to the dwelling of the parent, where a coffee-drinking of the entire family is held, and large cakes baked to celebrate the occasion. Such is the usual mode of proceeding with what are termed "united families"—that is to say, with those rare exceptions where the several members remain in peace and concord with their parents after such a division of property has been made among the children. In all fairness, we should add that during our stay in the Thuringian capital one or two such cases came under our personal observation. Similar instances, however, we regret to say, are like angels' visits—"very few and far between."

For the history of humanity it would be well that such a provision led to good results; but from the best information we could obtain upon the subject, we must confess that the custom seems to be fraught with greater evils than benefits. For as a rule (to which we have above quoted a few honourable exceptions), no sooner is such a deed signed, and the entire wealth of the parents made over to the children, than the young folk begin to see there is no hope of reward by good conduct towards their old father or mother; and proceed to treat them consequently with the greatest possible disrespect, if not cruelty. Over and over again have we heard of processes in the Justice-house by fathers against the children, who had so wronged them; and we have before cited the case of the mother of a Master-Tanner who had to take legal proceedings against her son (after she had assigned to him the entire business on his marriage), in order to obtain ten groschens, or a shilling a day, as the expense of her maintenance; while the ingrate wretch went round about the beer-houses exclaiming against the extortion, and scoffing at the idea of having to pay his old mother two thalers ten groschens (or seven shillings weekly), when, as he said, "God in Heaven knew, it cost him and his wife but a thaler (or three shillings) a-head every week for their food."

Indeed, the ill-treatment to which the old people are often subject, after making such a settlement, forms one of the saddest chapters in the history of human life and human affections. In the wilds of South-western Africa, we are told that a tribe

of savages exists on either side of the Swakop River, who are called "Damaras," and who, according to the account given by Mr. Andersson in the narrative of his travels in those parts, "hold that when people are too old to work, they ought to die directly; so if the aged persons are obstinate, their children help them into the grave." "A standard joke there," we are assured, "is for a son to pretend that he thinks his old father is dead when he is only asleep or meditating, and to break his back-bone with a stone." In Saxony, certainly, such direct barbarities are never practised; but, so far as our experience goes, the children, when they have got all they can from their parents, not only regard them as mill-stones round their neck, but treat them as if they had no more feeling than such mill-stones, and do all that cruelty can devise "to help them," like the Damaras, "to their grave." It is the same, too, with the very poor; for we have heard young serving-girls, who had to contribute a certain small sum out of their wages towards the support of a bedridden grandmother, say without a blush, that it would be a good thing when the old woman was dead and gone—for what use was she on the face of the earth? Indeed, as we have before told in the account of the Klemda balls, the mothers of Saxony consent to become the serving-maids of their girls directly they are old enough to frequent the dances and concerts in the town; and the consequence is, all sense of respect is lost—the children growing up to regard them in no better light than menials, and looking upon them, when they become too old and decrepid

for any other service, as incubi, whose removal is to be considered as a matter of rejoicing, rather than their death grieved over as a family bereavement. In fine, at the time of one of the masked balls given during our stay in Eisenach, a poor old creature of some seventy odd years who had more children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren than there are weeks in the year, happened to fall dangerously ill some few days before the masquerade was to take place; whereupon the entire body of relatives, who had either made up or hired their dresses for the foolery, raised such a hubbub of disappointment in the town, that wherever you went the wail was—"Oh! if the old woman should die before we have time to wear the dresses we've paid for." And one little ape of a jeweller, who was grandson to the poor old thing, even went to the length of declaring, openly in the taverns, that if his grandmother gave up the ghost before the Sunday upon which he was to appear (appropriately enough) as the "fool" in some old German wedding-procession, she should die with his curses about her head—as it had cost him not less than two thalers for his dress for the masquerade; whereas, if she chose to breathe her last on the Monday she might have his blessing instead.

Such is a literal account of the state of feeling which binds the two extremes of life together, in the Thuringian capital. It is hard to say as much of any foreign nation, but our bitter experience is, that these same German folk are a mere phlegmatic sentimental race. They tell you, themselves, that they are

specially distinguished by their *Natur-sinn*, that is to say, by their sense or love of Nature; but this extends merely to a stupid and an unartistic admiration of whatever is green, and hence their love of decorating chambers with all kinds of boughs and twigs. But of any of the higher orders of beauty, as regards colour or form, not to speak of the dignities, graces, and affections, or even ties of life, they seem to us as a body of people, to have no more feeling than so many gold-fish.

At the time of death, as that of birth, the advertisements which are inserted in the public papers are entirely different from those which are usual with us on such occasions. In the olden time, in England, the rule was to publish inflated accounts of the sufferings and virtues of the deceased, and to conclude with a statement of the amount of money the defunct had left behind them. Thank Heaven, such unseemly public parades have long since passed away in our country! In Germany, however, we see our own people and our own customs reflected, as it were, in a distorting mirror, showing how hideously ugly were our practices, in moral eyes, some centuries back; as well as how woefully this same educated, and would-be poetic, German nation lags far behind the advanced races of Europe.

If there be a time at which the public ostentation of grief is more hateful than at another, surely it is at that solemn period when some poor soul goes to its last account; and every decent-minded person

knows that at such moments the heart grows naturally dumb with the overpowering weight of the blow that has fallen upon it. Indeed, it is a law of human nature, that in all intense emotions the human mind is comparatively silent and secret—being too deeply absorbed, as it were, with the storm that is raging within it, to pay the least heed to the petty struggles and vanities of the world that are going on outside of it. Hence, we can have no more faith in those who are in the habit of weeping, at such times, in the columns of a public newspaper, than Christ himself had in Pharisees, whose wont it was to make long faces at the corners of streets, so that they might "be seen of men." Consequently, although we may be touched, at the first time of perusal, by the peculiarity of the death-announcements in Saxony, and have our sympathies roused by the novelty and force of the phraseology used upon such occasions, we come at length to sicken over these same strong phrases of ostentatious anguish; and to wonder why people cannot retire to their closet to weep and pray, rather than do so, at so much per line, in the advertising pages of a public journal: as for instance,—

To those sharing in our sorrow we dedicate the mourning intelligence hereby-made-known that our inwardly-beloved little son August, after nineteen weeks long of sickbed (Krankenlager) suffering, this day to a better afterstate was called away. With a prayer for the comfort of condolence.

Eisenach, 28th October, 1862.

Th. Nicolai and Wife.

This, however, is one of the simplest examples, culled from the farthing newspaper of Eisenach;

and we, therefore, subjoin another, which is rather more intense, both in its parade of religion and grief.

God the Almighty hath been pleased (hat es gefallen) in His wisdom our good and-most-heartily-beloved daughter and sister Henriette, this morning, at 1 o'clock, in the 20½ year of her age, to call away to a better life. Nothing but the hope of an after-meeting can, in our deep anguish for this loss, comfort us.

To relatives and friends we announce this grief-event (Trauer-fall) with a prayer for their affuasive part-taking in it.

Völkershausen, 14th December, 1862.

Official Accountant, Weber and Family.

The English reader to whom such announcements may be new, may perhaps be impressed with the solemnity of the terms, and think we are unjust in attributing anything like hollowness to the parade. But when we assure our countrymen that such announcements, in which the most absorbing grief is set forth, are often immediately followed by others from the nearest relative, in which the public are assured that the business of the dear deceased will be carried on by the next of kin, who "trusts to merit a continuance of those favours," &c., and "begs to assure the nobility and gentry, he is ready to sell at the lowest possible prices, as well as to defy all competition"—surely such indecent puffery at such a moment will open the eyes, and make others see that the death-announcements themselves are but the most hateful kinds of public affectation.

Here is such an instance, and by no means an unfrequent one, in this land of paraded sorrow.

To those taking part in our sorrow we dedicate the painful announcement that our good Father and Father-in-law the Grocer, J. G. Brandt, last night at 12¼ softly slept his life away.

Eisenach, 2nd November, 1862.

Those left behind.

Hereby make I the reſpectful announcement that I the management of my dead Father-in-law's dryſalter's and lottery buſineſs ſhall carry on, from to-morrow morning, upon my own and ſole account; and under the Firm hitherto known as

J. G. Brandt

it will ſtill be continued.

And here another:

For the many proofs of confidence ſhown to the dead beſt thanks. I beg ſuch may alſo be extended to me in the buſineſs I am about to conduct, for I ſhall always be anxious the ſame to merit.

Hermann Buddenſieg.

We have now done with all the customs up to the time of death in Saxony; and come in due order to treat of the death obsequies themselves. It is usual at the last moments of the poor (and far more customary than among the rich), for the people to send for the clergyman and have the "holy evening-meal" as it is called in Thuringia (or the sacrament of Holy Unction as the Catholics term it), administered to them. This costs but one penny, according to the tariff of the country; comparatively larger sums, however, are given, in proportion to the means of the individuals. There is a simple superstition among the people of the land, that upon the administration of this final sacrament the patient must either die or recover; and it is plain to the commonest logician that upon the horns of such a dilemma the fate of every person must depend. One simple girl told us that she knew of a person whom she had seen with her own eyes at the point of death in the Eisenach Hospital, and who revived immediately after the administration of the moribund rites. All we can say is "God bless her for her faith!"

and we are perfectly assured that it was this self-same faith of the dying man which made him—as when Christ himself touched the sick—whole for the time being.

Immediately after death the bodies are washed and laid out by the "*Todten Frau*" (death-woman), whose perquisite it is to claim *every white cloth* about the body, at the time of decease. These would appear to be the gains of such carrion folk in every land; though people who trouble their head about the why and the wherefore of each national custom cannot help wondering why the self-same practices should prevail in countries so far removed from one another. The hangman with us claims the clothes in which the culprit pays the last penalty of the law—he seizes upon the black silk stockings and black satin dress in which Mrs. Manning goes to the scaffold, with the same alacrity as the nurse who has smoothed your parent's pillow at the last moment takes the linen from your dead father's or mother's body. Still such hateful privileges appear to prevail throughout Europe; and we can only wonder whence they came.

No sooner does a death occur in Saxe Weimar than the information is sent to the "*Leichen Bestätter*" (official undertaker, there being no private ones to plunder the relatives in Saxony), and he orders the removal of the corpse from the house of the family to the dead-house of the city at eleven o'clock in the night of the day on which the death has occurred. At that hour two men come to the house, bearing a

long basket and lantern. The basket is half filled with hay, and in this the body, wrapped in a sheet, is placed with a pillow beneath the head, and so borne to the *Todten-Haus* (dead-house) adjoining the cemetery.

Those persons who are so disposed may object to the immediate removal of the dead body, and cause it to remain for three days in the home in which the death took place. As, however, it costs a greater sum of money to be buried from the house of the family, than it does from the dead-house in connection with the cemetery, such an expensive practice is indulged in merely by the well-to-do. It is far more usual, therefore, for the body to be borne away to the dead-house on the same evening as the death occurs. A basket of wood and twigs, as well as sufficient oil to keep a lamp alight during the nights till the time of interment, is likewise sent with the corpse; for it is the custom in this same superstitious land, not only to keep a lamp and a fire burning in the dead-house up to the day of burial, but to place a ring on the thumb of the dead person's hand, so that, if there be the least chance of returning life, the bell may be rung to warn the attendant, who is ever on the watch.

In this basket of hay, with a pillow under the head, the corpse remains until within an hour or two of the time appointed for the burial. Day by day the doctor, elected by the town for the purpose, calls at the dead-house to satisfy himself that the signs of corporeal decomposition are duly taking place; and when he has

declared that the body is irrevocably dead, the decoration of the corpse begins after the fashion of the country.

Then the "Todten Frau" (death-woman) proceeds to dress the body in the best possible costume to which the person has been accustomed during life. Women at such times are occasionally attired in white dresses, with a wreath upon their head, and others, of the poorer class, have black gowns and shoes and stockings; while the men are laid out in coat, trousers, cravat, boots, and white gloves. In one case, a gilt lyre was placed upon the breast, and a laurel wreath upon the head, to indicate the musical genius of the deceased. Even after the corpse has been "*geputzt*," as it is called, no coffin can be fastened down till the medical authority has certified that the body is fit for interment. Moreover, it is the custom for friends at such times to send garlands and flowers for the covering of the body, during the time that the coffin is left open for the inspection of the public, as it generally is, for an hour or two previous to the burial-ceremony.

On the occasion of a funeral, it is curious to hear the comments of the crowd, as they keep bobbing in and out of the dead-house, concerning the appearance of the corpse about to be consigned to its last home.

"Oh!" says one woman, "it is *wunder-schöne*" (wonderfully beautiful): "she is dressed in a cap with pink ribbons, and has a whole coffinful of flower-blossoms, and a bouquet in her hand, I declare."

Then, if it happen to be a man high in the State, you are informed as to how many orders he has on his breast, and so forth.

Such is the delight, in this antiquated land, in the contemplation of the decorated corpses, that it is by no means uncommon for the people to commission a photographer to take a literal portrait of their friends as they appear when laid out previous to burial; and though such portraits cost a considerable sum of money for the Saxon people (from ten to fifteen shillings), they delight to have the ghastly pictures, treasured in the three-cornered cupboards of their rooms, continually before them.

After the public have been admitted to view the decorated corpse at the dead-house, the garlands sent by the friends are taken from the interior of the coffin and placed on the pall outside of it.

Then comes the strange question, as to who is to bear the body to the grave? If the dead person had happened to belong to any of the "Zünften" (that is to say, to any of the trades' corporations attached to the town), it is the peculiar privilege of the members of such Guild to carry the corpse to the ground. If, however, he were a burgher in connection with no particular incorporated trade, then it is customary to employ the tailors for the office; for these people, say the citizens, are the most decent-looking among the working class. For such duties the price usually paid is fifteen groschens (one-and-sixpence) each bearer. Moreover, previous to the performance of the ceremony, the coffin-bearers are allowed to

assemble at the house of the dead person, and there to be treated to schnapps and white bread as a means of fitting them for the labour. In the olden time it was customary for the Thuringian people to expend large sums of money upon burial ceremonies; but from the beginning of the present century it has been forbidden (for Saxon Governments *must* interfere in matters with which they have no possible moral or political right to meddle) for any person to give any funereal feast, or indeed for any one class to have a different coffin from another.

Another odd custom with these coffin-bearers is, that when young people are carried to the grave by the friends of the family, and they are unwilling to receive any remuneration for the office, they are each presented with a lemon, decked with a sprig of rosemary, with the name of the dead person made out in black pins stuck into the rind of the fruit. This custom prevails at the present day mostly with old-fashioned people; and it is usual for the bearers to cast the funereal citrons into the grave previous to the filling of it up. The symbol of the rosemary is, in a measure patent, but why a lemon should be given at such times, we cannot possibly conceive—especially in a country to which the lime-tree is certainly not indigenous.

The coffins ordained by the State (for the State, you see, must have a finger in everything) are always kept in stock at the dead-house of the cemetery. They are made of the rudest possible materials, and cost, upon an average, from 2 to 3

thalers (6*s.*—9*s.*) according to size; and each of the carpenters and cabinet-makers take it in turn to supply the deficiencies as they occur, so that one or two of the different sizes may be always ready. Such jobs are considered as the best work that a master wood-worker can meet with, seeing that he can entrust the making of them to his apprentices, and the deal boards out of which the coffins are made cost little or nothing.

The expenses of funerals in Saxony are trifling when compared with those of our own country. A poor person can be decently interred for 3 thalers, or 9*s.*, and the richest burial hardly ever costs more than 35 thalers, or 5*l.* 5*s.* English. The cemetery belongs to the *Städt* (town), and every inhabitant of the city has the right of being interred there for thirty years free of cost. Such things as *fosses communes* for the poor are utterly unknown in the land. The digging of the grave is the sole expense that falls upon the relatives, and this costs 20 groschens (2*s.*); whilst, if the friends of the dead wish to buy the ground for perpetuity, the cost is but 10 thalers, or 1*l.* 10*s.* of our money, for the fee-simple.

Among the poor of Thuringia the practice of subscribing to the *Kranken-und-Sterbe Kasse* (literally, the "Sickness and Death Fund") commonly prevails. The cost of this is 15 pfennings (1¼*d.*) a week for those who wish to insure a thaler a week for twelve weeks during illness, and 20 thalers (3*l.*) to the family of the insured person, at time of death. One-half of the sum given has to be expended in the cost of

burial, and the other either in mourning or as the relatives please.

If, however, a person be so poor that his relatives cannot afford to pay for the expense of his being carried to the grave by the members of the Trade Corporations, the coffin is wheeled thither in a barrow; whilst if the wretched creature dies in the poor-house, and the friends are so badly off that they cannot afford even the expense of a coffin, the body is sent to the University at Jena, there to be dissected by the medical students.

This is a wrong against the helplessness of poverty which we cannot refrain from denouncing with the strongest possible indignation; and we believe the custom prevails in no country in Europe but in this same semi-barbarous Saxony. With us, at least, we admit that if there be father or mother, brother or sister existing to weep over the loss of a poor relative, it is the bounden duty of the State to see such a body decently interred; and it is only when the corpse is unclaimed, and no family-feelings can be outraged, that our authorities believe they have a right, for the due education of medical men, and prevention of the desecration of graves, to hand over such unclaimed bodies to the surgeon. In half-civilized Saxony, however, family ties and feelings are utterly ignored as regards the poor, and if the wretched creatures cannot raise 3 thalers to save their relative from the surgeon's knife, they, who are the most superstitious and ignorant people, have to suffer pangs after the death of their parent, or the playfellow of

their childhood, to which the rich must be utter strangers. Indeed, we were assured by one of the very poor of Eisenach that such was their dread lest they or their kindred should be left for dissection after death, that hardly a person, however indigent, abstains from subscribing to the "Sickness and Death Fund," so that they may be spared the indignity of seeing their relatives carried from them in their last moments, to be cut up at the medical schools of the Saxon universities.

It is by no means pleasant to live in a small German town; for not only are you sure to hear of each death that occurs in the city, but the town-bell seems to ring out its knell in the afternoon of almost every day of the year. In London, where a death occurs every minute of every day, the student hardly hears the bell, tolling for the many funerals that are for ever going on about him. In little Eisenach, however, which is hardly bigger than the smallest metropolitan parish, the booming of the funereal notes seems to float through the air after almost every midday-meal; and yet the city-bell is tolled only when some "respectable" corpse is about to be interred, seeing that it costs, for dead citizens to be honoured in such a manner, a couple of shillings, and for gentlefolks to have a longer and louder peal, not less than a thaler. And long before the solemn sounds swell over the city, the quickened eye can tell that some poor creature is about to be consigned to its last resting-place by the swarms of men who make

their appearance in the streets in hats, which are worn chiefly on such occasions; for it is the custom throughout Germany for the people generally, to wear only caps, or soft felt "Garibaldi" hats, or stiffer "deer-stalkers" on every week-day—hats being kept merely for Sundays, holidays, and funerals. The consequence is, that as such head-coverings are seldom used, a person requires but one in the course of his life; and indeed, the self-same hat passes from father to son as though it were some specially revered heir-loom of the family. At these Saxon funerals, therefore, the stranger is astonished at seeing such an assortment of hats as he never before witnessed in the course of his life. They are of all manner of antiquated shapes, and of finely-graduated shades of rustiness. You can almost trace the history of the fashions in such articles of attire, as you look upon the different odd forms of the hats there congregated. Some are as tall and perfectly cylindrical as though they were black chimney-pots worn on the head, and many are much bigger at the crown than the rim, looking more like black truncated funnels than *chapeaux* of the present day. Almost all are either too small or too large for the wearers; some brims reaching down to the eye-brows, and others being perched on the very top of the forehead. But such is the mania among the Germans for hat-wearing only on special occasions, that you have but to look out of your window and see the people—one and all—gentlefolks and journey-men—disfigured by their old-fashioned and rusty-looking "beavers" to know that something is astir:

either a death, a christening, or a marriage, as the case may be.

The services performed at interments are of different kinds, according to the means of the family of the deceased. The usual custom is, with those who can afford to pay the clergyman for his rhetoric, to have a speech pronounced over the grave—the length of such speech and the compliments paid to the departed, depending solely upon the amount of money which the Pfarrer receives. For a funeral oration about five minutes long, 10 groschens, or 1*s.*, is usually given; and for one a quarter of an hour in length, 1 thaler 12 groschens, (or 4*s.* 2*d.*) is the cost, according to the clerical tariff of the country. But for a speech that extends over thirty minutes at least, and in which the virtues of the deceased are painted in the most vivid and glowing colours, the Minister of the Gospel expects to receive not less than 2 thalers 25 groschens, or 8*s.* 6*d.* English; whereas, if the holy man is to receive nothing for his duties at the grave, he mumbles but the shortest possible prayer over the poor corpse, and then retires with the greatest possible alacrity—to the beer-house.

After the so-called burial service, in which turgid rhetoric made up of the commonest possible platitudes supplies the place of Biblical consolation and solemn prayer, it is usual for each of the relatives and friends to cast a handful of earth on the coffin—the grave being generally lined with green branches of fir, and the body lowered into it by (what strikes the foreigner

as the most hideous part of the ceremony) female attendants.

We have before cited samples of the inflated advertisements which it is usual to insert in the newspapers at the time of death in Saxony. Some persons, however, defer advertising until after the funeral has taken place, for then hardly any one omits to express his thanks publicly to all who have taken part in the ceremony—from the minister to the coffin-bearers—as well as to those who bring flowers to decorate the coffin—and even, in some instances, down to the idle crowd of spectators who generally throng to such scenes, when they hear that the burial is likely to be a grand one.

We now proceed to present our readers with translations—word for word—of these, to us, peculiar funereal announcements; for unless they are literally rendered, the English reader will have but a faint idea of the phraseology usual on such occasions; and as they are thus given in an English dress, the Carlylean form of the language will not fail to strike all those who peruse them.

The first example, given below, is the advertise-

* The other expenses incident upon funerals are comparatively trifling. At some burials the *Currend-boys*, or church choir, chant one or two hymns over the grave, and this costs one thaler, or 3*s*. extra, provided the whole choir take part in the service, and ten groschens if the half do so. Again, monuments are equally inexpensive: the usual record of death in the cemetery for the *Bürgers-leute* (citizens) is a cross in cast-iron, for which some fifteen thalers (2*l*. 5*s*.) is paid.

ment of a widow, who, it will be seen, has a good eye to business, even through her tears:—

While I to all those that to his last resting-place accompanied my husband, who on the 3rd of this month quitted this earth for a better existence, and particularly to the honored gentlemen of the singing company who carried him to the grave, as well as to Mr. Superintendent Vollenhaupt for his consolatory words spoken at the burial of the deceased—while I to these, in this way, my heartiest thanks out-speak, I pledge myself hereby at the same time that it is my intention the tavern business of my sainted husband to carry on. And it is my friendly prayer to an honored public that the patronage and custom so liberally bestowed upon my blessed partner will also be continued in part to me.

Kreuzburg, 7 October, 1862.

Margaretha Salzmann,
Widow of the landlord of the "Golden Star."

The next introduces a small puff for the medical gentleman who attended the deceased in his last moments:—

We cannot forbear our deep-felt thanks, not only to the Reverend Deacon Gilbert, for his comfort-rich words at the grave of our lost relative, but also to the other mourners for their real commiseration, to express. Further, Dr. Grebner, who so truly tended the departed one in his sickness, may be recommended to all in suffering.

Finally, while we wish that God every other family from a like-hard blow may shield, we beg for the further consolation of sympathy.

Eisenach, 26 January, 1863.

The family Wüst.

The following expresses special delight, not only at the numbers attending the funeral, but also returns thanks for the beautiful "flower-strewing" (*Blumenspenden*) for the decoration of the coffin:—

To all those who our dear last-sleeping daughter Louisa to her earthly resting-place accompanied, we say our inmost thanks. The great commiseration which was shown to us in the number joining in the funeral procession, and in the beautiful flower-strewing for the decoration of her coffin; and moreover, in the elevating grave-speech, has us, in our deep anguish, much comfort afforded.

Eisenach, August 6, 1862.

Carl Hartung and Wife.

The rest are given as the ordinary announcements upon similar occasions. First, from a widower:—

To all those dear friends who at the late heavy blow of fate (hart betroffenen Schicksale) which has befallen me, in the death of my unforgetable wife, stood by me comforting at my side, and who, by their accompaniment of the same upon her last earth-journey, have proved their love and devotedness, my deepest-felt thanks.

Chr. Schlotterhose.

(P.S.—The above inconsolable gentleman was re-married before we left the town—on the first anniversary of his "unforgetable" wife's death.)

Next, from a father who had lost his two sons:—

For the hearty share-taking, which friends and relatives during the illness and the subsequent death of my now-to-the-land-of-peace-gone two beloved sons; for the solace-rich words that the reverend clergymen uttered over the grave of the same; and also to the gentlemen coffin-bearers, as well as for the condolence which is even now extended to me—my deepest-felt thanks.

Friedrich Gebauer and Family.

It is customary throughout Saxony, to pay more respect to the graves of the deceased than prevails with the people of our own country. Such grave decoration may savour somewhat of Catholicism, still, to our mind, it is a sign of lingering affection wherever practised; and we must confess we know no more touching sight than some of the children's tombs in the cemeteries of Paris, where you see their little playthings treasured upon the headstone which marks the time of their decease.

In Thuringia it is usual to visit the grave always on the anniversary of the death, when, even the very poor manage to afford 2*d.* for the purchase of a fresh garland to hang upon the cross, or strew upon the green mound of earth covering their lost relative;

and we never visited the "God's-acre" (as the Germans finely call the burial-ground) of Eisenach without being moved by the sight of the different tints of these same garlands, telling one how long the departed friends had been treasured in the memories of the living. Moreover, when we lived at a house on the Schloss-berg (castle-hill, overlooking the cemetery), morning after morning we used to see a poor woman visit that part of the ground appropriated to the interment of children, and there throw herself upon her knees, to breathe a prayer that she and her little one might meet once more in heaven.

SECTION VII.—SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE SCHOOLS IN EISENACH.

THE schools of Germany are famous throughout Europe, and, we believe, justly so. The genius of the German nation is essentially scholastic; for that patience which is required for true pedagogic excellence the Deutschers possess to a remarkable degree. Indeed, time out of mind, historians have characterized them as "patient Germans;" and the superiority of their school-books and philosophic treatises, as well as the devotion of their whole life to one particular pursuit—however abstract or however insignificant (whether it be the study of metaphysics, or philology, or the collecting of cockchafers)—is due simply to the assiduity, the plodding, and essentially *one-ideaed* character of their natures. They are the tortoises, and the more lively nations of the earth, the hares, in the race for intellectual progress; and we have our doubts as to whether the ethnological "slow-coaches" do not, after all, as

in the fable, distance their more hasty competitors. True, they lack the originality, the invention, the spirit, the fire of English and French minds. They have never had any soul approximating to a Shakspeare, a Bacon, a Newton, or even a Watt among them; nor, indeed, anyone comparable in wit or humour to either Voltaire or Swift, Molière or Butler (of Hudibras celebrity); but, on the other hand, how many wonderful critics have they given to the world—how many illustrious scholars—how many profound philologists and mythologists—how many categorical system-mongers—how many dreamy metaphysicians—and how many indefatigable collectors of insects, or pains-taking students of animalcular life. It is true, again, as a set-off to this, that the great achievements of printing and the Reformation we owe alike to Germany—triumphs that were almost coeval, and triumphs of such a kindred nature in their result (though utterly different in the qualities required for their consummation), that each without the other would have been comparatively worthless—triumphs, too, that have done more for the advancement of human nature than any other two new forms of thought or labour ever given to mankind. And yet these are the very forms from which Germany herself has reaped the least benefit of all the world—Germany now without a newspaper press, and Germany now without even a creed.

Further, this very scholasticism which is the genius of the present Teutonic race (if, indeed, that can be called genius which, in its highest excellence,

is but the profundity of plodding), is, in our opinion, the real cause of the non-original, and non-inventive character of the present people. The three greatest men of our own nation—and, perhaps, the three greatest that the world ever saw—owed their greatness merely to the overthrow of the schoolmen: Shakespeare, who created the romantic drama, in utter subversion of all the unities of time and place belonging to the unnatural drama of the classics; Bacon, who demolished the old Aristotelian logic; and Newton, who propounded a new system of celestial philosophy, and so put an end to all the absurd hypotheses of the pundits of old.

In Germany, however, the young are trained to such a respect, if not reverence, for the pedagogue, that your real Deutscher would sooner think of questioning the truth of Revelation than of doubting the rules he has learnt of the schoolmaster or the critics. Hence, he begins life trammelled, like a *Wickel-kind*, with all kind of æsthetical, rhetorical, and philosophical bandages, in the shape of scholastic dogmata; and, consequently, grows up with his mental functions crippled to such an extent with formulæ, that he is unable to run alone for the rest of his days, or to dispense with the intellectual go-cart in which he has always been taught to exercise his reason.

How different is a German schoolboy from an English one! A Teutonic youth indulges in none of those athletic games or sports which constitute the pleasures of English lads, when let loose from

school. Cricket, boating, and even running and leaping, or riding, are comparatively unknown to them; indeed, the peculiarity is, that in connection with none of the public schools of Saxony are there to be found such things as playgrounds, to which the youths can resort for indulgence in those boyish sports, which we in England believe are as necessary for developing the activity and energy of the future men, as even the lessons during school are for the cultivation of their intellects. A German schoolboy's pleasures during holiday-time, on the contrary, so far from being *diversions*, are merely an itinerant extension of his scholastic studies. You will see him on the half-holidays, or in the vacation time, with a gigantic green sandwich-box strapped to his back, on his way to the woods to collect plants, for the completion of his botanical collection; or else he has a long gauze net in his hand for the catching of butterflies, so that he may fill box after box at home with every kind of impaled *Schmetterling;* or a walking-stick, with a hammer, by way of handle, to it, wherewith to chip bits from the rocks, in order to add to the mineral fragments in his case of geological specimens. Indeed, there is hardly a youth but possesses a miniature museum of some sort or other, consisting either of tray after tray filled with every variety of impaled cockchafers, or else of huge brown-paper books, in which page after page contains some specimen of a compressed vegetable, in the form of a squashed leaf or flower.

It is this continued pursuit, indeed, of one subject

—that love of the pedantry of schools even among children (to the utter neglect of those sportive diversions which, as we said before, are requisite for training youths to habits of activity and energy in after-life), that tends greatly to give the German mind that *one-ideaed* character which, to more discursive Englishmen, often seems to have somewhat the aspect of unconfirmed monomania about it. For no matter how learned a German may be upon one subject, he is as ignorant as the sapient pig Toby upon all matters but *that one* which he has made his special study. Talk to the profoundest philologue in the country upon art, upon chemistry, upon politics, upon sanitary laws, or indeed upon the commonest affairs of every-day life, and you will find that he knows no more about them than the veriest chawbacon in England;—words, and the affinity of languages from Slang to 'Sanscrit, he has made the sole pursuit of his life; but beyond words the wonderfully-learned man has positively not an idea in his brain. To such an extent is this division and subdivision of mental work carried out in Germany, that as the little girl, who is doomed to pass her days in making pins' heads, has no knowledge of pin pointing, and could not for the life of her make an entire pin, even though she has been some half-score years, may be, at the trade—so, we verily believe, that the profound Coleopterist (to whom we were introduced some years ago at Coblenz), and who, we were assured, had been all his life studying beetles and cockchafers, would have been unable to converse, for five minutes

together, with a man like Ehrenberg, the indefatigable investigator of animalcular life, who had thrown his whole soul into ditch water.

Intellectually considered, the entire German race is but a nation of schoolmasters and scholars, they are always either learning or teaching; and the Lord defend us from passing a quiet evening with a real live German professor, for he is a bore of the largest possible calibre—after the fashion of "great guns" in general. The profundity of his prosiness is positively unfathomable. His skull is as full of soporific sporules as a poppyhead, and he is a spouting engine of forty-ass power at least. We would as soon think of reading "Paradise Lost" through at one sitting, or of perusing the collected edition of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, as allowing that extremely-learned, and not-at-all-lively, old gentleman to pour his molten lead into our ears—after the fashion of the wife who thus brought to an untimely end no less than seven wretched husbands. Gracious Heaven! we once made a voyage from Delft to Rotterdam in a Dutch canal boat; and though the lonesomeness of that journey still remains imprinted as the dreariest of all spots "in our memory's waste," we would rather submit to be dragged through the entire length of the wet highways of Holland, at the same tiresome speed, than be forced to travel over the ground in the "fly wagon" of a German philosopher's train of ideas. A grain of gold they say may be beaten out into almost acres of foil, till at length the opaque metal is rendered transparent as gauze; and

even so your true Dutch professor—with the view of making that clear which he fancies must be obscure to ordinary vision—hammers away at the smallest part of his subject, till his elaboration is about as lively as a coffin-maker's clatter in one's ears, and till the minutest particle of thought is spread out into a whole sheet of the flimsiest possible matter; and the big boy ends with blowing a huge bubble out of what was merely froth at the outset. Like an actor, too, he can talk of nothing else but his own business; and as the English circus-folk abroad never see anything of the country or the people in which they live, beyond the petty circle of the ring where they have to perform, in the same manner your veritable German pundit knows and cares nothing of the world about him—outside of the little sphere of his own studies; the happiness and advancement of his own race, or the liberty and enlightenment of other races on the earth, being as nought to him compared with "progress" in the knowledge of words, butterflies, cockchafers, or animalcules—according as he may have devoted his days to one or other of such studies. For what are men beside insects and infusoria, in the eyes of your profound German philosopher?

But, we repeat, this love of pedagogy—this reverence for mere scholastic forms and book learning (as contradistinguished from worldly wisdom), pervades the entire German people, more or less; so that it is impossible to sit in a beer-house for five minutes' long, without finding the conversation turn upon the

beauties of the *Deutsche Sprache.* Either you will be informed, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time since your residence in the country, that it is the most difficult tongue on the face of the earth; or else, that it contains so many thousand more words than English—a couple of statements that are alike untrue; for not only is the Welsh "*Grammatik*" a hundredfold more complex than the German or even the Greek, but there are nearly double the number of words in Webster's Dictionary that are to be found in Adelung's *Wörterbuch.* Indeed, it is obvious that a language like English, which is made up of at least five others (the Celtic—the Latin—the Anglo-Saxon—the Scandinavian and the Norman) should contain more synonymous terms than a simple unmixed tongue, such as German is; so that an English author has the power of writing in two entirely distinct forms of speech—Saxon-English or Latin-English—just as he pleases.

"How would you translate into Saxon-English," said an Oxford Professor, renowned for the Johnsonian character of his sentences, to Alfred Kemble, the great Saxon scholar, "the Latin-English phrase 'the impenetrability of matter'?" "Why, sir, I should say," replied the translator of "Beowulf," "the unthoroughfareableness of stuff," and surely the two expressions are as fundamentally different in the radicals used as the talk of the Aztecs from that of the Bosjies.

Now, that this double mode of expression is not possible in a language which is comparatively pure and

unmixed, like German, an Englishman is unpleasantly reminded, shortly after his residence in Deutschland, by hearing the ladies speak in public of their "sweating;" there being no such synonym as "perspiration" to be found in that tongue. Indeed, it is owing to this want of two different terms derived from diverse sources, to express the same idea, that the language of German ladies sounds often so utterly unladylike to English people. For when, owing to the simplicity of the speech, it is impossible to choose between a coarse and a refined word for the same meaning—as with "spit" and "expectorate," or "smell" and "stink," or "lie" and "story" in English—it certainly does seem somewhat *strong* to English minds, at first, to hear a damsel in polite society tell a gentleman "he's a liar," or talk of something "stinking," in the most unblushing manner.

Moreover, the very difficulty of the language, of which the Germans are so proud, is by no means a recommendation to our minds: and fine and striking as are many of the compound German words—as for instance, their term *Show-holy* (*Scheinheilige*), for hypocrite—*Dunkelmänner* (men of darkness) for bigots —Harm-joy (*Shadenfreude*) for delight in the misfortunes of others—*Flitterwöcke* (literally the spangled week), for the Honeymoon—and *Blind-work* for delusion or show; nevertheless, it is but sorry grammatical foppery to be forced to read on in German literature, for Heaven knows how many lines, before you come to the verb, which is necessary to unlock

the meaning of the whole long-winded sentence, and which is, almost invariably, placed at the end—in affectation of the Latin form of composition.

But that such a roundabout method was not proper to the ancient Teutonic dialect we may see by the following interlinear translation of a passage from the old Saxon chronicle.

"*An.* DCCCXCI.—*Here for se here*
Anno, 861. At this time fared (went forth) the army
east, and Earnwulf cyning gefealit with thæm ræde-here
east, and Earnwulf the King fought with the riding-army (cavalry)
ær tha scipu comon, und East-Francum, and Seaxum,
ere the ships came with the East Francs, and Saxons,
and Bægerum, and hine geflymde."
and Bavarians, and put them to flight.

The construction of the sentence above given, though written just upon a thousand years ago, is, as nearly as possible, that of our own language at the present day. At a later period, however, as in the Laws of King Edgar, it will be found that the modern inverted German form had come into use. *e. g.*:—

"*We lærath that æll Cristen man his bearn to*
We order that each Christian man his children to
Christendome geornlice wænig, and him Paternoster
Christianity earnestly accustom, and him the Paternoster
and Credon tæce."
and the Creed teach.

Let us now collate the above old form of sentence with the scholastic style of composition at present

popular in Germany; and thus let the reader see to what incomprehensible lengths this rigmarole method of construction has been carried, even by the teachers to whom the youth of Deutschland have to look for their grammatical education. The example chosen is a passage taken from the essay prefixed to the last report upon the city schools of Eisenach, and is from the pen of the head-master or director himself—such essay being entitled "Remarks, principally upon the Method of Instruction, and specially upon the Geometrical Form of it."

"Die Macht der Zeit und des in derselben lebenden und webenden Gedankens, auf der Grundlage der gesunden Körperbildung und des materiellen Wohlbefindens zu den Höhen der sittlich-religiösen und allgemein geistigen Bildung, zum rein Geistigen Genuss und Glück emporzusteigen, an welchen alle Menschen Theil haben sollen, das Walten der Idee und das Streben nach Wahrheit lassen sich ebensowenig bewältigen, als wie sich die bildende Kraft und die practische Seite des mathematisch-natur-wissenschaftlichen Unterrichts verkennen lässt" (p. 1).

Of this the following is a word-for-word translation:—

"The power of Time, and of in-the-same-living-and-moving Thought, upon the groundwork of a healthy body-constitution and material well-being, to the height of moral religious and general holy education, to pure and sacred enjoyment and happiness upwards-to-mount, in which all mankind part take should, the managing of the Ideas and the striving after truth let themselves just as little be controlled, as the educating power and the practical side of mathematical-natural-philosophical Instruction lets itself be mistaken."

Now, we will undertake to sit out an entire lecture by this same most perspicuous of pedagogues, if any

English reader can be found capable of extracting the least grain of sense out of the above literary hotch-potch. Tom Hood used to say that to digest a German dinner, in which the order of the courses is more or less reversed, you ought to stand upon your head; and so with a profound German sentence like the above, an Englishman's brains require to be turned topsy-turvy in order to make head or tail out of it. Let us, however, endeavour to put the pieces of the disjointed puzzle into something like fitness; and then see whether the German schoolmaster has not himself been so utterly lost in the maze of his own long-winded words, and got his thoughts so entangled in the complicated web of the literary mingle-mangle, that—as with the tower of Babel itself—the ambitious structure is left unfinished, owing to the confusion of the speech during the elaboration of it.

"The power of Time—and of Thought living and moving in the same—(formed upon the groundwork of a healthy bodily-constitution and physical welfare, and carried to the height of a religiously-moral and general holy education), to ascend to that pure and sacred enjoyment and happiness in which all mankind should participate—the government of the ideas and the seeking after truth admit of being regulated, only just as little as the educating power and the practical part of the instruction in the mathematics of natural-philosophy come to be mistaken."

But even now that the words are arranged in something like the natural order of the thoughts, it is hardly possible to connect any meaning with the

incoherent rubbish of such pure scholastic *Blatherum-skite.* In the first place, who ever heard of thought living and moving (*lebenden* and *webenden*) in any time? Then "the power of time and thought to ascend to pure and sacred enjoyment and happiness" is surely a choice specimen of what the Germans themselves call *Wortschwallerei* (literally "word-multitudinous-ness," or rhetorical fustian); for how can "Time have power to rise to pure and holy pleasure?—as well might we talk of Time going up in a balloon! Besides, the sentence here is unfinished; there is no verb to the noun: "the power of time and thought to ascend to pure and holy enjoyment," says the grandiloquent Director Lorey. "Well, what of it?" says the reader. "What have you to predicate concerning this wonderful power?" inquire such as have some slight sense of reason and grammar in their pates. The paralogistic director, however, affirms nothing whatever of this same "*Macht der Zeit und des Gedankens*"—he doesn't even treat us to the platitude of "is well known," or "will be generally admitted," by way of conclusion; but proceeds straightway, without giving the least heed to the completion of the previous sentence, to the construction of another, which, though separated from the first only by a comma, is, at the same time, a totally distinct one—telling us "the government of the ideas and the seeking after truth admit of being cultivated, only just as little as the educating power and the practical part of the instruction in the mathematics of natural-philosophy comes to be mistaken,"—a

passage in which we hardly know whether the grammar or the sense is the more defective. For instance, in the first place we are told that the government of the ideas *and* the seeking after truth "admit" (*lassen sich*), the verb here being in the plural; and then a line or two afterwards we have "the educating power *and* the practical part of the instruction *comes* to be mistaken" (*verkennen lässt*), with the verb now in the singular. Moreover, the logic of the sentence is in precisely the same wild state of confusion as the grammar itself: *e. g.* "the government of the ideas, &c., admit of being regulated *only just as little as* (*ebensowenig als wie*) the educating power, &c., comes to be misapprehended"—whereas it is obvious that the sapient pig meant that the *more* the educating power comes to be misapprehended, the *less* does the government of the ideas admit of being enforced. With a fine perspicacity of expression, however, the schoolmaster says the very contrary to what he means—telling us that *just as little* as the one comes to be misunderstood, *even so little* does the other admit of being carried out.

In the course of our literary experience, we can safely say, we never met with so many blunders crammed, with such wonderful left-handed dexterity, into so few lines—blunders so egregious and of such diverse kinds—blunders violating not alone the commonest rules of grammar, but the commonest forms of common sense; and these from the pen of the principal master of the principal school belonging to the principal city of Thuringia; and prefixed, more-

over, to a report that cannot be said to have been written in hot haste—as if it were the work of some journalist, scribbling at midnight, for some London daily newspaper; but deliberately composed, and as deliberately published, by way of a grand flourish of trumpets, to herald the half-yearly accounts of the progress of the town schools under the charge of the writer.*

Nor are the long-winded, involved, and inverted sentences of modern German composition the sole matters of offence to the literary taste of one acquainted with the simplicity of the Old Saxon and Gothic tongues.† Further, the multiplicity of grammatical forms with which the language is overlaid is anything but a recommendation to our minds—believing as we do that there is no form of speech, ancient or modern, which is in any way comparable to English, solely on account of its having discarded the greater part of the lumbering machinery of conjugations, declensions, and genders, in which the grammarians of old were wont to delight. For, as it was impossible for a language made up of no less than five other different ones to have incorporated as many distinct forms of grammar into the one composite speech; so it became a necessity that the whole

* *Kurze Nachrichten über die Sekundarschule, die erste und zweite Burgerschule zu Eisenach vom Director A. Lorey, Ostern,* 1863.

† It may be mentioned, merely to show the author's fitness for dealing with this part of the subject, that when the editor of *Punch*, in his younger days, he published, in that periodical, certain translations into Anglo-Saxon of the most popular of the English songs.

of the learned lumber should in a measure be got rid of, and that our people should revert to the natural and simple method of putting the several signs of the cases of nouns and tenses of verbs *outside of them in the shape of auxiliaries rather than appending them, as of old, to the radicals themselves.* Again, in doing away with the absurd declension of the article, and the equally-absurd genders of nouns expressive of inanimate things, what immense simplicity has been gained, and how infinitely more rational, as well as less puzzling, is English than German in this respect! Here, for instance, are a few absurdities concerning the use of that plaguy *der, die,* and *das,* which it requires years to understand, in the German language.

Masculine.	Feminine.	Neuter.
Der Mond (The moon)	*Die Sonne* (The sun)	*Das Licht* (The light)
Der Himmel (The heaven)	*Die Erde* (The earth)	*Das Wasser* (The water)
Der Monat (The month)	*Die Woche* (The week)	*Das Jahr* (The year)
Der Fluss (The river)	*Die See* (The lake)	*Das Meer* (The sea)
Der Käse (The cheese)	*Die Butter* (The butter)	*Das Brod* (The bread)
Der Berg (The mountain)	*Die Wiese* (The meadow)	*Das Thal* (The valley)
Der Pudding (The pudding)	*Die Suppe* (The soup)	*Das Fleisch* (The meat)
Der Bleistyt (The pencil)	*Die Tinte* (The ink)	*Das Papier* (The paper)
Der Rauch (The smoke)	*Die Flamme* (The flame)	*Das Feuer* (The fire)

Masculine.	Feminine.	Neuter.
Der Rock (The coat)	*Die Veste* (The waistcoat)	*Das Hemd* (The shirt)
Der Löffell (The spoon)	*Die Gabel* (The fork)	*Das Messer* (The knife)
Der Rahm (The cream)	*Die Molken* (The whey)	*Das Gerinnen* (The curd)
Der Wein (The wine)	*Die Milch* (The milk)	*Das Bier* (The beer)
Der Vogel (The bird)	*Die Schlange* (The snake)	*Das Thier* (The beast)
Der Krug (The jug)	*Die Tasse* (The cup)	*Das Becken* (The basin)
Der Eimar (The pail)	*Die Gelte* (The tub)	*Das Fass* (The butt)
Der Baum (The tree)	*Die Blume* (The flower)	*Das Gras* (The grass)
Der Anfang (The beginning)	*Die Mitte* (The middle)	*Das Ende* (The end)

The above list might be stretched out almost to the crack of doom. The examples we have given, however, will be sufficient to show the utter absurdity of the system; since, to detect the folly of it, the reader has but to glance his eye across the preceding columns, and to ask himself, as he reads line after line, why, in the name of common sense, the *heaven* should be masculine, the *earth* feminine, and the *water* neuter; or, a *spoon* masculine, a *fork* feminine, and a *knife* neuter; or *wine* masculine, *milk* feminine, and *beer* neuter; and, moreover, to think of the infinity of bother there must be to fix such silly distinctions in the brain, so as to avoid the flagrant grammatical error of applying the masculine article to a *tub* when it really belongs to the feminine gender; or, *vice versâ*,

speaking of a *pail* as if it were of the same sex as a woman, instead of describing it more properly as being of the male species! And yet such learned nonsense is an essential form of that language which the scholastic books of Germany delight to tell you is the finest on the face of the earth!!

We should remember, however, that the greater part of English is but German improved; that is to say, German stripped of its grammatical foolery and absurd inflectional difficulties; and hence, possessing all the natural force, without the scholastic trammels, of the modern Teutonic form of speech. We should bear in mind, too, that English is even something more than this—that it contains within itself a large proportion of the Norman vocabulary, besides many fine radical words that still bear evidence of the intermixture of the Scandinavian and Celtic dialects with the rest.* What wonder, then, that English

* The influence of the fine old Celtic languages, not only upon our tongue, but upon almost all the European forms of speech, is but little known to etymologists. German philologues indeed utterly ignore this source of verbal knowledge; and yet there is no doubt that from Owen Pugh's Welsh Dictionary, together with that of the Gaelic Society, a deeper insight can be obtained into the structure of the English, the Teutonic, and, indeed, the Latin and French languages, than through the Gothic, the Anglo-Saxon, the Icelandic, or by any other channel. In the knowledge of the origin of prefixes, affixes, and radicals, of course the greater part, if not the whole, of etymological science is contained; and, as regards the former, Owen Pugh's dictionary enables us to discover that certain initial letters of supposed monosyllabic roots were originally prefixes, which, in the course of years, have become contracted into a single consonant, *e. g.*:—

Scribe,—Welsh, *ysgriv*, a writing, from *criv*, a mark, *criviaw*, to

should be destined, as it assuredly is, to become, ere many centuries are past, the universal language of

cut, to *grave*, which latter term is connected with the Irish *reabam*, to *rive*, *rip* (Lat. *rumpo*, *rupi*).

Here, then, we have indisputable evidence that *scribe* (Latin, *scribere*) is formed on the root of *grave*, *groove*, by the addition of the Welsh preposition *ys*. So again grave is in its turn formed on the radical *rive*, by the addition of the prefix *go* (Sax. *ge*).

Shriek (Welsh, *ysgrec*) is from *crccian*, to croak, creak, and this too from *rhyg*, rough, hoarse.

Slack (Welsh, *yslac*), from *llac*, loose, lax (Latin, *laxus*), *llacian*, to be slow or *lag*.

Spike (Welsh, *yspig*), from *pig*, a sharp point, a *peak*, or *pike*.

Slough (Welsh, *yslwc*) from *llwc*, a *lake* or pool.

Spear (Welsh, *yspar*) from *ber*, a *bar*.

Moreover, there cannot be the least doubt that the following words came originally from those to which they are here annexed, the addition of the initial serving as a prefix to modify the primary sense of the radical :—

Slip	from	*lapse.*	*Stain*	from	*tinge, taint.*
Sweep	„	*wipe.*	*Sweat*	„	*wet* (as *Sudor* from ὑδωρ).
Swan	„	*wan.*			
Swell	„	*well.*	*Stun*	„	*din, tone.*
Spine	„	*pin.*	*Steep*	„	*dip, deep.*
Slight	„	*light.*	*Scorn*	„	*grin.*
Stick	„	*touch.*	*Stretch*	„	*reach.*
Snip	„	*nip.*	*Straight*	„	*right.*
Sneeze	„	*nose.*	*Stream*	„	*roam.*
Spoil	„	*peel.*	*Stroll*	„	*roll.*
Steam	„	*damp.*	*Strip*	„	*rip.*

Even as the following words are connected, in the same manner, by the additions of other *literal* prefixes :—

Plight (*obligo*)	with	*lay.*	*Clump*	with	*lump.*
Plunge	„	*lunge.*	*Croak*	„	*rough.*
Pluck, *Fleece*	„	*lock.*	*Guile*	„	*wile.*
			Guard	„	*ward.*
Flap	„	*lap.*	*Guise*	„	*wise.*
Brisk, *Frisk*	„	*rush.*	*Guest*	„	*visit.*
			Glad	„	*lætus.*

mankind; for when we reflect that it is already the language of almost all the people of the great con-

In the words *plight* and *obligo* we have conclusive evidence that the initial *p* is the equivalent of the Latin preposition *ob*.

Again, as an instance of the fundamental connection of the Celtic languages with the structure of the greater part of modern dialects, we may add that there is no word more common throughout the European tongues than that of *devil*, which is usually derived, through the Latin *diabolus*, from the Greek διαβαλλω. This form of etymology, however, belongs to the old school, which was one of vague conjecture rather than profound research; and was of about the same philological use as when Webster derived *isinglass* from the elements *ice* and *glass* (adding, "*probably* from its resemblance to those two bodies"), instead of from the German *hausen-blase*, *i. e.* the *bladder* of the fish *huso*, or sturgeon. The ancient Irish, or Erse language, however, is the only one which enables us to resolve the word *devil* into its elements with the same etymological certainty as we can decompound the term thunder-storm into the radicals *storm* and *thunder* in our own tongue. In the Erse, the term *diabhail* signifies, when so decompounded, *dia*, the god, *bhail*, of the air; and it will be seen hereafter that the ancient Thuringians regarded the old Saxon god *Thor* (the Thunderer) in the light of the Great Destroyer, or Evil One, of whom they used to cast a figure, or *Popanz* (literally, a *bogie*), into the river with great rejoicing at the end of each winter. In like manner, we have pointed out elsewhere that the title *Pythagoras*, which is supposed to have been the name of the earliest Grecian philosopher, is a pure Welsh word, and means in that language nothing more than *explanation of the universe*,—the elements of the term existing still in the ancient British tongue, and being simply *agoras*, explanation, from *agori*, to explain (Gr. αγορευω, to speak), and *pyth*, universe, life (Lat., *vita;* Gr., βιος); so that the word *Pythagoras* must have been originally applied to the system of cosmogony taught by the first Grecian philosopher, and afterwards have got to be mistaken for the name of the philosopher himself.

While upon the subject of words, the author cannot refrain from raising his voice against the use of a barbarous term which

tinent of America—that it is spoken by a large proportion of the inhabitants of India—that Australia and the Indian Archipelago have adopted it as their mother-tongue—in a word, that even now more than half the earth is familiar with it—it is manifest that the time cannot be very far distant when other nations will be constrained to use it, for the mere convenience of intercourse with the rest; and, consequently, though Germans, French, and Russians may cling as hard as the Welsh and Irish to their ancient forms of speech, they are assuredly doomed to be extinguished by our own—as the several dialects of the Red Indians have, almost within our own time, been lost in the civilization of the New World.

With this introduction as to the peculiar scholastic character of the minds of the German people in general, and of the German professors and teachers more particularly, as well as the influence of such scholastic tendencies upon the structure of the lan-

he finds coming into fashion, especially among the reporters of public dinners, &c., for the daily newspapers. This is the name of *gaselier* for a number of gaslights proceeding from one stem, pendant from the ceiling, and which has evidently been coined after the French *chandelier*. But in the latter word *chandel* is the radical, and *-ier* merely the same affix as we have in gondolier, mountain-eer, or law-yer, and which is merely the equivalent of the Latin *vir* and Welsh *gwr* added to nouns. In the word *gaselier*, however, formed after *chandelier*, it is plain that *-elier* is mistaken for the termination, and therefore annexed to the radical to signify the same kind of appliance, but lighted by *gas* rather than *candles*—the French for which latter term the worthy who nvented the new-fangled word evidently thought to be *chand!*

guage and literature of the country—let us now pass on to specify the number and kind of schools to be found in the capital of Thuringia at the present time.

Such schools may be conveniently grouped into three classes—*i. e.* those appertaining to the State, to the city, or to private individuals. These, however, require to be severally distinguished according as they are intended for young men, for boys, for girls, or for mere children. The young men's schools are—first, the *forest-school*, or rather college, at which the youths, to whose care the culture of the woods is afterwards to be entrusted, are instructed in all the branches of science directly or indirectly connected with enlightened arboriculture, and of which institution a more detailed account is given hereafter; and, secondly, the *Seminarists' Schule*, as it is termed, or that designed for the completion of the education of such youths as purpose to become the future schoolmasters in the towns and villages of the district; the special course of instruction at the latter institution being of three kinds,—(1.) *Pedagogic*, wherein the embryo teacher is impressed with a sense of the business, manner, and character of the schoolmaster proper, as well as of his relations to the pupil, and the tie which should subsist between the pupil and himself; (2.) *Methodic*, in which he is made acquainted with the different modes of instruction, and the excellencies or defects of each—such as the systems of Pestalozzi, Rousseau, and others; and (3.) *Catechetic*, or that in which he is instructed as to the best means

of examining pupils by the mode of question and answer as to their proficiency in the matters taught.

Before entering either of these schools, the student has to pass a certain examination at some subordinate public academy, where the course of instruction is designed to prepare him for the due understanding of those higher forms of learning which are to be brought under his cognizance at the more erudite institution. For the student at the forest-school, a certificate of qualification from either of the State-(grammar-) schools is considered to be sufficient; for the pedagogic aspirant it is necessary that he should have a voucher as to his having "passed" through the several branches of study at the "*Sekundar Schule*," or, literally, the school where the instruction is specially made *secondary* to that of the Seminarists' institution. Nor are these the only examinations requisite before either class of aspirants are thought competent to follow the vocation for which they are intended. For as the "*forest-practitioner*" (so the student at the forest-school is styled) has to prove his fitness for the care and culture of the woods by submitting to another such inquiry previous to becoming even a "forest-assistant," and to a third and more stringent catechizing ere he can rise to the dignity of a forester-proper; so the would-be pedagogue must, at the end of his schooling at the Seminarists' institution, give proof of his qualification for the office of a public instructor by obtaining a pass from the examiners instituted for the purpose. But even then he is considered fit to practise only as an assistant

teacher; and, after two years' probation at this branch of the business, he has to go through a third examination in order to obtain his diploma, as it were, to entitle him to pursue the vocation of a regular preceptor.

It will be seen by consulting the table hereafter given that the course of instruction at the forest-school costs but 7*l.* 10*s.* per annum, whilst that at the Seminarists' Institution is *free*. In this latter respect—in the care taken, as well as the facilities given, in order to obtain a class of preceptors at once naturally and educationally fitted for the task, by making the office *open* to any one who is disposed to qualify himself for the discharge of its duties, it must be confessed the Germans are far ahead of our own countrymen; but, as we have before said, it is in this scholastic element that the true genius of Germany lies. It will be seen, moreover, by reference to the same table, as to the matters taught at the several schools of the Thuringian capital, that the students at the Seminarists' Institution are instructed not only in the subjects specially requisite for their future calling, but have also lessons given to them upon the organ, violin, piano, and in thorough-bass! The reason of this musical education being superadded to the other is because the schoolmasters of the several villages throughout Germany, are likewise the Cantors, or directors of the music, at the various village-churches. Hence, by the union of the two offices, an extra good is attained,—the children at even the smallest and most remote rural schools being taught singing by

one who is an educated musician. And thus a love of one of the most innocent, the most exquisite, and, at the same time, the most inexpensive of worldly pleasures, comes to be diffused systematically throughout the country; so that even those who are denied the means of participating in the more costly of human enjoyments have a source of refined delight opened up to them to which our agricultural labourers, or the working population even of our cities, are utter strangers.

The other schools for young men are those for *apprentices*. These, like the Seminarists' Institution, are, very wisely and munificently, made *free*. They are of two kinds: the "*free working-man's-school*" (*frei Gewerke-schule*) and the "free Sunday-school," which is for working men also. The former is held at the Gymnasium thrice a-week: on Monday and Friday afternoons from one to three, and from six to eight; and on every Sunday from seven till nine in the morning, and from one till three in the afternoon. An examination has to be undergone before entering this institution, as a proof of the proficiency of the pupil, in writing and the first rules of arithmetic (the "four species" as the Germans call them); after which the young workman is instructed in Mathematics, Geometry, Drawing, Perspective, and in designing plans, as well as in the principles of construction and projection. Either to this, or to the free Sunday-school, every apprentice was, up to the beginning of 1863, *bound by law* to go from fourteen to eighteen years of age; for he could not become a journeyman

until he had obtained a good certificate from the teachers. But though the recent introduction of free-trade has put an end to the compulsory part of the education, the free workman's-school still numbers as many as eighty pupils, to whom there are four teachers, receiving from 21*l.* down to 7*l.* 10*s.* each per annum.

At the *Free Sunday-school*, on the other hand, no such preliminary examination of the pupils either was or is required; and thither all such apprentices were wont to betake themselves as were either unprepared for the scrutiny, or disinclined to avail themselves of the higher education, at the other school for artizans. At the Sunday-school, writing, reading, reckoning, and book-keeping, as well as religion, and natural philosophy are taught from seven till nine every Sunday morning; and though no examination was formerly required of the pupil on his entry here, every apprentice was bound to pass an examination in such matters, before leaving the school or before being entitled either to take rank or receive wages as a "journeyman." Since the abolition of this law the free Sunday-school has declined rapidly; for whereas up to February in the present year there were as many as forty-five scholars in the second class alone, the number, since that date, has dwindled down to twelve; whilst the decrease in the first and third classes has been in nearly the same proportion. In the words of one of the teachers to us, "the masters and the apprentices mistake *Gewerbe-freiheit* (liberty in trading) with *Lehr-freiheit* (liberty in learning),

so that master-tradesmen prefer, now that they are permitted to do so, to keep their apprentices in the shop working for *them* rather than to send them to the school to study for *themselves*." At the Sunday-school, there are now only thirty-two scholars altogether, and to these there are three teachers, each in the receipt of 40 thalers (6*l*.) per annum.

For common labourers or unskilled workmen, there is no free school whatever; nor are they in the habit of attending any scholastic institution, other than the city academies, and that only till they are fourteen years of age.

Of the schools for boys, on the other hand—rather than for young men—there are three different kinds in Eisenach: the State Schools, the City Schools, and private schools.

The State Schools are almost equivalent to what we term Grammar Schools. Of these there are two, called respectively, the *Gymnasium*, and the *Real-gymnasium;* the one being more *nominalistic* in its character, dealing with words and languages rather than things; and the other principally *realistic* in its objects, attending more to the study of things than the words which stand for them. The Gymnasium proper is formed upon the basis of the old St. George's School, instituted by the Franciscan monks in the thirteenth century, and at which Martin Luther studied while a currend-boy in Eisenach. At the beginning of the last "year-hundred," however, the old monastic institution was formed into a Gymnasium, or "*Seminarium Theologicum*," and still further expanded by the late Grand-duke Karl

Friedrich, whose name it now bears. The *Real*-Gymnasium, on the contrary, is a comparatively-new institution, having been founded only as recently as 1848, in accordance with the growing impression that the old classical schools are hardly adapted to the scientific character of the age in which we live. It was, therefore, established with the view of teaching youths more science and less Latin and Greek than they had previously been in the habit of learning.

At the Gymnasium proper the course of instruction consists of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, and French; reckoning and ornamental writing; mathematics, physics, natural history, and geography; religion and biblical history; besides ancient and modern history, elocution, and singing.

At the *Real*-Gymnasium, on the other hand, the education comprises Latin, German, French, and English; reckoning and ornamental writing; mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, natural history, and geography; religion; history, ancient and modern; as well as drawing, singing, and gymnastic exercises.

Both of these schools bear a high reputation, and we find, on reference to the last year's report of the *Real-schule* that no less than twenty-five per cent of the scholars there are from distant places, some coming from France, and others from our own country; and no wonder, since the cost of the education at this institution is but 2*l.* 5*s.* per annum, while that at the Gymnasium proper ranges from 1*l.* 16*s.* to 2*l.* 8*s.* the year; both of them being what are called day-schools, and the scholars having to board and lodge at some house in the town. The

average expense of such board and lodging, however, may be taken at 12 thalers the month, or 144 thalers (21*l.* 12*s.*) the year; so that a really good education may be obtained at either of these institutions for even a less sum than is charged at the cheapest "do-the-boys-hall" in England.*

* It should be borne in mind that, for the price above given, the board and lodging can hardly be expected to approximate to the ordinary English character; and to give our countrymen an idea of what the living is likely to consist of, at the price above-named, we will here append the dietary table given in the prospectus of Fraulein Möder's establishment, which is one of the principal boarding-schools for young ladies in Eisenach:—

"*First Breakfast*, at half-past 6 o'clock, consisting of coffee (probably without milk or sugar), or milk, and white bread (the latter without butter).

Second Breakfast, at 9 o'clock.—One or two slices of black bread and butter, or of black bread and fruit.

Dinner, at half-past 12 o'clock: consisting of soup, vegetables, and either *bouilli* or roast meat. This is changed at regular intervals for "meal-eating" (*Mehl-speisen*)—such as light puddings, dumplings, or milk-soups—with preserves—but without any meat or vegetables at such times.

Afternoon Meal, at half-past 4.—Again black bread and butter, or black bread and fruit.

Supper, at 7 o'clock: consisting of *tea* or *soup*, with black bread and butter, or light meat-eating (*leichten Fleischspeisen*).

At this school—which, we repeat, is the principal institution for young ladies in the town, and where there are some ten or twelve English girls, the charge for education and boarding is 200 thalers (30*l.*) per annum, with 10 thalers (1*l.* 10*s.*) extra if the boarder remain at the school during the four weeks holidays at Midsummer. This, however, is the price for Germans; whilst the tariff for the English is raised to 300 thalers (or 45*l.*), but whether in consideration of a more generous diet, we cannot say. We should add, however, in all fairness, that the institution was very favourably spoken of; and we know, from

Judging by the number of scholars, the *Real*-school appears to be the most popular institution of the two; for as the original Gymnasium is said to have had, some twenty years ago, more than double its present number of scholars, it will be seen by the before-mentioned table that the new Gymnasium, though not yet fifteen years old, has now upwards of twenty-one per cent. more pupils than its more classical rival. But, though the number of scholars at the ancient institution have declined, the number of its professors and teachers still remains the same as when there were twice as many boys to teach; because, it is said, the charter of its foundation expressly enjoins the maintenance of such an educational staff; so that thus we have the monstrous anomaly of not less than 13 teachers at the one institution for the instruction of only 108 scholars, and but 8 professors at the other for as many as 131 boys.

Such are the State Schools of Eisenach; those, on the other hand, belonging to the city are of three kinds, though all are incorporated in one and the same institution: (1.) The *Sekundar Schule*, as it is called, or literally that which, as we have before explained, is intended to serve as a *secondary* establishment to the Seminarist Institution, or, in other words, to act as a *preparatory* school to it; (2.) the

our own experience, that the mistress was as highly esteemed by her pupils as her system of education was praised by the Professors in the town.

first Citizens'-school; and (3.) the second Citizens'-school.

At the secondary school the course of instruction consists of German grammar, composition, and elocution; arithmetic and ornamental writing; geometry, natural philosophy, and chemistry; natural history and geography; religion and biblical history; ancient and modern history; besides singing, music (violin and piano), and drawing, the cost for the whole being but six thalers (18*s.*) per annum. The number of scholars at this institution was 108 in the year 1862–63, of whom 60 were *Seminar-aspiranten*, or embryo schoolmasters; while the remaining 48 pupils were youths who were principally intended to act as clerks in some merchant's office, or as shopmen in some warehouse, and who consequently thought it advisable to protract their studies somewhat beyond the ordinary routine of the citizens' schools.

At the first, and even the second Citizens'-school, the education is very nearly the same as at the *Sekundar Schule*, the difference consisting not so much in the subjects taught as in the advanced character of the studies in such subjects. In neither of these schools, however, are the pupils instructed in instrumental music; whilst in the second Citizens'-school Natural Philosophy and Chemistry are dispensed with. The main distinction, indeed, between the first and second Citizens'-schools is merely one of price; at the former institution, the charge being 9*s.* yearly, and at the latter only from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*; so that the scholars belong in the one case to the richer class of burghers, whereas in the other they are the sons of

the poorer townspeople. Hence we can readily understand why there should be only 280 boys in the first school, and as many as 350 in the second one.

The teachers at these schools are of course far greater in number than those employed in the State schools, but they are, on the other hand, of a less distinguished character, being, for the most part, schoolmasters proper, who have received merely the education of ordinary Seminarists; whereas the preceptors at the gymnasium institutions are generally doctors-of-law, who have taken their degree at the University, and who, in some cases, as a mark of their superior attainments, have been allowed to prefix the more honourable title of Professor to their names.

Nevertheless, the English reader will, on casting his eye down the fourth column of the subjoined table, be astonished to note how small a sum in Germany is thought not only a sufficient recompense for so many years' study, but a sufficient income to maintain even a Professor as a gentleman. The director at the Gymnasium, it will be seen, receives 180*l.*, and the Professors, upon an average, only 75*l.* a-year; whilst at the Real-Gymnasium the director gets 158*l.*, and the other professors mostly 60*l.* per annum. At the City schools, however, the teachers are paid, mostly, at the rate of 37*l.* 10*s.* every year (which is about the wages of an English dustman); whilst at the first and second Citizens'-school the director, who has to superintend both institutions, as well as the secondary school, has a salary of 97*l.* 10*s.* annually, and the teachers are in the receipt of sums varying from 60*l.*, down even to 30*l.* a-year.

One would imagine that in a country where a tolerably sound education can be obtained for the small sum of 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per annum, such things as "free schools" would hardly be required; but such is the poverty of the poor in Eisenach, that even three-farthings a-week for the education of their children is found to be too large an outlay for the wretched working-people to bear; so that as all are bound by law to send their boys and girls to school immediately they are six years old, the authorities, to enable the poorer classes to comply with the injunctions of the State in this respect, have been compelled to found a *Free school,* where the children of those who have not even a pfenning to spare beyond what is required for keeping body and soul together, may be educated gratuitously. At these free schools the course of instruction is the same as at the second Burghers' school, and there are altogether some 200 scholars (boys and girls included) attending them.

It will be seen, on reference to the table before mentioned, that the total number of scholars attending the several schools of Eisenach is upwards of 2000; but many of these are students at the forest-schools, and youths at the Seminarist Institution, as well as apprentices studying at one or other of the working-men's school, and who are consequently above the ordained scholastic age—which is legally fixed at from six to fourteen years; while the little children at the "*Kinder-gartens,*" on the other hand, are too young to come within it. If, then, we exclude all such from the calculation, as well as the boys and girls attending the drawing-school,

we shall find that the gross number of children in Eisenach, between the ages of six and fourteen, is, as nearly as possible, 1900, and then dividing this by the 200 poor boys and girls in the free schools, we arrive at the conclusion that between one-ninth and one-tenth of the population are so poor that they cannot even afford to spare three farthings a-week for their children's education. At this free school there is but one paid teacher, (who gets only 22*l.* 10*s.*) to the entire 200 scholars; for the elder of the seminarist-students have to give their services to it gratuitously—a plan by which a double good is effected; the poor being thus educated at the cheapest possible rate, and the embryo schoolmasters grounded in the practical rudiments of their profession.

There still remains one other gratuitous scholastic institution to be mentioned—an institution open, without cost, to girls as well as boys, *i. e.* the *free Drawing-school.* This was founded, and is still maintained, by funds provided by the late Grand-duchess. None are bound by law to attend this school, nevertheless many boys and girls are sent thither by their parents on the half-holidays, to take advantage of the benefits it so generously affords. The hours of attendance are from 10 to 12 in the forenoon for boys, and from 1 to 3 in the afternoon for girls, on every Wednesday and Friday—the number of pupils being 35 boys and 25 girls, or 60 altogether, between the ages of 9 and 15 years; and the Professor receiving a salary of 300 thalers (45*l.*) for his services. At this school the pupils are instructed in what is called "free-hand drawing."

There now remains but one other kind of boys' school to be mentioned, and that is the *private* one maintained by *the Jews*, for the education of their children in their own religion as well as in the Hebrew language.

This school, however, may be regarded more as a separate class for special instruction, appended to the City schools, than as a distinct academic establishment; for the youths attending it go to the Burghers'-school as well—where they receive the greater part of their education—and are merely taught by the Jewish preceptor such matters in their overtime as none but one of their own persuasion could instruct them in. The boys at this school are all boarded and lodged in the house of the master; for they are mostly the children of Israelites, who reside at some distance from the town, and who are anxious to secure for their sons the advantages of an education at the Eisenach seminaries, in conjunction with private instruction in their own creed. The charge here is 100 thalers (15*l.*) the year, while the number of scholars is but nine; so that one cannot help wondering not only what can possibly be the profit got out of so small a sum, but how anyone can manage to live upon the gains of merely nine big boys, whose keep alone one would imagine to cost more than the amount charged. The Jewish schoolmaster, however, has several perquisites wherewith to eke out his income. He is also, strange to say, the Jewish butcher for the Israelites domiciled in the city, and receives a matter of ten groschens for every ox he slaughters, besides so many pounds of the meat gratis, as well as a groschen for every

pair of fowls he has to decapitate. Moreover, he is the officiating minister at every circumcision, and has to be present, as assistant to the Rabbi, at every Jewish wedding occurring in any of the towns or villages round about; so that, what with the marriages and the births—the circumcisions—the cutting off the heads of cocks—and the slaughtering of bullocks, the poorly-paid Jewish preceptor is, after all, a well-to-do man. Let us add, too, in all justice, that we never knew a worthier individual; nor one with such a heart—with such a nose.

The *girls' schools* will require but a brief notice at our hand. These are mostly City schools, of which there are three in number. First comes the one absurdly styled "The Higher Daughters' School" (*die höhere Töchterschule*), the said "higher" young ladies being, for the most part, the children of pretentious publicans or chandler's-shop keepers, who consider the girls at the ordinary City schools too common for their daughters to associate with. At this school there are seventy pupils and nine teachers, the salary of the director being 67*l.* 10*s.* and those of the teachers (the majority of whom are men) 41*l.* 5*s.* per annum; whilst the cost of the instruction is but 2*l.* 5*s.* a-year. For this sum the pupils are taught German, French, and English; Arithmetic and Writing; History and Geography; Religion and Biblical History, as well as singing, music, and needlework.

Secondly, there are the girls' classes at the first and second burgher-schools, at which the education costs the same as for the boys, viz. 9*s.* per annum in the first school, and from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* a-year in the

second one. The course of instruction here is very nearly the same as for the boys, with the exception that the lessons in Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, and Chemistry, are dispensed with, and such feminine work as sewing, knitting, and embroidery, substituted for the more masculine acquirements. No instrumental music, however, is taught, but only singing; for, as we have elsewhere said, it is quite as unusual to meet with a German lady who is able to play any instrument, as it is to know an educated gentleman who is not master of some two or three.

The only other girls' school is the private establishment of *Fraulein Möder*, of which we have before incidentally spoken. Here the instruction consists of the German, French, and English languages, and Literature; Arithmetic, and Writing; History and Geography; Religion and Biblical History; Drawing, Modelling, and Gymnastics; besides nature-knowledge (*Naturkunde*) and the principles of health (*Gesundheitslehre*); music and singing, however, being extra. At this establishment there are twenty and more young ladies, the half of whom are English, and mostly from Manchester. There are no regular teachers, with the exception of Fraulein Möder herself, in connection with the institution; but the best of the Professors from the principal schools are in the habit of attending there to give so many hours' lessons in the course of the week. The cost of the schooling, with board and lodging, we repeat, is 30*l.* a-year to German ladies, and 40*l.* a-year to English ones; with 1*l.* 10*s.* extra for those who stay at the

school during the four weeks' holidays at Midsummer. Moreover, every young lady is expected to bring with her, on entering the establishment, the following stock of furniture, linen, and other articles: a chest of drawers; a bedstead, bedding and bed-linen, complete, with a quilted counterpane and "*Staubdecke*" (a holland coverlet to protect the bed from dust in the daytime); 12 hand-towels; 12 table-napkins; a case containing a knife, fork, and table-spoon; 1 tumbler; 1 cup with teaspoon; 1 umbrella; and 2 black aprons with bibs!!!

The only remaining scholastic institutions—if indeed so pretentious a title can seriously be applied to what are public nurseries rather than seminaries—are the *Kinder-gartens*, so common throughout Germany. Though the German title of these infant schools means literally children's gardens, there never is, so far as we know, any such pleasant place in connection with them; and hardly even a playground such as is peculiar to English academies. For the only open space for the sports of the little things at the Eisenach infant school was a narrow fore-court leading to the "Children's Protection Institution"—as the *Kinder-garten* belonging to the city is somewhat pompously styled. The "institution" itself, indeed, consists merely of a ground-floor containing one not-particularly-large room, a small sleeping-chamber where the younger children are put to sleep after their dinners, and a kitchen where the bread is made. In the larger room, which is about the size of a board-room at a workhouse, some 150 children, of

from four to six years of age, have to pass the entire day, when the weather does not admit of their games, their exercises, or their singing being carried on in the open air; for they are brought hither at seven in the morning, and not taken home till the same hour in the evening. The charge for the superintendence of the little ones is positively *e-normous*—in the literal sense of the word; for assuredly it is contrary to all rule in England, that a child should be taken care of for 12 hours every day, and have its dinner supplied to it, as well as bread morning and evening, at the cost of the *twelfth of a farthing per week!* —or rather more than a penny per quarter. The dinner, however, consists of soup furnished by the public soup-kitchen, which is supported by "charitable donations," and the bread is obtained in a like eleemosynary manner. At the City Institution there are two female teachers, who instruct the children in the first rudiments of reading, writing, and reckoning—the positive schooling being limited to one hour per diem, and the rest of the time devoted to either singing, or marching, or else in playing round-games, or knitting. Moreover, some of the children who are sent to the school without stockings are supplied with "hose" that have been knitted by the elder scholars; and usually in the course of each day some one or other of the patronesses of the institution visits the place to see that the young ones are properly tended.

The other *Kinder-garten*, however, is a more expensive and genteel "establishment," the charge

here being as high as 6*d.* per week; but for this sum the children are provided with toys also—the method of instruction and training being nearly the same. No dinner, however, is supplied here, the young ones being taken home for their meals, and the hours of attendance being only from 9 till 12, and from 2 till 4. The "*Garten*" here consists of two small rooms on a first floor, where are generally to be found some 25 little boys and girls, either chanting infantine verses, or building houses out of tiny wooden-bricks; or else arranging kaleidoscopic patterns out of bits of coloured paper, or making baskets out of perforated cardboard or of coffee berries, cloves, and rice; and, indeed, doing a hundred and one odd things to keep them at once in order and out of mischief.

The children attending at this more expensive establishment are mostly the boys and girls of such citizens as have either no servant, or else merely a maid-of-all-work, whose time is too much occupied to attend to the younger branches of the family; while at the poorer institution they are principally the children of working-people—either artisans or day labourers—whose wives are often out at work all day, and even when at home too busy washing or scrubbing to be able to give heed to their own offspring.

These public nurseries may be good enough for patching and cobbling a defective social machinery; but there can be no doubt that the state of society is radically bad which requires some such special

appliance to carry out those duties to children, which a mother in a rightly-constituted nation should be able and expected to perform herself. Such *Kindergartens* are exotics which, we are glad to find, do not flourish in the temperate climate of our country. *There*, at least, the wives of working-men are not yet forced to go out the day long labouring as hard as their husbands for "dear life," and mothers not yet compelled to hand their children over to the State to be tended and nursed, if not suckled, by the old women authorities—rather than to be fondled and fostered by the loving soul, whose very form is sufficient to assure us that such was intended to be her special office. In Germany, however, children are brought up as if they were so many chickens hatched by steam, and as a boiler can supply the place of the hen in a well-regulated *Eccaliobion*, so in the fatherland the mother is dispensed with as a *useless* institution, and children taken in to "dry nurse" by the old-grandmother rulers of the country.

With this introduction we will now proceed to set before the reader a tabular view of the several educational statistics of the Thuringian capital. This has cost us some time to draw out, but the facts and figures have been derived from the best sources, so that the information it supplies, as to the extent of the scholastic machinery of this one city, may be of some service in enabling the reader to comprehend how great is the love of schools and schoolmen throughout Germany.

TABLE SHOWING THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SCHOOLS IN EISENACH, AS WELL AS THE NUMBER AND AGES OF THE SCHOLARS, THE NUMBER OF THE TEACHERS, WITH THE SALARIES PAID TO THEM, THE SUBJECTS TAUGHT, AND THE COST OF THE INSTRUCTION PER ANNUM.

Different kinds of Schools.	Scholars.		Teachers.				Subjects Taught.	Cost of Education per Ann.		
	No.	Age.	No.	Salaries per Ann.						
				£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A.—FOR YOUNG MEN.										
Forest-School	64	19-25	3	450	0	0	Arboriculture, Agriculture, Botany. Chemistry. Geology, Mechanics, Mathematics.	7	13	0
				60	0	0				
Seminarists'	30	18-22	4	90	0	0	History, Geography, Arithmetic, Geometry, Nat. Philosophy, Singing, Music, and Instruction.	Free.		
				37	10	0				
Free Working-man's School	80	14-30	4	21	0	0	Perspective, Drawing of Plans Construction and Projection, Mathematics and Drawing.	Free.		
				7	10	0				
Free Sunday-School for Working men	32	14 18	3	6	0	0	Religion, Nat. Philosophy, Geography, Reckoning and Bookkeeping.	Free.		
B.—FOR BOYS.										
I. *State Schools.*										
Gymnasium	108	9-18	13	180	0	0	Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, Arithmetic, Writing, Mathematics, Physic, Natural History, Geography, Religion, History, Elocution, Singing.	1	16	0
				75	0	0		to		
								2	8	0
Real-Gymnasium	131	9-17	8	150	0	0	Latin, German, French, English, Arithmetic, Writing, Mathematics, Nat Philosophy, Chemistry, Nat. History, Geography, Religion, History, Drawing, Singing, Gymnastics.	2	5	0
				60	0	0				
Total.....	445		35							

Different kinds of Schools.	Scholars.		Teachers.		Subjects Taught.	Cost per Ann.
	No.	Age.	No.	Salaries per Ann.		
				£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Brought forward	445		35			
II. *City Schools.*						
Secondary School	108	14–16	7	75 0 0 60 0 0	German, Grammar, Composition, Elocution, Arithmetic, Writing, Nat. Philosophy, Chemistry, Nat. History, Geography, Religion, History, Singing, Music, Drawing.	0 18 0
1st Citizens'-School	280	6–14	10	97 10 0 37 10 0	Same as at Secondary School, except Instrumental Music.	0 9 0
2nd Citizens'-School	350	6–14		35 10 0 30 0 0	Same as at 1st Citizens'-School, except Nat. Philosophy and Chemistry.	0 3 0 to 0 4 6
Free School	100	6–14	1 with assistance of elder School-master Students.	22 10 0	Same as at the 2nd Citizens'-School.	Free.
Free Drawing-School	35	9–15	1	45 0 0	General "free-hand" Drawing.	Free.
III. *Private Schools.*						
Jews' School	9	9–12	1	Proprietor of School.	Hebrew, Religion, and Music	15 0 0 with board and lodging.
C.—For Girls.						
I. *City School.*						
"Higher Daughters'" School	70	8–15	9	67 10 9 41 5 0	German and French, Arithmetic, Writing, Geography, Religion, Singing, Music, Needlework.	2 5 0
1st Citizens'-School	292	6–14	8	97 10 0 30 0 0	Same as at Boys' School, except Nat Philosophy, Chemistry, Geometry, but with addition of Needlework.	0 9 0
2nd Citizens'-School	333	6–14			Same as above.	0 3 0 to 0 4 6
Free School	100	6–14	1 with assistance of elder School-master Students.	Salary included in that above given at Boys' School.	Same as above.	Free.
Total.....	2122		73			

Different kinds of Schools.	Scholars.		Teachers.		Subjects Taught.	Cost per Ann.
	No.	Age.	No.	Salaries per Ann.		
				£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Brought forward	2122		73			
Free Drawing School	25	9–5	Same as at Boys' School.	Same as at Boys' School.	Same as at Boys' School.	Free.
II. *Private School.*						
Fraulein Möder's School	25	8–18	4	(Lessons only.)	German, French, English, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Religion, Drawing, Gymnastics, Nature-knowledge, Health-principles.	30 0 0 with board and lodging.
D.—For Children						
I. *City School.*						
Kinder-Garten, for poor	150	4–6	2	24 0 0 12 0 0	Reading, Writing, Singing, Working, and Marching.	0 0 5½
II. *Private School.*						
Fraulein Trabart's Kinder-Garten	25	4–6	1	Proprietress of School.	Same as above.	1 4 0
Total.....	2347		80			

Note.—*The Hours of Attendance* at these schools are, for the public schools, from 7 till 11, and 1 till 4. At the City Schools, however, the hours in the afternoon are only from 1 till 3; at Fraulein Möder's they are from 8 till 12 and 2 till 4, and at Fraulein Trabart's Kinder-Garten from 9 till 12 and 2 till 4. At the Forest School the attendance is from 7 till 9 and 10 till 12 in the morning, and 2 till 5 in the afternoon; and at the Seminarist Institution from 6 till 10, and 1 till 3. At the Jews' School, on the other hand, the boys are taught Hebrew from 7½ till 8½ every morning, and religion and music from 1 till 3 in the afternoon thrice a-week. At the *Kinder-Bewahr Anstalt* (the Children's Protection Institution) the little things are kept all day, from 7 till 7.

The Holidays consist of two half-holidays (Wednesday and Saturday afternoon) every week, and generally of four weeks at Midsummer, one week at Christmas, and the same at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas. At the Forest-School there are two vacations of a month each; the one from April to May, the other from September to November. At the Kinder-Garten for the poor people, on the other hand, there are no holidays whatever.

The Rewards consist sometimes of books presented to the more deserving pupils. At the State Schools, however, no prizes are given. Corporeal *punishment*, on the other hand, is inflicted only in cases of wanton absence from school, the usual penalties for bad conduct being either the imposition of some task or confinement in the "*Carcer*," as it is called, for a certain number of hours or days, according to the offence. At the Seminarists' Institution expulsion is occasionally resorted to.

Examinations.—There are seldom any "*examens*" to be made on entering the schools, the rule being generally for the new scholar to come provided with a certificate from some preparatory establishment. On leaving, however, such examinations are often required. At the Forest-School, for instance, it is essential that the *Forst practikant* should "pass" a three-day examen in mathematics and natural philosophy before he can become a forest-helper. So, too, at the Seminarist Institution. A State examination must be made before the *Seminar-aspirant* can occupy the post of assistant-teacher. At the State-Schools, again, it is necessary for the scholar to pass an examination in certain cases; for without having done this at the Gymnasium or Real-Gymnasium he would not be received at the University or the Forest-School, or allowed to fill any Government situation.

By the above table we perceive that there are altogether 2347 scholars distributed throughout the schools of Eisenach, and 80 teachers and professors, which is at the rate of just upon one schoolmaster to every thirty boys. Now, the population of Eisenach is about 13,000—so, dividing the one by the other, we find that the gross number of scholars to the people, is in the ratio of 1 to every 5·5, or 18 per cent. of the entire inhabitants—which is assuredly a very high rate of education. Throughout the entire Grand-duchy of Saxe Weimar. the proportion of scholars to people is 1 to every 7·5 of the population, or only about 13 per cent.; whereas in England the rate given by Mr. Horace Mann in the Census of 1851 (we have no other returns at hand) is 1 day scholar to every 8·36 of our folk, which is not quite 12 per cent. While, therefore, only 12 per cent. of our people are at school, as many as 13 per cent. of the Saxe-Weimar folk are being educated, and not less than 18 per cent. of the inhabitants of Eisenach.

But, despite all this education, we are satisfied, as we said before, that an English mechanic, who can

just manage to read his Sunday newspaper, is a more handy, a more inventive, and a more worldly-wise man than the most learned German professor we ever encountered in the Thuringian capital.*

* In Germany every child *must* be at school from six to fourteen years of age. This is part of the law of the country, and the father who neglects to comply with it, as soon as his son or daughter has entered his or her seventh year, is immediately summoned before the *Vorstand* (the committee) of the city schools, and examined as to the reason of his child's absence. If the excuse be sickness or weakness on the part of the little one, permission, maybe, is given for it to remain at home for half-a-year longer; for the law is not very stringently enforced up to that age. Then, however, a doctor's certificate must be produced, and if that cannot be done, the parent who still neglects to comply with the injunction is imprisoned, at first for four days, and for the second offence from a fortnight to a month; after which the dereliction is treated as a criminal offence, and the man tried and punished accordingly. If it be the desire of the parent to have his son or daughter educated at home, then a certificate must be produced from some teacher who has passed his examination, in order to show that the child is being privately educated by a duly-qualified person. If, on the other hand, the father dissent from the established religion of the country, and is unwilling to have his children educated in doctrines which he believes to be either false or foolish, then the religious part of the education can be dispensed with.

We made some inquiries as to whether parents were ever found to violate such laws; and we were credibly informed that there never was known a case of a father persistently refusing to have his child educated. In the free-school, however, it often happens that the children are sent out to beg for two or three days together by their parents, and thus kept away from school for a certain time. Such offences are generally punished with the imprisonment of the father or mother (if she be a widow) of longer or shorter duration, as the case may be. Sometimes, too, boys stop away from school, of their own accord, for several days together, unknown to their

parents. For such misconduct they are beaten by the school-servant with a stick, this being the only offence for which corporal punishment is inflicted; and for the second offence they are locked up in the "*Carcer*," or prison-cell, and kept there from two to four days, upon merely bread and water. The legal age for leaving school is stated at fourteen years; if, however, the pupil be so little advanced in his studies, either from inordinate indolence or stupidity, then the masters of the school have power to force him to continue there until his sixteenth year.

If, however, such be the *law* throughout Germany—that *every* child must be at school between the age of six and fourteen years—how comes it, the cunning reader will ask, that there can be a greater proportion of children in the course of education in one part of the country than in another—as, for instance, in Eisenach, where the ratio is as high as 18 per cent., whilst that for all Saxe-Weimar is but a little more than 13 per cent.? The explanation is, that either there are more children receiving private instruction at home, or else that the children themselves are more numerous in comparison with the rest of the population—a number of strangers being sent thither to be educated. Hence we see that, though the educational returns for England and Wales show that there is barely 12 per cent. of the population at school in our country, we are, nevertheless, in no position to judge accurately as to whether education is less general in England than in Saxe-Weimar—until we know whether the ratio of the young to the adult population is the same in both countries, and whether *private tuition* is carried on to the same extent in both. From our own experience, we should say that governesses and tutors are in England far more general than in Germany; for we heard only of one family having such additions to their household in Eisenach, whereas with us the daughters even of professional men are mostly thus educated.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MODERN CURREND SCHOOLS IN EISENACH.

One of the most pleasant associations (as well as one of the most interesting, on account of its forming so marked an epoch in the history of Martin Luther's early life) connected with the town of Eisenach, is the Currend School, which still exists there, and whose scholars to this day chant their hymns in the streets every Sabbath morning; while the smaller Currend boys, in their long cloaks, and the big old-fashioned hats which make them look like little old men, still rattle their tin padlocked money-boxes, and intone their cry of "Coo-o-or-end!" in the halls of the different houses of the town, in the hope of obtaining a farthing or two in return for the chorals they have sung in the streets before daylight.

Indeed, if the ugly, dirty Thuringian capital could be stripped of its Lutheran associations—if little Martin had never begged his bread in its narrow tumble-down streets—if Dame Ursula had never taken the starveling boy to live with her in the very house that is still to be found in a bye-corner of the "Wednesday's market-place,"—or, if in after-life, when Luther had fought the battle of Protestantism almost

to the point of death before the world's prelates and magnates at Worms, he had never been secreted as "Junker Georg" in the little room of the "Rittershaus" at the Castle of the Wartburg (as if the Thuringian capital had been destined to be the place that should give shelter to the great Liberator of mankind *twice* at the most eventful periods of his life): if there were no such associations as these in connection with the dingy, old, and now-utterly-inhospitable city, the place would be as forsaken as a German bath in the winter-time; for the avaricious townsfolk have lapsed into little better than a horde of plundering Arabs, who, though they may give salt and bread to the stranger, think it by no means necessary to abstain from robbing him at the very first opportunity.

By far the most delightful recollection we have in connection with the city, is that of being waked up before daylight on the day after our arrival there, and hearing these same Currend boys chanting outside our hotel, one of their Sabbath carols in the darkness. We had come expressly to the town to make ourselves acquainted with the several places upon which Martin Luther had conferred a glory. We had arrived too late in the evening, and too tired, to be able to find out overnight the "Cotta-house" as it is called to this day. We had only seen the Castle of the Wartburg in the dusk of the sunset, capping the steep conical mountain on one side of the city; and we had gone to bed dreaming of the long-reverenced objects that were to be revealed to our eyes on

the morrow. We had forgotten all we had read of the Currend scholars and their songs in the streets at early dawn, and we were aroused, before daylight, by a sound of a choral in the air that stirred us more deeply than any music we had ever listened to.

Music at all times, when the mind is at rest, has somewhat of a celestial character connected with it, to those who will allow themselves to be absorbed by the measure—especially if the tune be of a plaintive or sacred character; for the soul is entranced, as it were, by such strains, and transported far away beyond earthly things and worldly cares. Music on the water, when the air is still, and the shades of night begin to draw the curtains of heaven round about the earth, has always charms of the most exquisite kind to any thoughtful or emotional nature; but music in the dead of the night, when the hubbub of trade and commerce and the strife of man's greed, have ceased for a while; when the streets are quiet as a ruin; when all are wrapped in slumber, and as still as death for the time being, and when every house is as silent and dark as a tomb; when the stars are twinkling through the grey firmament, as though they were so many angel-eyes watching over us—music, and more particularly sacred music, heard while the mind is half asleep and half awake, has something almost supernatural and seraphic in its character: so that when this same Currend choral sounded for the first time in our ears, we had to rub our eyes before we could assure ourselves we were not listening to the chanting

of some angelic choir as we lay dozing in our bed. And when we had made out to ourselves that the chanting must be that of the very "Currend boys" whom we had come so many miles to listen to; and remembered too that they were reminding us, as of old, that the Sabbath day had arrived, we blessed the little fellows for turning our thoughts in so sweet and graceful a manner from earth and its daily troubles to Heaven and its eternal peace.

Now, many a reader knows that we have no Puritanical notions as to the observance of the Lord's day, and that we believe the Sabbath was designed, not as a day of merely prayer and austerity, but as a day of rest from labour, as a day of thanksgiving, and as a day, indeed, on which worldly greed is to cease, and innocent home-happiness is to be indulged in. If the reader thinks otherwise, if he believes the great mass of the labouring population are to be pent in close thoroughfares and workshops for six days in the week, and that it is a sin for them to be allowed to breathe the fresh air of the country, after the time of thanksgiving on the seventh; if he thinks that the rest of rational creatures should be the same brute repose as Moses enjoined for the ox and the ass, rather than the harmless delights of recreation—then the reader and the writer are as wide asunder as the poles. Did not Christ himself suffer principally for breaking this same Jewish Sabbath—for walking in the fields on that day, and plucking the ears of corn by the way? Is it not a matter of history, too, that the first edict

which appeared under the Christian dispensation, ordering all persons to abstain from labour on the Sunday, was not promulgated till 300 years after the birth of the Saviour, when the Emperor Constantine originally issued such a decree? Moreover, in the New Testament there is no trace of any such Sunday observances having been enforced by the early Christians; and is it not there recorded that when the Jewish Sabbatarians, and others who had been converted to the new creed, consulted the Apostles as to the keeping of the Sabbath, a special council was held at Antioch to settle the point; and there, in full conclave, the disciples decided that each was free to do as he pleased in the matter, and that *Sabbatarianism* was no more essential than *circumcision* to Christianity?

Nevertheless, the writer is ready to admit that he wishes to see no such disrespect of the Sabbath in his own country as is to be found throughout the entire Continent of Europe. In France labour never ceases, for the shops, and most of the works are carried on uninterruptedly up to the afternoon on the Sunday—at least, they were so when we lived in the French capital. In Protestant Germany, again, the shops are closed merely during the brief hours of divine service, and kept open as long as the tradespeople please afterwards. True, work is forbidden, under fine, on the Sabbath; nevertheless, work invariably goes on in every workshop up to noon, and the apprentices and journeymen are expected by their masters to labour for them until

that time. Moreover, gambling and card-playing in the beer-houses on the Sunday evening are by no means interdicted. The Grand Duke, too, comes to open the fair of the shooting-feast on the Sabbath; the clergymen themselves go to dance at the principal balls which are given on the Sunday; and the unseemly riots and extravagant fooleries of masquerades seldom or never occur at any other time.

Still, we think it possible to adopt a medium course of action; and while we admit that rest is necessary, and thanksgiving merely a decent duty for one day in the week at least, surely we can acknowledge at the same time that harmless recreation is the most enlightened form of rest which the Creator has instituted—the repose of the ox and the ass being as utterly unworthy of rational creatures as the wild revelry and riot of Bacchanals differ from wise relaxation; or even as the long faces of the Pharisees and the praying at the corners of public streets, "so that they may be seen of men," are totally opposed to the true and cheerful spirit of the Christian religion.

After this brief confession, let us add that the Sabbath has, to our mind, a sacredness beyond the obsolete Mosaic law—a sacredness arising from the very necessity for rest and recreation among human and brute nature, as well as for teaching men that there are duties and enjoyments in life far above those of commerce and gain; and for leading the most insensate minds to think, in the quiet and repose of the one weekly holiday, as to how much their struggle and scramble after the world's wealth will avail them

when a few more years have passed over their head. We have a special respect for the Sabbath, moreover, as being the one day in the week when families are knit closer together, and the home affections are allowed to have that play, in the absence of all worldly care, which they never could know were every day alike, and the struggle to live carried on without ceasing, even to the Sunday. And it was this innate love of this same halcyon Sabbath that made us bless those little Currend boys of Eisenach, who taught us, in the sweetest possible manner, before the light of the stars was quenched in the heavens, that the day of rest had come round, and that the chafing of human passions was to cease for a few hours at least.

There are at the present time some sixty of these currend boys connected with what is called the "Second Burgers' School" of Eisenach. Thirty of these are from fifteen to twenty years old, while the ages of the remainder vary between fourteen and ten, and even less. The currend scholars form part of the church choirs, and are educated in singing so as to be able to take part in the services at the two principal churches in the town. One half of the boys—fifteen of the younger and fifteen of the elder boys—sing hymns and chorals every other Sunday (though formerly it was customary for the youths to do so twice and even thrice in each week) between the hours of five and six in the morning—winter and summer, snow or wind; heavy rain alone

staying them—in front of the principal houses, and in some cases along the streets of the town. One moiety of the older and younger boys, with the currend director at their head, sing in one half of the town one Sunday, and the other half on the following Sabbath. These lads are chosen for the office, as well as for forming part of the choir of St. George's and St. Nicolai Churches—and are selected from the scholars of the different academic institutions in Eisenach on account of their melodious voices, and taught singing for two or three years before they are allowed to join the church choir.

The houses outside which the currend boys chant, are said to be generally the same as they were in Martin Luther's time. They consist chiefly of the larger dwellings in which the wealthier burghers of old resided—and in which many a "Rath" or town-councillor lives to the present day—as well as the majority of the bakers' shops distributed throughout the city. The boys come provided with the scores of the different parts of the hymn they are to sing in the streets on that morning; and, as soon as it grows light, they make use of these as guides to the general harmony —the lads, as they halt in front of the appointed houses, and prepare for the next chant, grouping themselves about the director who first strikes the key-note with the tuning fork he holds in his hand, and who then proceeds to regulate the time and modulation of the choral.

As soon as divine service is over, the younger portion of the singers assemble in the Wednes-

day's market-place under the "Burgers'" school with their "currends," or little tin money-boxes in their hand. These "currends," from which the institution derives its distinctive name, consist of small circular boxes made of tin, about the size of a child's mug, with a slit at top, a padlock in front, and a handle at the back. They are painted brown, and are still of the same form as they were in the time of Martin Luther, whose currend-box may be seen preserved to this day in the Luther chamber at the Wartburg.

When the whole of the little fellows deputed to collect the donations for the day have come together, they file off in couples, each pair of boys proceeding to solicit alms in the different streets of the quarter in which they have collectively chanted in the morning. It is customary for the citizens at whose houses the boys sing regularly to pay 10 groschens (or 1*s.*) every quarter of a year towards the support of the institution; so that the youngsters beg only at the dwellings or shops of the non-subscribers throughout the locality which forms part of their beat. Upon reaching the houses, the little lads open the doors or enter the open shops, and then, with their money-box held forth in their hand, they cry aloud, as we have before described, with a peculiar drone, and with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable of the word "*Coo-o-or*-end!" while they jingle the coins in their little tin boxes to remind the people of the object of their visit. Their usual reward is more or less pfennings (twelve of which go to an English penny) ac-

cording to the amount of liberality or small change belonging to the donor at the time. It should be added, however, that it is the common custom with the chandler's-shopkeepers and beer-sellers of the town to keep all the suspicious small coins of other duchies, which they find a difficulty in getting others to receive, expressly to give to the currend-scholars: for they will be glad, the dealers know, to take money which every other person rejects with scorn.

The sums thus collected are handed over to the safe custody of the director of the Burger-school, and divided, together with the subscriptions received, among the currend-boys every quarter of a year. The money serves to find them in clothes or such other articles as they may require; the only drawback being that those boys who have failed to assemble at the appointed time and place, when it was their turn to take part in the Sunday morning chant, have to forfeit one groschen for each day they were absent out of the money coming to them at the quarter's end.

"The origin and foundation of these currend-schools," says Herr Johann Storch, in his "History of Eisenach," "is unknown." Dr. Croly, in his "Life of Luther," explains the meaning of the title as follows:—"The word *currend*," he says, "is derived from the Latin *currere*, to run, and with the addition of *schüler* (scholars) is applied to a company of boys attached, in Luther's early days, to almost all large German towns, who walked, or *ran*, through the streets, singing hymns."

But this is the very dotage of classical learning, for on reference to Adelung's *Wörterbuch*, we find the term thus defined:—"1. In some parts of the country the sending round certain church matters which have to pass between the custos and schoolmasters of one village and another; also the leaden case or box in which the same church property is kept. 2. In a collective sense, it means poor scholars who sing for alms in the streets, and also the entire institution for such poor scholars." To go into the *currende*, we are told, signifies to become one of such scholars, and therefore a *currendaner*, or currend scholar, is one who goes to such an institution. (Vol. i. p. 1062.)

Hence it is manifest that the term *currend* was applied to such schools, not because the scholars "walked or ran" through the streets (as Dr. Croly absurdly supposes), but because the word was borrowed from the Latin *currendum*, and originally signified something to be carried round or circulated—like the poor-box, by the sacristans among the parishioners; whilst it afterwards came to stand for, instead of the poor-box itself, the alms that were gathered in such a manner; and lastly for the schools which were mainly supported by donations collected in such currend-boxes.

Consequently, the *Currend-schule* was originally nothing more than a particular kind of charity-school, where the choir-boys were taught choral music and allowed to sing outside the burghers' houses on certain days; after which they were sent round at certain periods of the week with such

currend-boxes in their hands, to collect from house to house funds for their maintenance—as, we have shown, is the practice in Eisenach to the present day.

These institutions, doubtlessly, were somewhat equivalent to our own charity schools; for it is known the currend-scholars of old were accustomed to sing in the church-service, the same as charity children with us. There was, however, this simple difference between the two institutions: the *currendaners* themselves had to collect the alms by which they were supported, whereas, with our charity boys, the collection is made for them. Moreover, at many of our ancient monastic schools and colleges there is generally some institution in connection with them for maintaining certain poor scholars—such as the "Bishop's boys" at Westminster, and the "Sizars" at Cambridge.

Probably the institution of the currend-schools in Germany arose from the fact that a number of boys were required to sing in the services at the cathedrals of the larger towns, and that owing to the beauty of many of their voices, they were encouraged by the wealthier town'sfolk to chant hymns outside their houses at certain times and seasons, by the distribution of a small dole to them; and thus a practice which was perhaps voluntary and only occasional at the outset, came, in the days of the Mendicant Friars, when alms-seeking was considered to be a part of religion, to shape itself into the half-begging and half-self-supporting institutions, that the German "currend-schools" remain to this day. It has been suggested by

others, that the practice of alms-gathering, permitted, or rather enjoined, at such schools originated with the begging friars who wandered from shrine to shrine, living upon what they collected at the houses of the rich by the way; or that it was connected with the ancient institution of the "Bacchantes," whose custom it was to sing their dithyrambs for alms at people's doors. But it certainly appears less far-fetched to refer the origin of these same schools to the requirements of the Romish Church, and assume that they sprang out of the education which was given by the Mendicant Friars in exchange for the services of the boy-singers at mass, and with which the practice of singing in the streets for dole came afterwards to be regularly associated.

After the Reformation, the currend scholars became the Lutheran choir-singers, and were admitted to the Chapel Royal; and though it would seem that the original custom was for them to sing twice, or even thrice, in the week in the streets, their chanting has now come to be limited merely to the Sunday mornings—though the periods of collection continue to be bi-weekly, as in the days of old.

In the olden time it was usual for each of the currend boys to be provided with a mantle similar in shape to the Catholic "*Chor-rock*," but of a thick material; for we find in the historical account of Eisenach the choir singers were formerly, one and all, clad in a blue cloth cloak (*sammtlich mit einem blauen Tuch-mantel bekleidet*). These mantles, however, were discarded for many years, and it was not until the

boys were supplied with cloaks, through the liberality of one of the principal manufacturers of the town of Eisenach, that the "currend scholars," made their appearance in the streets in their ancient garb—though the modern mantles are of a hideous undertaker-like cut and colour rather than the ordained blue tint.

The hats, worn at the same time by the boys, are of the most ludicrously-antique character; for it is

the custom in the school for these articles of attire to descend almost from generation to generation, the new

scholars purchasing them for a few pence from the old ones, as the elder boys leave to become schoolmasters and cantors (church-music directors) in some small village. The consequence is, one sees little boys of eight or ten years of age wearing hats that are big enough for their grandfathers, and which, from the antiquated, funnel-like shape of the article, would appear to have been first worn by some village buck towards the end of the last century. Indeed, though the Eisenach hats, which, as we have before said, the citizens delight to appear in only on Sundays, and funerals, are of the most old-fashioned character, still, odd and droll as they appear in the present day, those of the currend boys immeasurably surpass them in the caricature-like character, which such antiquated articles give to the very young—*Ecce signum!*

The annexed illustration is a faithful picture of one of the little choir-boys as he appears in his old-fashioned man's hat and long black cloak, and with his little tin money-box stretched out as he cries his "coo-o-or-end!" for alms at the door of the citizens. The picture is the more interesting from the fact that Martin Luther himself tells us that he was in the habit of doing the same in the streets of Eisenach, though, perhaps, in a more picturesque costume than the ugly funereal garb of the present day. "Let no one," he said, when he had become a great man, "speak contemptuously, in my presence of the poor fellows who go singing through the streets and begging from door to door a little bread for the love of God" (*Panem propter Deum*,—such having been the

cry of the Mendicant Friars as they stood, with their sack at their back, at the threshold of the houses in Luther's time). "It is said," he adds, "and it is true, that the Pope himself has been a poor mendicant singing-scholar, and you know the Psalm says 'princes and kings have sung.' I myself, too, was such a screaming beggar-boy. I was once one of those poor mendicant lads seeking my bread at people's houses, particularly at Eisenach—my own dear Eisenach!"

For though the Great Reformer was left to starve, when a boy, despite his piteous cry of "bread for the love of God," for many a long week in the hard-hearted Thuringian capital, he never in after life could do other than speak of the wretched town than as his "own beloved Eisenach," because he remembered how the good Dame Ursula Cotta had nursed and fed him as a child, when all others had turned their back upon his sufferings; and how Frederick the Wise had sheltered him at the Wartburg when the malevolent Papists were seeking to burn him at the stake. No wonder, then, that to so warm-hearted and loving a creature as Martin ever was, the recollection of these two acts of kindness should have made Eisenach (ugly, dirty hole as it remains at the present time) one of the greenest spots in memory's waste.

In order to understand better the character of this ancient Currend Institution in Eisenach, we obtained permission from Herr Schmidt, the rector of the Second Burgers' School (to whom indeed we are in-

debted for the greater part of the information before given), to accompany the boys on their early morning rounds through the city; and he was polite enough to give instructions that one of the Currend scholars should come and call us at our hotel immediately the singers were assembled in the market-place; for as the boys meet as early as five, some such precaution was necessary with a person fresh from the British metropolis.

The morning on which the lad came to us was a bleak and dark autumnal one, and as we emerged from the bright breakfast-room of the hotel, kept ready for the travellers by the early trains, the street outside looked black as a cavern. Every one of the oil-lamps dangling in the middle of the streets had long since died out, not a star shone overhead, and the inky clouds hung so low that the firmament looked like a dome of lead. As we entered the open square of the Wednesday's market-place, the old tower of the *Rathhaus*, and the modern cupola on the palace roof, stood out in grim colorless dusk against the sombre sky. Not a soul was abroad, and only here and there a window shone, like a patch of gold, amid the black fronts of the houses, with the light of the early risers within. These were mostly at the bakers' shops; or else, where the light was more like a phosphorescence behind the panes, we could tell it proceeded from the almost exhausted night-lamp of some young mother's, or sick person's, chamber.

We walked on for some short distance in the drizzling rain (for the clouds were just beginning to

sprinkle the streets with a slight shower of early November sleet) without meeting a soul, till we came to the sentries, wrapped in their great coats, pacing in front of the palace, as they stamped their feet on the stones; and, with the brass on their leathern helmets, glittering dimly in the light of the expiring oil-lamps in front of the palace-gates. Here, the Currend boy who acted as our guide inquired whether the choir had sung in the market-place. "*Ja wohl,*" was the answer; and accordingly we proceeded down the narrow *Carls Strasse.* Here the way was darker than ever, and so still that we met no one but a stray railway-guard, in his fur cap and long gaberdine-like coat, looking like some Jew in the olden time; or else an early traveller hurrying along with his throat swathed in comforters and with his carpet-bag in his hand. Not a sound was to be heard but the dripping of the eaves, or the splashing of the water-thread from the huge dragon-shaped gurgoils projecting from the roofs far into the roadway.

As we neared the open *Nicolai Platz,* at the other end of the thoroughfare, our son, who accompanied us, said suddenly, "Hark! I hear them now;" and then as we stood still for a minute, we could catch something like the drone of an organ in the distance. Then hastening on again, the sounds grew gradually louder and louder, till as we turned the corner of the Saturday's market-place the choral burst upon us with exquisite distinctness and solemnity, in the utter stillness and darkness of all around us. Here some two or three casements were illuminated with the

lights of the neighbouring hotel, while the shops of the early chandler's-store-keepers, were already opening for the sale of schnapps to the few passers-by. The long square tower of the Nicolai gate, and the tall octagonal turret, with its sharp spire, of the church hard by, had a half-spectral look as they stood out against the grey eastern sky. The black group of Currend boys could hardly be made out across the open *Platz*, but their voices woke up the place with the choicest and gravest beauty, echoing and re-echoing against the many queer angles of the houses, and reverberating in the archways and ample fore-courts, till the sound of the hymn had hardly a human character about it; for, as we trod the desolate square, the chant came rolling along towards us in fine rich waves of sacred harmony, so that it wanted but little imagination to believe that the unseen singers, in the darkness, were some angelic choir hovering overhead.

On approaching the youths, we could only distinguish that some were grown young men, and others mere children (it was still too dark to make out their features), and that almost all had thick comforters rolled about their neck, while many had grey plaid shawls wrapped tightly round their shoulders—for at that time the black cloaks which the lads now wear had not been distributed to them. When the chant in the *Nicolai Platz* was finished, we accompanied the Currend boys to the little "fore-town," as it is called, outside the gate. Here they startled the stillness of the early morn with another such hymn,

which was sung in front of a little baker's shop there, while the baker himself, in his long white apron, came and stood at the door, and taking the white cap from his head, listened uncovered while the sabbath choral resounded through the air.

Hence the group of choir-singers hurried off to the neighbouring Dyers' Quarter, and there they sang beside the bridge that spans the little stream, which in the daytime is blue as blue ink, with the tints of the cloth and yarn continually being washed in it. Next we followed them to the Goldsmiths' Street, where another Sunday morning carol was given outside the houses, which, in the light of the coming day, we could now tell, by the large ornamented, gateways to them, were such as had been inhabited by the foremost citizens in the olden time. As the boys walked along this street too, they kept singing by the way, pausing now to chant a verse at the door of this dwelling, and another at that.

Thus we came back to the Wednesday's market-place once more; and here another and another matin-hymn was chanted, first in front of the town-hall (*Rath-haus*), then over against the palace, and lastly outside the "Half-moon Hotel," where we were staying.

Thence the little band of shivering boy-singers hastened back, across the market-place, to a bye-corner of the open square, behind the St. George's Church, which is now known by the name of the *Luther's Platz;* and here in front of a large house, with a gateway carved with caryatides on either side

of the arch, and a lofty pyramidal roof, they sang Martin Luther's own noble hymn of—

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen,
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noht,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen."

(*Literal translation.*)

"Our God's a mighty citadel,
A trusty shield and weapon.
He'll guard us safe from every ill
That to mortal man can happen."

Now this house, with the caryatides beside the gateway, we happened to know was the "Cotta-house" as it is called, and the very same dwelling in front of which Martin Luther himself—when he was but the same age as some of the younger of those Currend boys standing at our elbow—had sung his Sunday matin-song to Dame Ursula. It was under that same quaint pyramidal roof, indeed, that the good merchant's wife, when she had been stricken with the sweetness of the little fellow's voice, and touched by the story of his sufferings in Eisenach, had given him shelter in the little room which we had seen but a day before overlooking the Butchers' Street at the corner. So when we heard these young Currend boys making the *Platz* ring with the very hymn that Martin Luther himself had lived to write in after-years, when he had become the great Reformer of his country, we never felt words or music touch our soul so deeply. The years seemed to roll back, and the history of one of the most pregnant accidents in connection with the life of a youth who was

a mere beggar-boy at the time, appeared to be so vividly re-enacted to us, that we could almost fancy one of the youngsters at our side was little Martin himself warbling in the darkness; and that we could see in the dusk, the good dame smiling in charity from above as she was carried away, like ourselves, by the sacred beauty of the song, as well as touched by the sad lot of those poor little fellows who were singing there in the darkness and the stinging chilliness of the early winter's morning. With the tears in our eyes we drew our young son to us, and bade him remember that morning and that place as long as he lived; and to let it ever be an abiding token to him, that high faith and high courage can master every difficulty and every danger in the world.

From the Luther's Platz the group of boy-singers turned off to the Smelters' lane, and thus they reached the long straggling thoroughfare that leads to the ancient "Women's gate" (*Frauen Thor*) formerly standing at the end of this quarter. Here they chanted again, in front of several old mansions, with huge portals and many windows; while some of these houses had quaint Latin inscriptions over their doorway, such as "SIT PAX INTRANTIBUS, SALUS EX EUNDIBUS."

It was now growing light, and one could see the old *Wasch-fraus*, as they were fetching water from the street-fountains in the long conical wooden pails strapped to their back, pause to rest their heavy load upon one of the stones placed for the purpose at the

side of the streets, and wait with their head bent in reverence while the singing-boys drew themselves up in a semicircle around the director, and carolled forth another matin hymn, from the scores they were now able to read, as they held them in their hand. Here, too, the chant was repeated, in front of many a baker's shop as before; whilst at other houses, where the children had been newly taken from their bed, and placed half-dressed at the window to listen to the pretty Sunday-morning song, the little things with their long flaxen hair hanging all about their eyes, as if they were so many Skye-terriers, would clap their hands and crow as they listened to the voices in the twilight. Those, too, who were up and about in the streets took off their caps to the singers as they went by.

By this time it was light enough to make out the character of the choir-boys, whom we had before known only as a vague indistinct group. They had all somewhat of a well-to-do air about them, and certainly in no way approximated to the character of the poor beggar-boys who were wont to cry at the house-doors, "Bread! for the love of God," in the early days of Martin Luther. Some of them, it is true, reminded one strongly of the itinerant German-boy band-players seen in the streets of London; and being clad in thin tweed coats, that were buttoned tight up to the collar, had a wretched, pinched, frost-bitten air with them. Some were fresh-coloured, with dark eyes and locks, while many were by no means bad-looking, or coarse-fea-

tured lads. Not a few, however, had the true string-like German hair, cut "club-fashion," and tucked behind their big red ears, together with the same washed-out complexion and white eyebrows and eye-lashes which are distinctive of the Teutonic race. All had good strong shoes to their feet, and not one, even of the younger boys, looked in any way poverty-stricken.

At some distance up the street last-mentioned, the matin-chanting came to an end, and the boys parted to go home to breakfast. As they proceeded in different knots towards their houses, we walked in their wake, watching the kind of dwellings into which they disappeared, one after another, now that their morning's work was over. Their homes were mostly at the small chandlers'-shops, while some shot into the large portals belonging to the old burgers' houses, where every floor is now let out to the better class of citizens; so that, as far as we could judge by such signs, the Currend boys of the present day have but little of the character of the mendicant choir-singers of old.

A short while after accompanying the Currend singers on their rounds, we visited the house of the mother of one of the poorer and younger lads, who had been recommended to us by the Rector of the school. The family lived in a small cot outside the old George's gate, which formerly constituted one of the principal entrances to the town. The bricks in the passage from the door were all loose, and the light

was shining through the cracks in the dark rickety staircase we had to mount. On the first floor we were ushered into a small neat chamber, the boards of which had been newly sanded. The furniture was exceedingly scanty: there was a small table, like that to a servant's bedroom, whilst in one corner stood a rude German stove, like a series of cast-iron mignionette-boxes arranged upon black flower-pots, and in the opposite angle of the room was ranged a row of large china pipes belonging to the woman's eldest son. There were a few painted religious prints, and a black profile portrait of the woman's late husband, decorating the walls; while along the window-sills were set pots of china-asters and such common flowers as the autumn afforded. One or two bird-cages, made out of white wood and hardly bigger than cigar-boxes, hung from the ceiling, and in these robins and yellow-hammers hopped and skipped with a restlessness that gave one a terrible sense of their imprisonment.

The woman herself was a spare, under-fed creature, in a rusty suit of black; and we found her knitting as we entered. Her husband, she told us, had been dead ten years; he had been a corporal in the army, and had died of fever. She had had two sons and one daughter, but the latter had died young. Her eldest boy was twenty years of age; he was a day-labourer, and gave her something whenever he had work. She lived principally by carrying things up to the tavern on the summit of the Wartburg mountain, and received one penny farthing

for every journey, besides getting something to eat when she reached the top of the steep hill. In summer, she often made the ascent three and four times in a day. She was usually employed in carrying provisions up there on her back, and sometimes she took as many as forty pounds at once. The hill was a very steep one, and "such a load," she said "tried her dreadfully." In the fine weather, when many strangers come to see the Castle, she sometimes made the journey thrice, and oftener, in the course of the day. She called it a very good day's work, if she got five groschens (sixpence, English) for her labour; and out of this she had to keep herself and boy, who was at the Currend school. She had to pay eight thalers, or twenty-four shillings, a-year rent for the room she occupied, and did not make a thaler (three shillings) a-week regularly; indeed, she said her earnings were "a long way off that;" and if it were not that she had her food given to her up at the Wartburg, she did not know how she could live at all. When she took a large order from the Castle-tavern to the shops, they gave her a little coffee, or sugar, or a bit of black bread; and so she made it out. The Currend school was a great help to her, especially as her boy had to pay nothing for his education, as he was the son of an old soldier. Other lads, however, had to pay one and a-half thalers (four and sixpence) the year, to go into the "Second Citizens' School:" but there were schools where the poorest children paid nothing. The money which came to her boy out of the Currend box, helped her to buy shoes and clothes for

him. If lads have a good voice they are taken into the choir; and she considered it a great blessing that her little son had been thought fit for it. When she had a bit of meat given to her, they had "flesh" for dinner, but she never could afford to buy any. The day before our visit, she had carried up from thirty to forty pounds of beef and veal, to the Wartburg, and the butcher had given her a bit of liver sausage, for bringing him the order; and that with a few potatoes had been their dinner that day.

The boy was a good-looking little fellow, with a frank and somewhat intelligent expression. He was not more than ten or eleven years of age; and when we used to tell him that the great Martin Luther had once been such a poor boy as he, he would look up in our face, his bright blue eyes twinkling the while, and say that he would strive to be one day as great a man as Martin himself.

END OF VOL. I.

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